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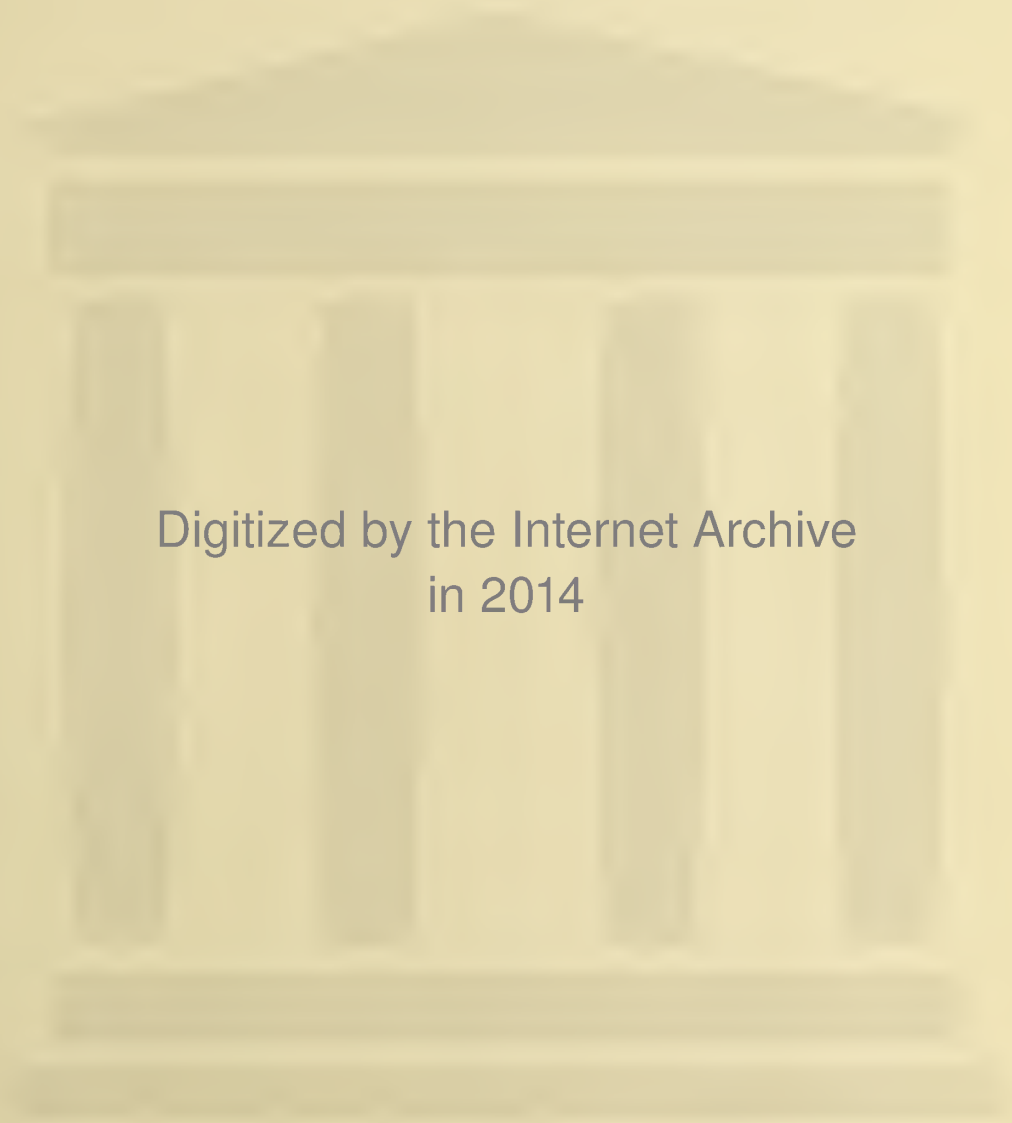

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THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.
BELIEVE ME
IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS
HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED
Thomas Moore
FLOW ON THOU SHINING RIVER.
TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER
HARK THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING
THOSE EVENING BELLS.
LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

TOM MOORE'S HARP.

Famous Instrument Owned by Mrs Marie Glover-Miller of New York.

IRISH MELODIES

WITH

SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS

BY

SIR JOHN STEVENSON MUS. DOC.

AND CHARACTERISTIC WORDS BY

THOMAS MOORE ESQR.

NEW EDITION,

EDITED BY J.W. GLOVER ESQR.

DUBLIN:
JAMES DUFFY 7, WELLINGTON QUAY.

970
c

* No. 122.42
* [illegible]
Aug 14, 1884

PREFACE.

HAVING undertaken to prepare this New Edition of MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES for the press, I deem it my duty to make a few brief observations on the manner in which I have acquitted myself of the trust so generously confided to me by our eminent publisher.

In the original edition the music was printed only in connexion with the first or second verses of each melody, the remainder being merely given in letter-press, but in this Edition the words of *all the verses* are accompanied by the music, together with the piano-forte part *in full*, an arrangement which, from its great expense, has not been hitherto attempted.

In the harmonized Airs, Sir John Stevenson's chaste and beautiful arrangements have been in all cases retained.

The instrumental pieces having been originally set for two performers on the piano-forte, did not obtain, from that circumstance, the same popularity accorded to the other portions of the work. Feeling that those precious reliques, having the national character so forcibly stamped on them, should be brought within the range of individual effort, I have reset them for the piano-forte in a form more likely to become popular than that of the original duet arrangement.

In the charming song, "The Last Rose of Summer," I have ventured, without altering the melody, to suggest a few graces of expression not found in the original, in the hope that they will assist the performer in the true delivery of this beautiful and most tender melody.

In the characteristic song, "Where's the Slave so Lowly," I have introduced the dirge at the end, in a harmonized form, retaining the original melody. This version, adopted at the Commemoration of Moore, given by me in Dublin, March,

1852, immediately after the Poet's death, was sung by nearly two hundred voices, and as it obtained much favour with the public, I have ventured to retain it in the present edition. Little need be said of the merits of the work, the sentiments and narrative of the songs being such as will ever recommend them to the universal praise and sympathies of mankind. Of the Airs, some are so ancient, that their origin is lost in remote antiquity; others were composed within the range of known history by the bards or itinerant musicians of Ireland; while many were produced at a comparatively modern period, mostly by Carolan, who is said to have been the last of the Bards of Ireland. Handel, Geminiani, and other eminent Musicians, have bestowed their tribute of fervent admiration on the beauties of this ancient music, whose strains are now inseparably wedded to the exquisite Poetry of Moore. These Melodies now form part of our national inheritance—something which Ireland may truly call her own, and which shall always be looked upon as one of the most interesting and happy efforts of genius ever bequeathed to any country.

The public will acknowledge that Mr. Duffy, to whose spirited enterprise Ireland is so greatly indebted, has spared no expense to make this edition of our National Music worthy of their patronage; and I feel confident that no former edition of the Melodies can excel this in the beauty of the type, paper, or letter-press.

J. W. GLOVER.

Royal Irish Institution,
College St., Dublin,
February 25, 1859.

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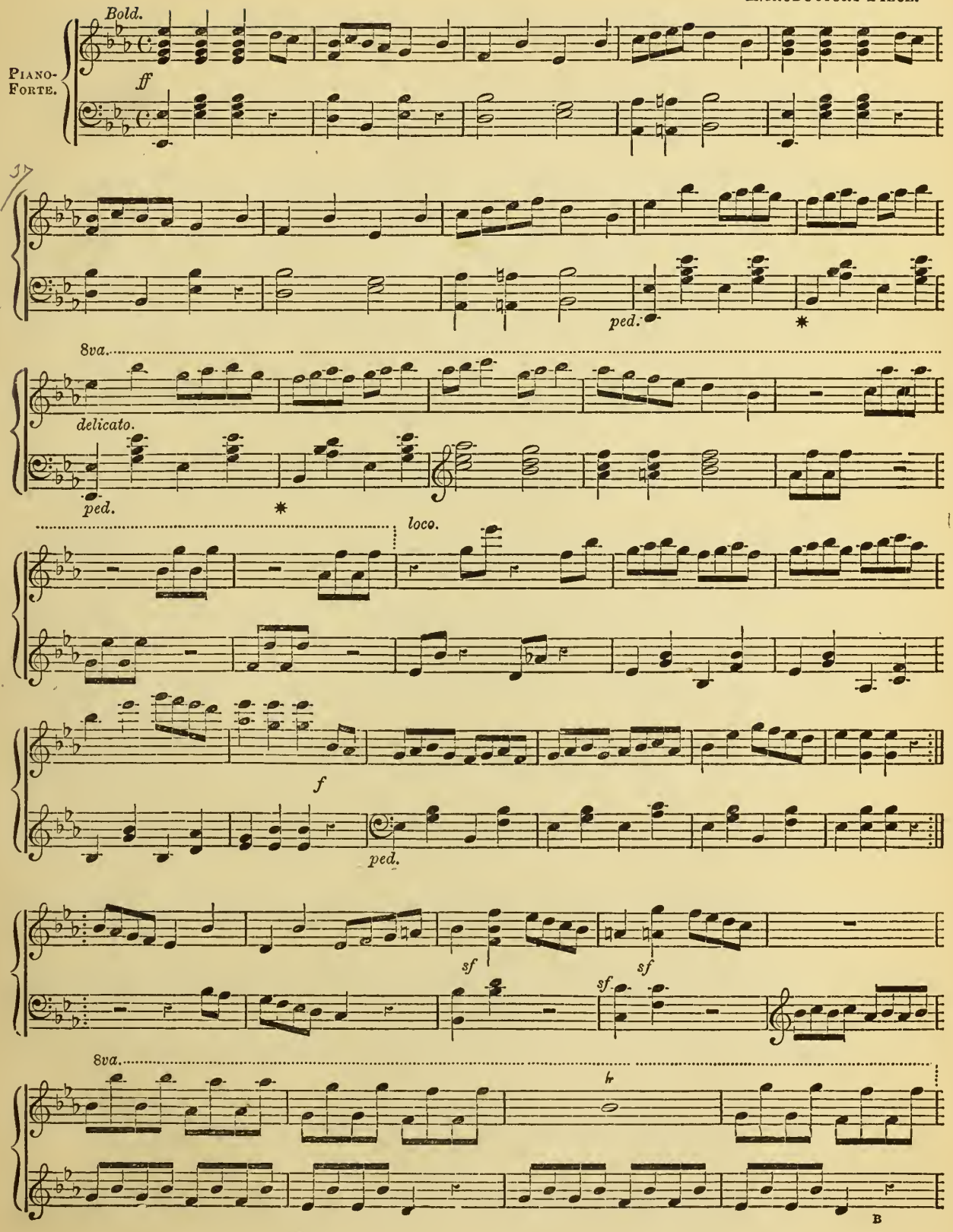
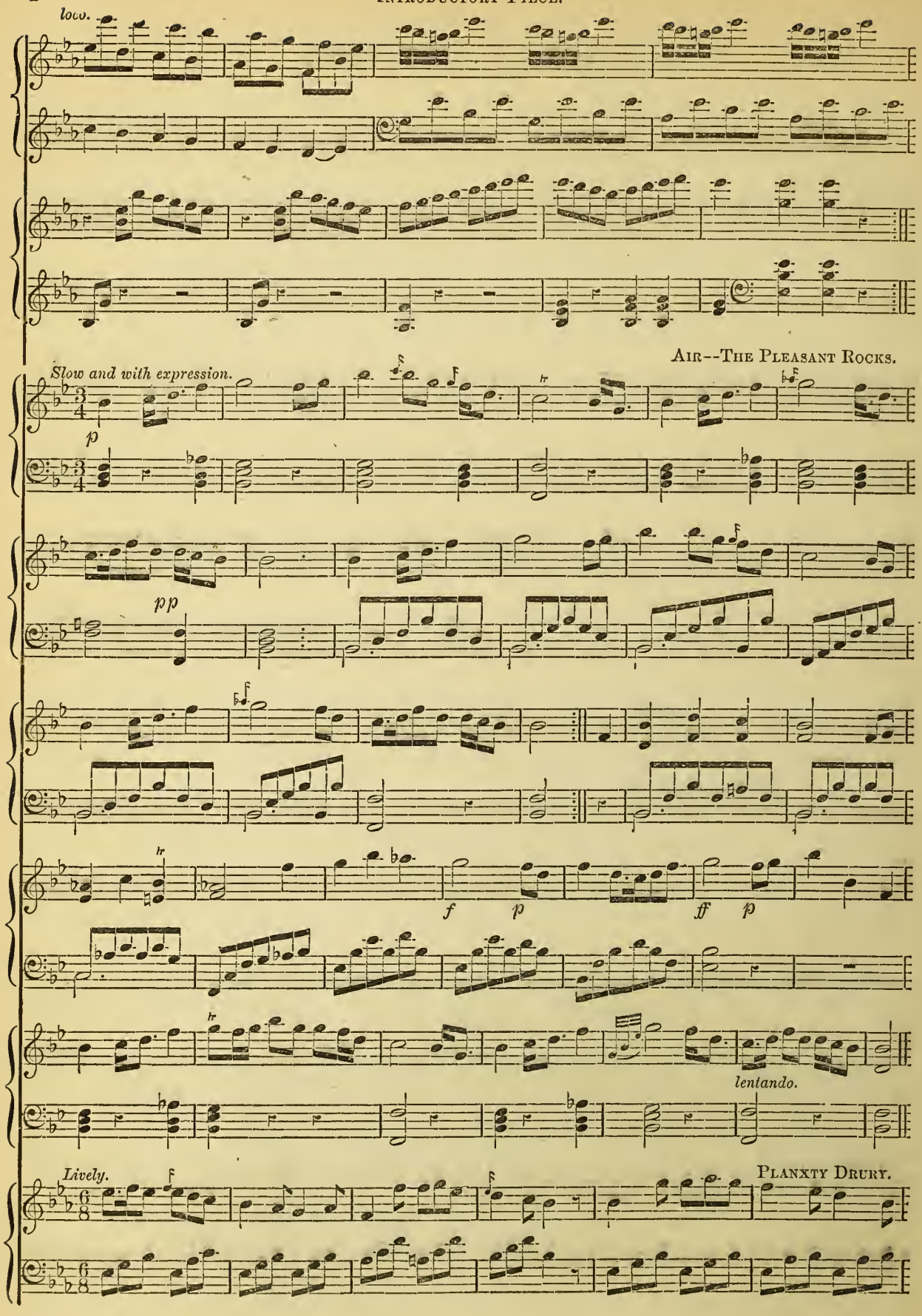
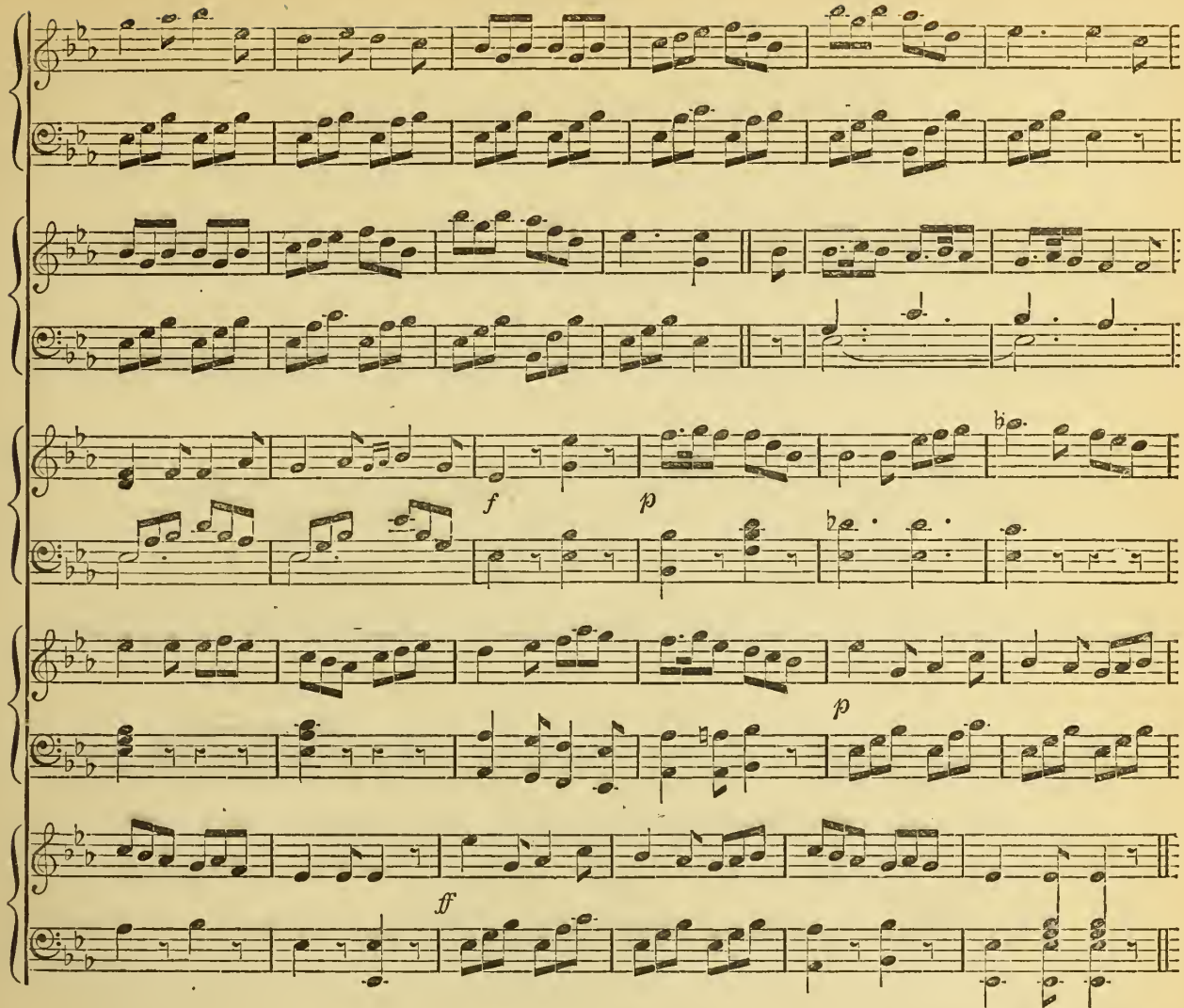
CAROLAN'S CONCERTO.

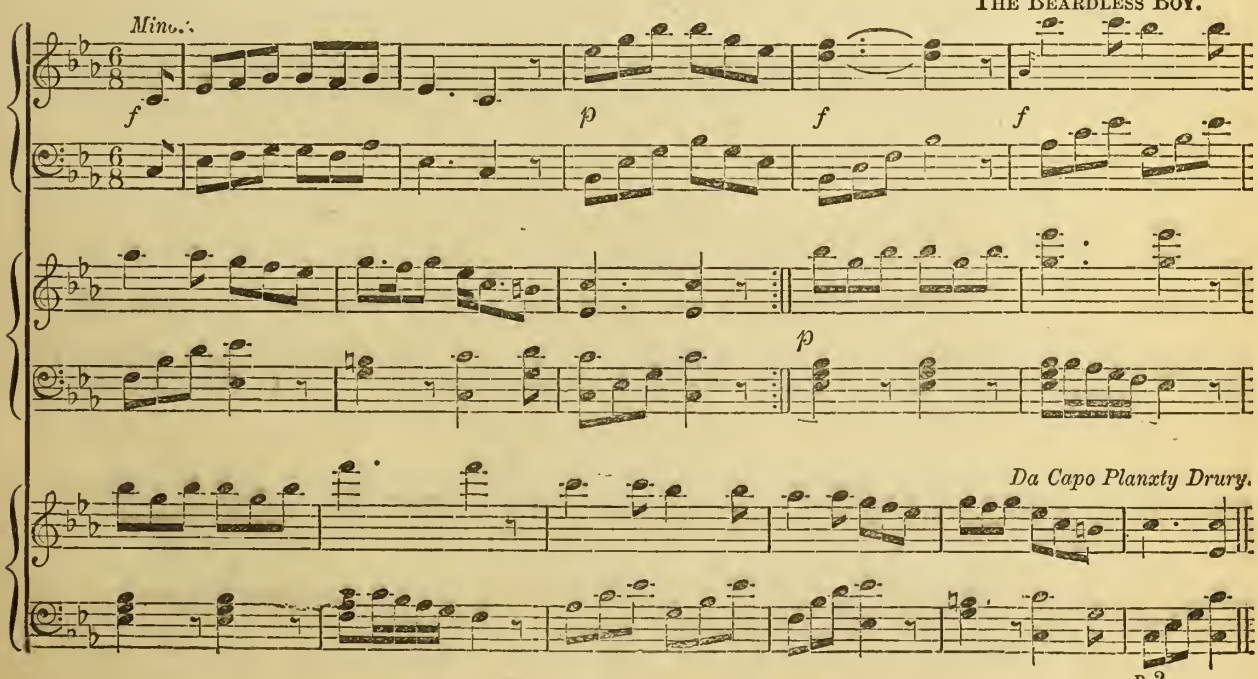
INTRODUCTORY PIECE.




loco.
AIR--THE PLEASANT ROCKS.
Slow and with expression.
p
pp
f
p
ff
p
lentando.
Lively.
PLANXTY DRURY.

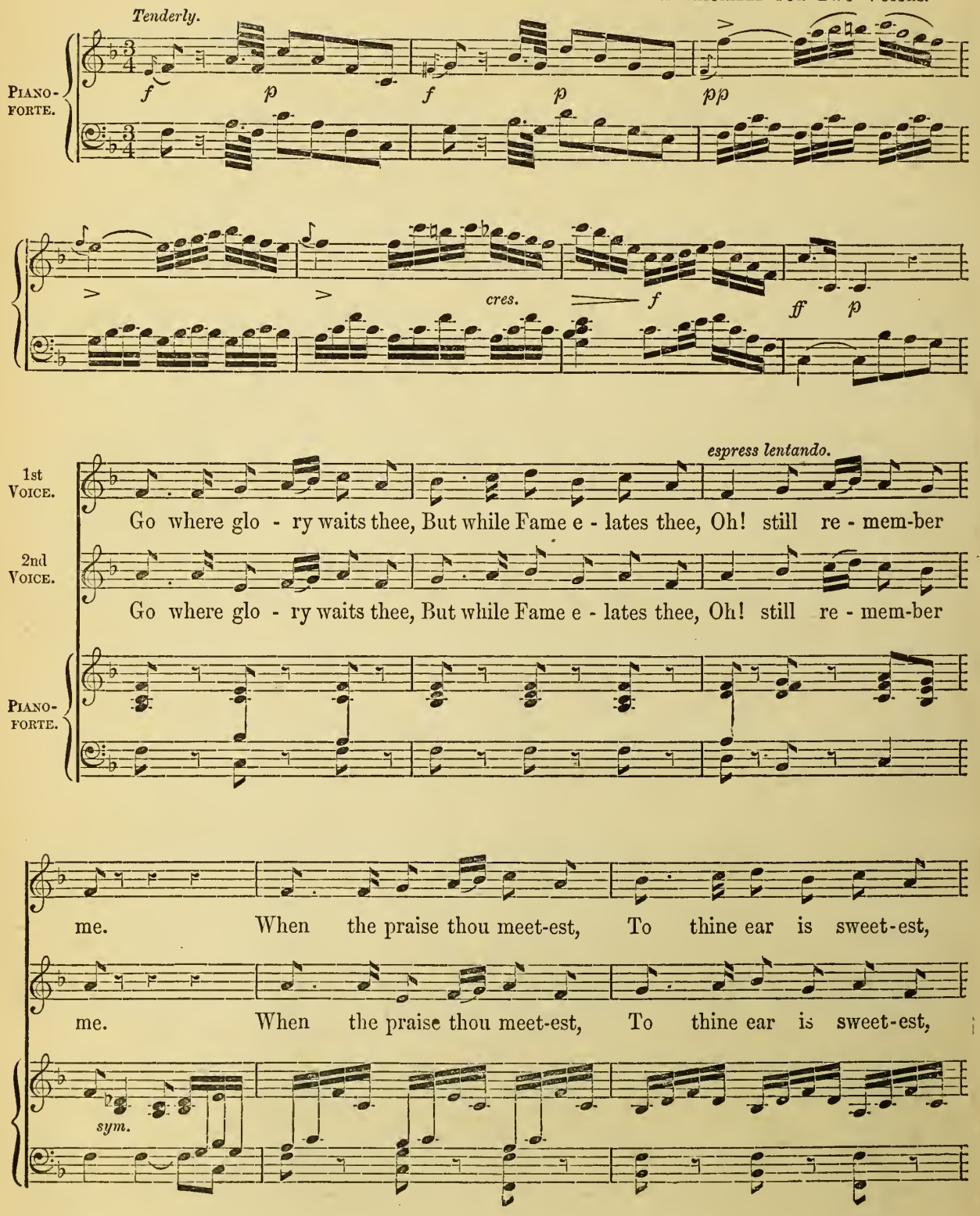


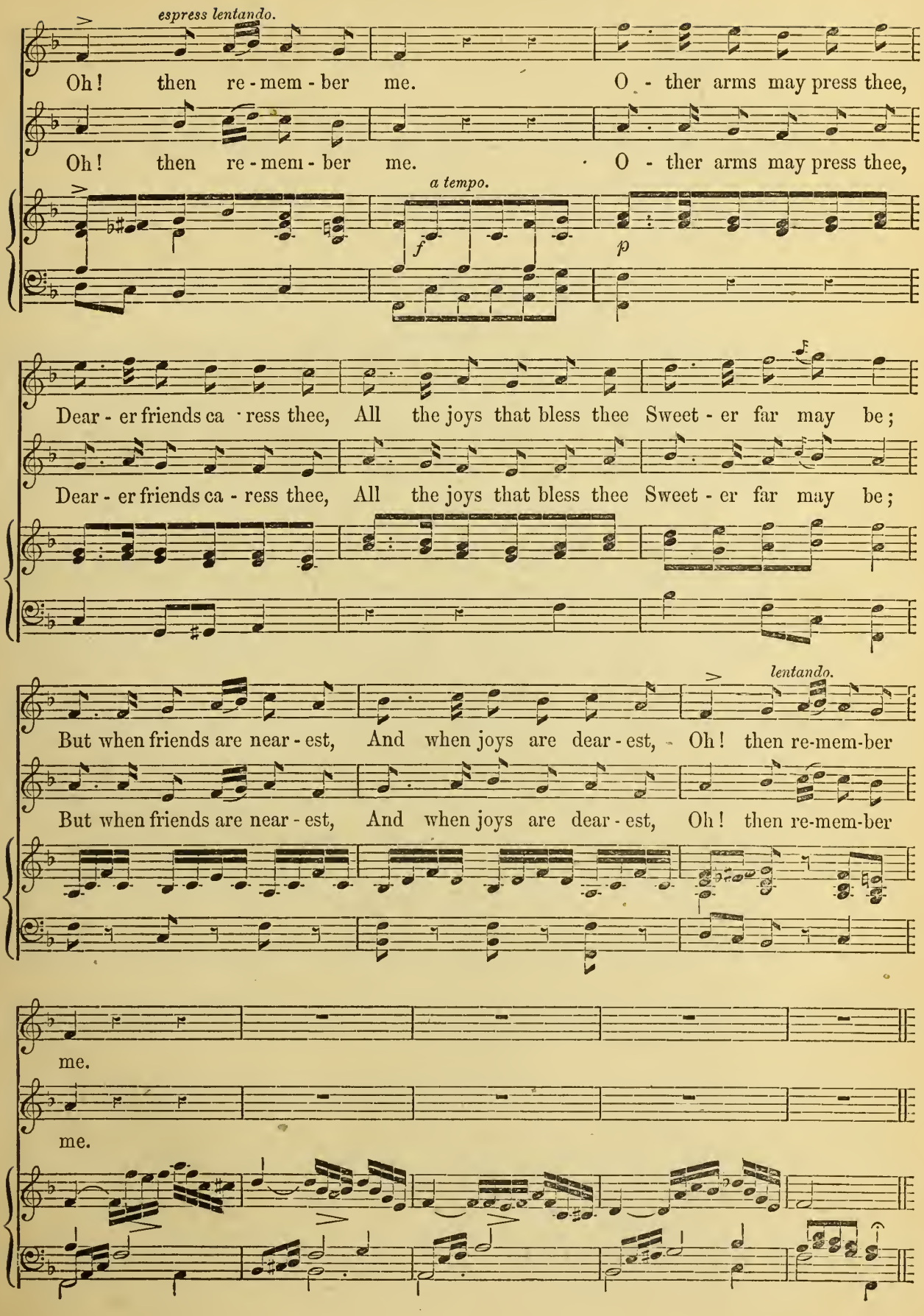
THE BEARDLESS BOY.

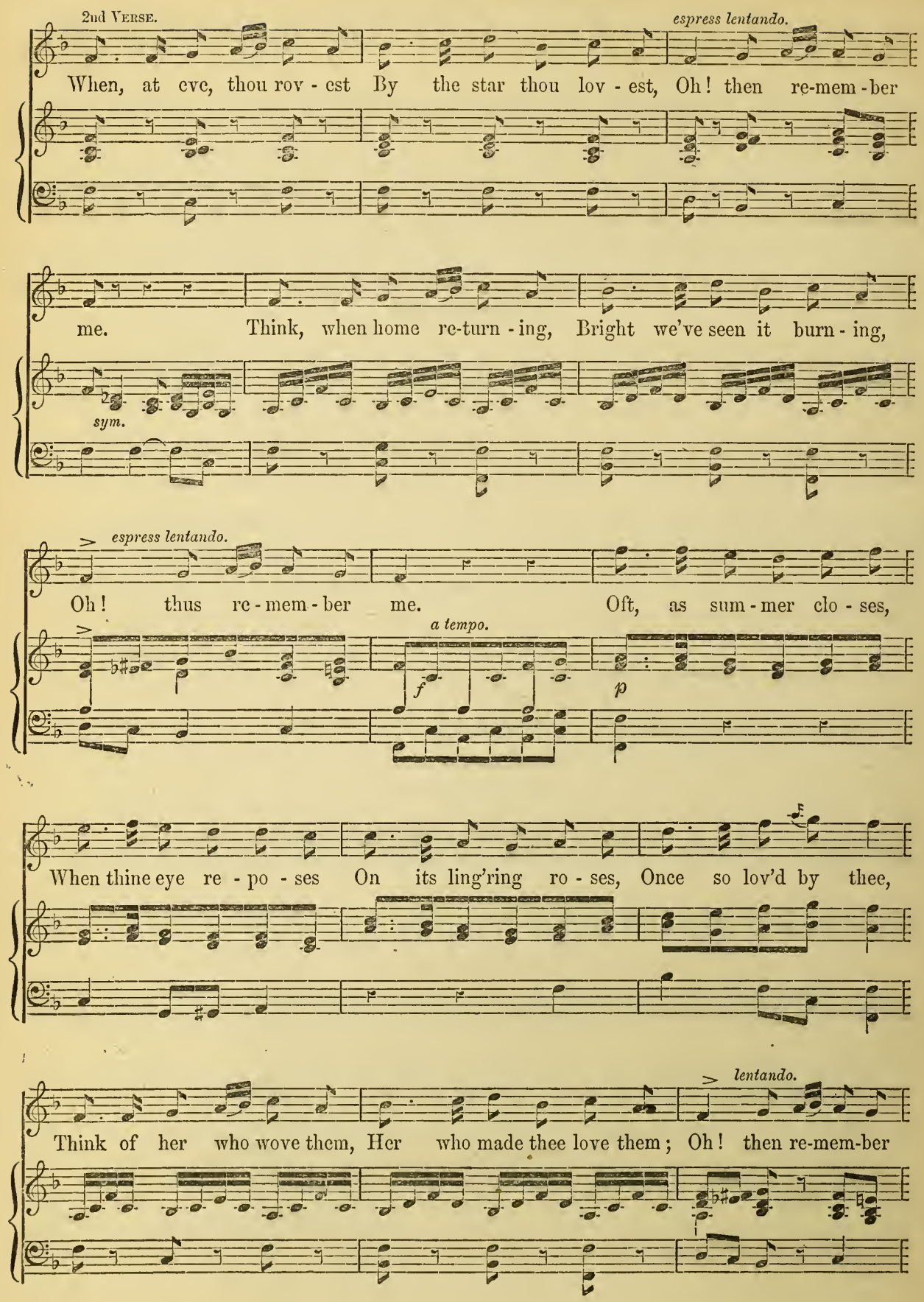


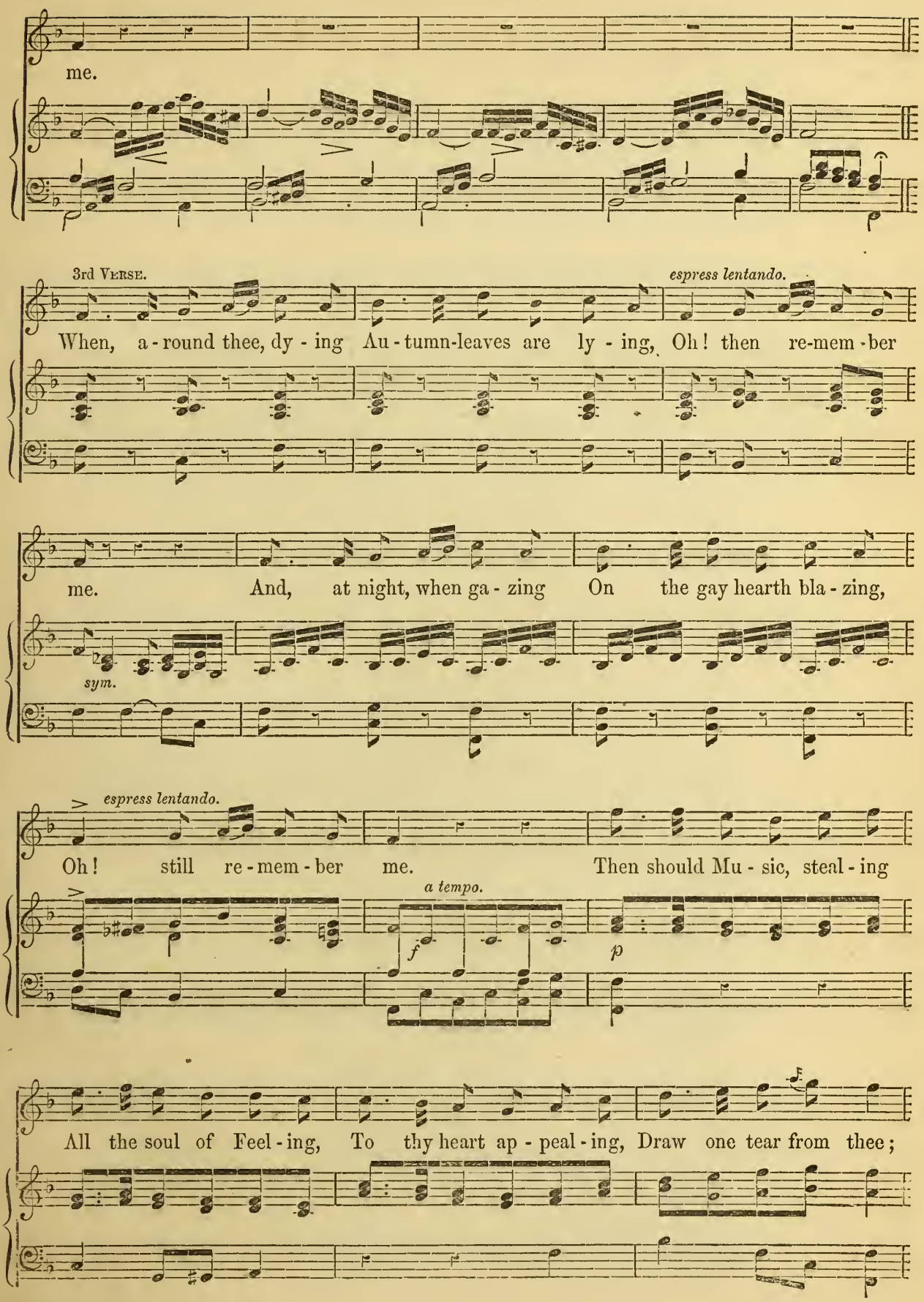
GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

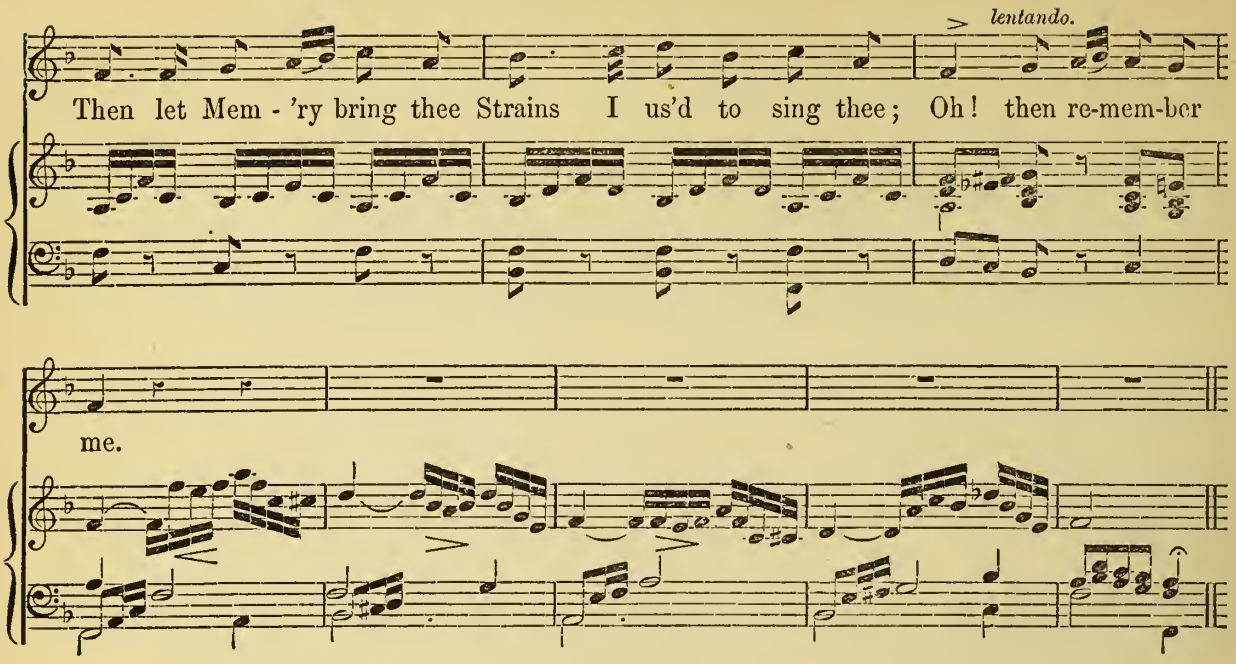
HARMONIZED FOR TWO VOICES.



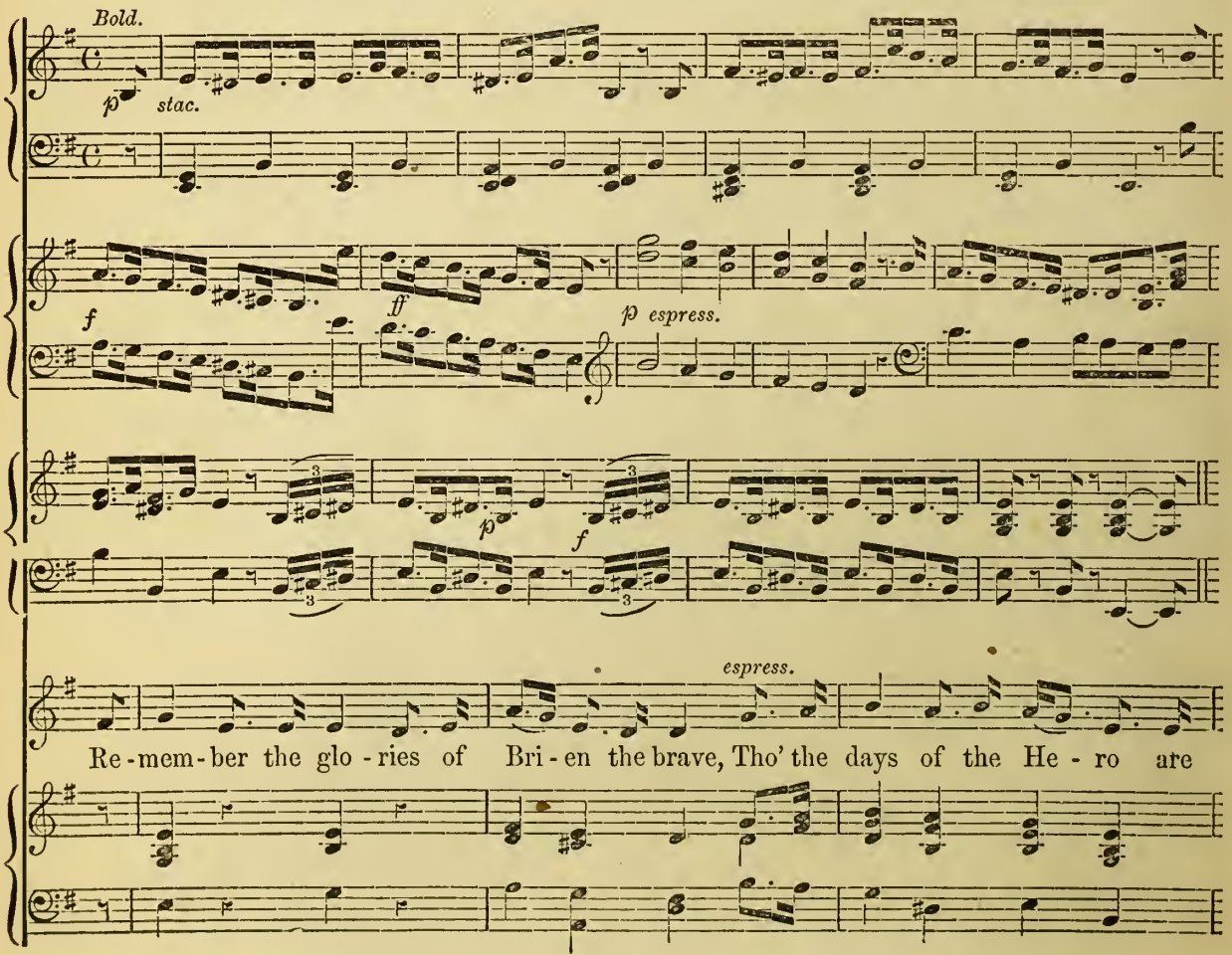

espress lentando.
Oh! then re-mem-ber me. O-ther arms may press thee,
Oh! then re-mem-ber me. O-ther arms may press thee,
a tempo.
f
p
Dear-er friends ca-ress thee, All the joys that bless thee Sweet-er far may be;
Dear-er friends ca-ress thee, All the joys that bless thee Sweet-er far may be;
lentando.
But when friends are near-est, And when joys are dear-est, Oh! then re-mem-ber
But when friends are near-est, And when joys are dear-est, Oh! then re-mem-ber
me.
me.

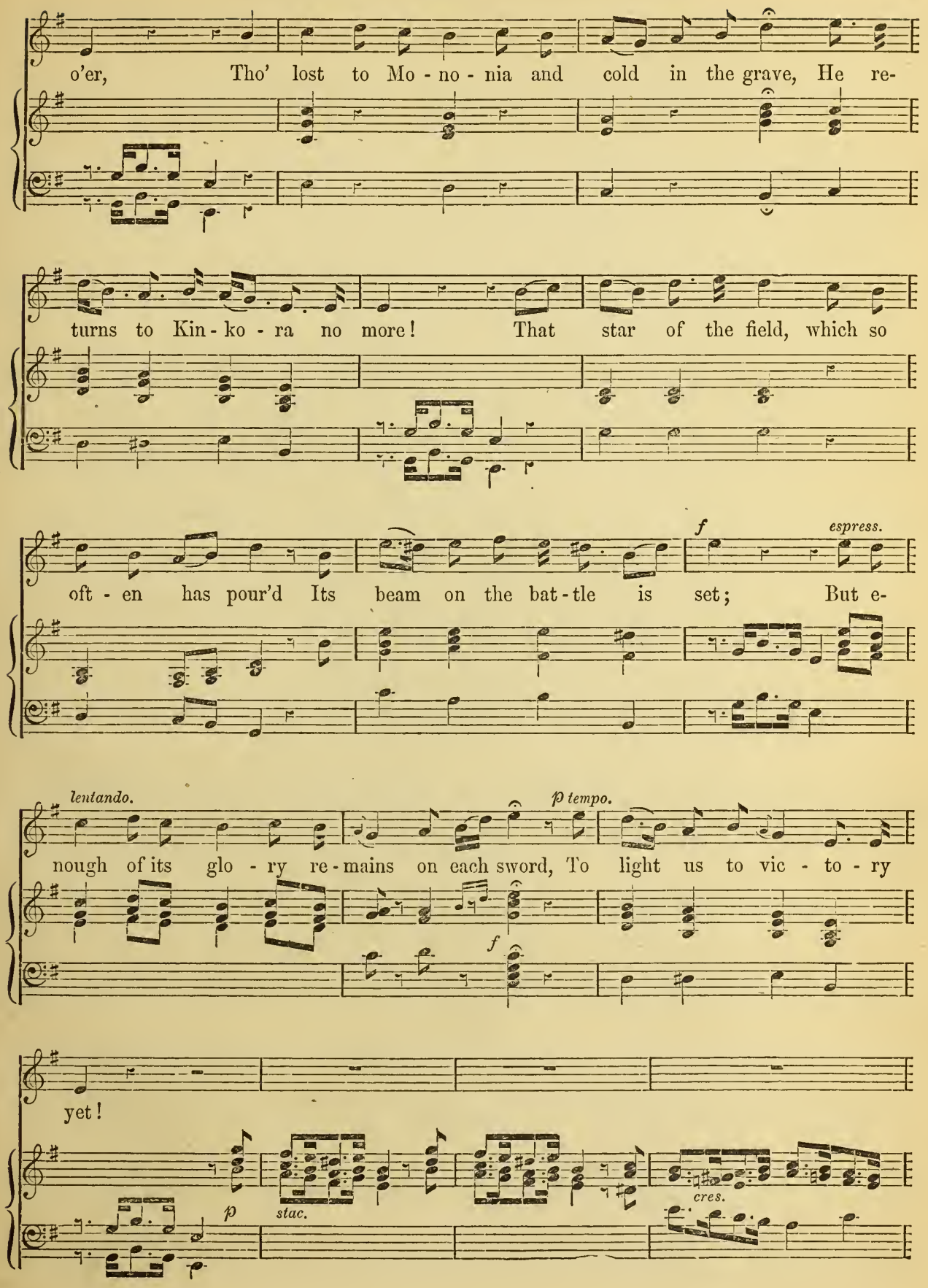

2nd VERSE.
espress lentando.
When, at eve, thou rov - est By the star thou lov - est, Oh! then re-mem - ber
me. Think, when home re-turn - ing, Bright we've seen it burn - ing,
sym.
espress lentando.
Oh! thus re - mem - ber me. Oft, as sum - mer clo - ses,
a tempo.
f
p
When thine eye re - po - ses On its ling'ring ro - ses, Once so lov'd by thee,
lentando.
Think of her who wove them, Her who made thee love them; Oh! then re-mem-ber

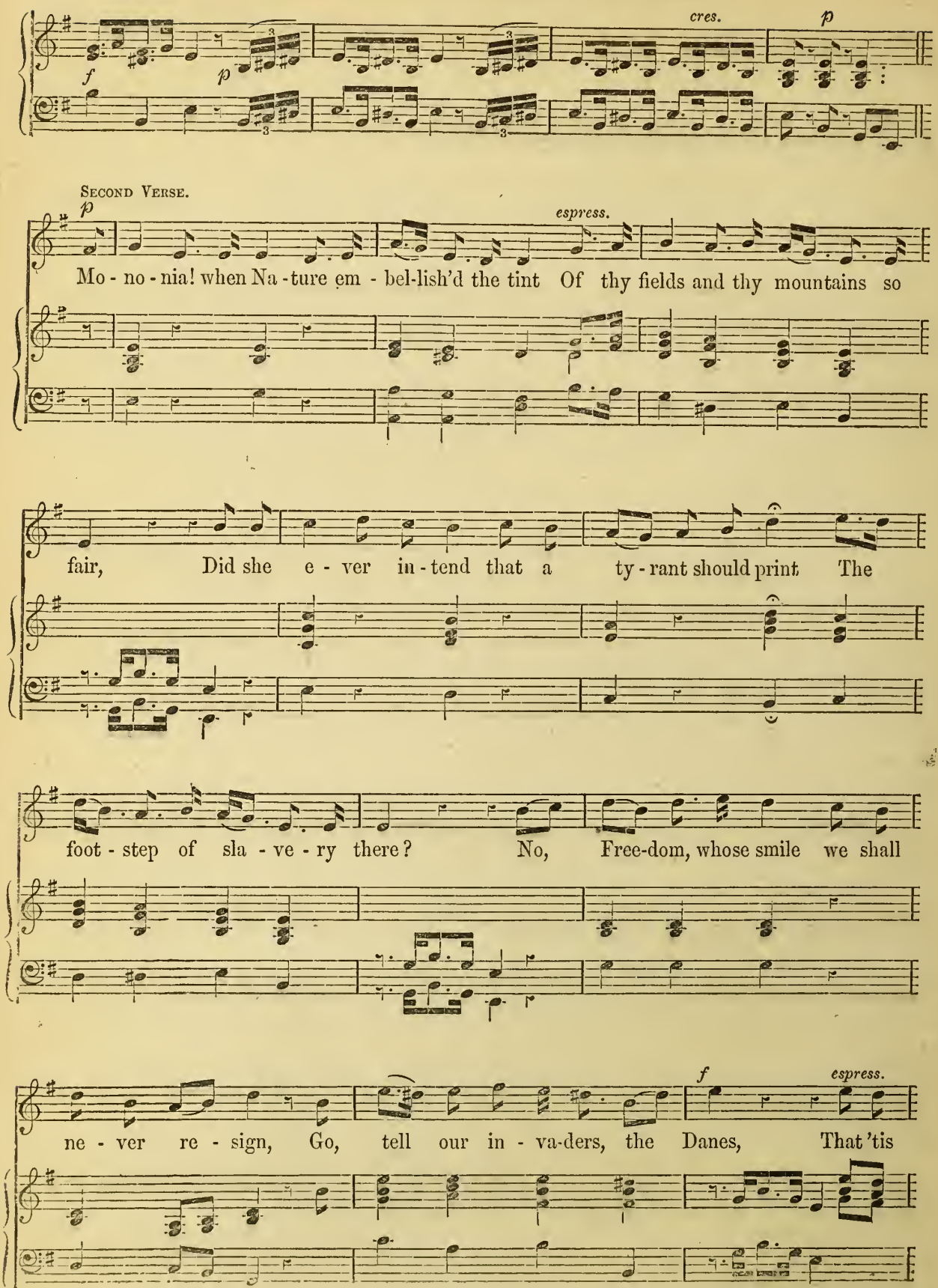

me.
3rd VERSE.
espress lentando.
When, a-round thee, dy-ing Au-tumn-leaves are ly-ing, Oh! then re-mem-ber
me. And, at night, when ga-zing On the gay hearth bla-zing,
sym.
espress lentando.
Oh! still re-mem-ber me. Then should Mu-sic, steal-ing
a tempo.
f
p
All the soul of Feel-ing, To thy heart ap-peal-ing, Draw one tear from thee;

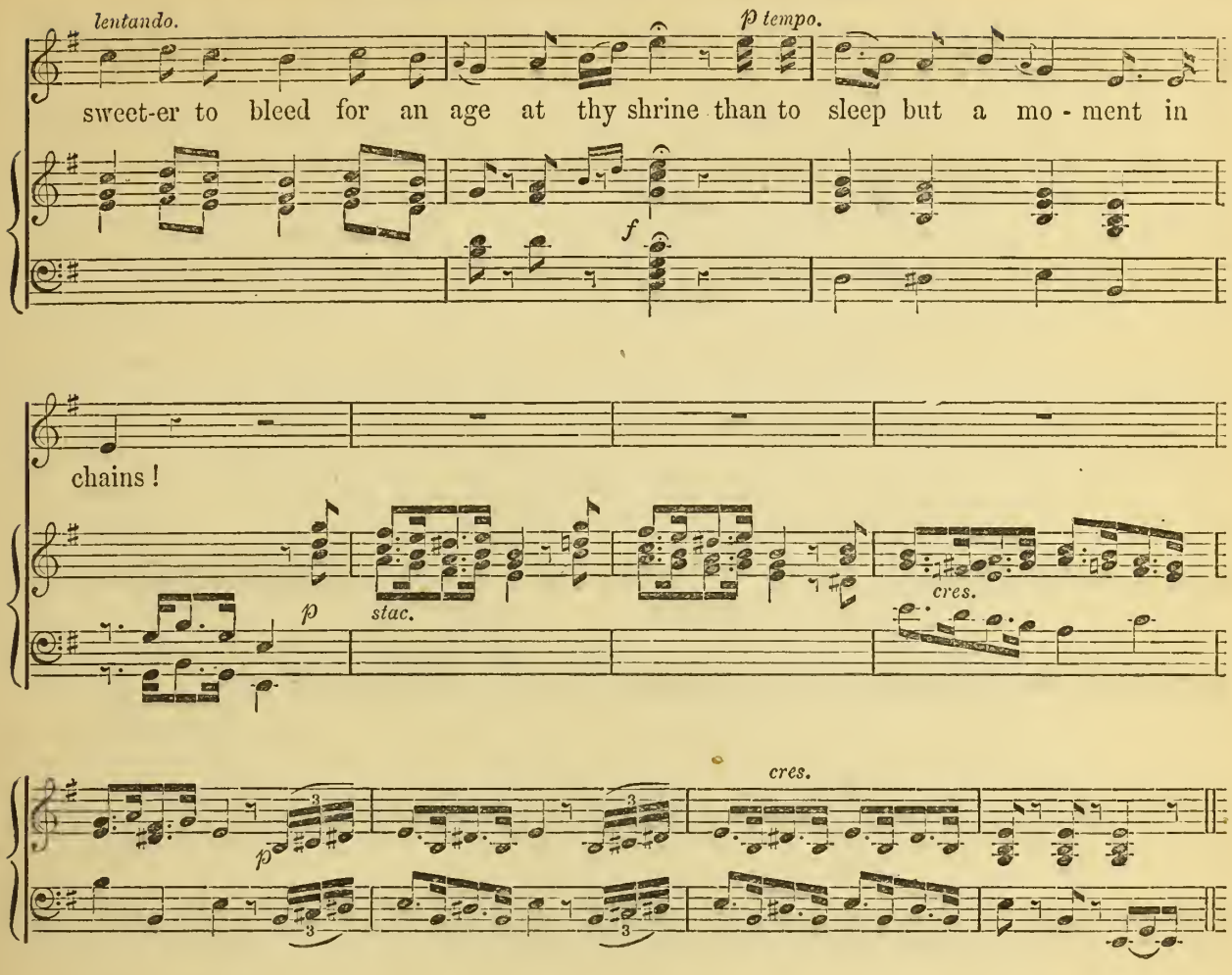


REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.

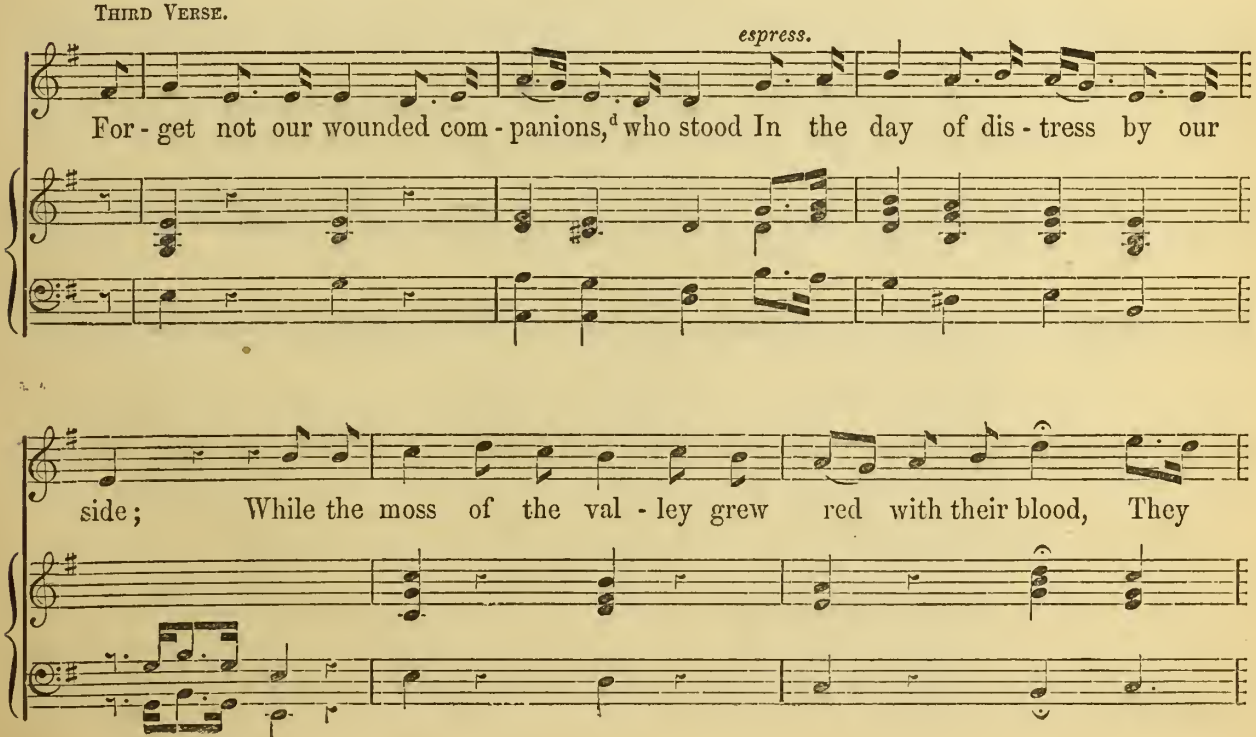


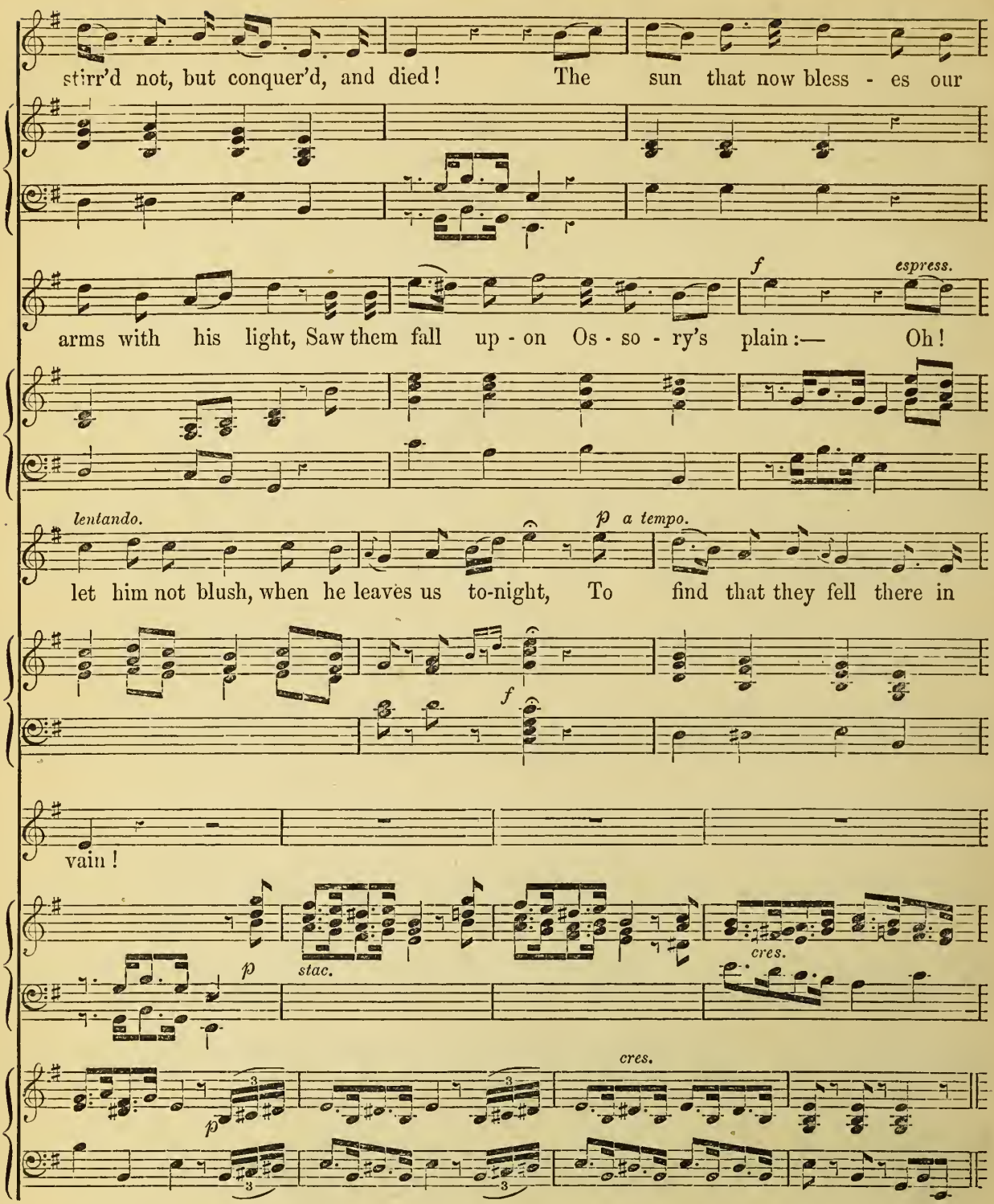

o'er, Tho' lost to Mo - no - nia and cold in the grave, He re-
turns to Kin - ko - ra no more! That star of the field, which so
f espress.
oft - en has pour'd Its beam on the bat - tle is set; But e-
lentando.
p tempo.
nough of its glo - ry re - mains on each sword, To light us to vic - to - ry
f
yet!
p
stac.
cres.


cres.
p
f
p
SECOND VERSE.
p
espress.
Mo - no - nia! when Na - ture em - bel-lish'd the tint Of thy fields and thy mountains so
fair, Did she e - ver in - tend that a ty - rant should print The
foot - step of sla - ve - ry there? No, Free-dom, whose smile we shall
f
espress.
ne - ver re - sign, Go, tell our in - va-ders, the Danes, That 'tis


lentando.
p tempo.
sweet-er to bleed for an age at thy shrine than to sleep but a mo - ment in
f
chains !
p
stac.
cres.
cres.
p

THIRD VERSE.


espress.
For - get not our wounded com - panions,[d] who stood In the day of dis - tress by our
side; While the moss of the val - ley grew red with their blood, They



[a] Brien Borombe, the great Monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the 11th century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

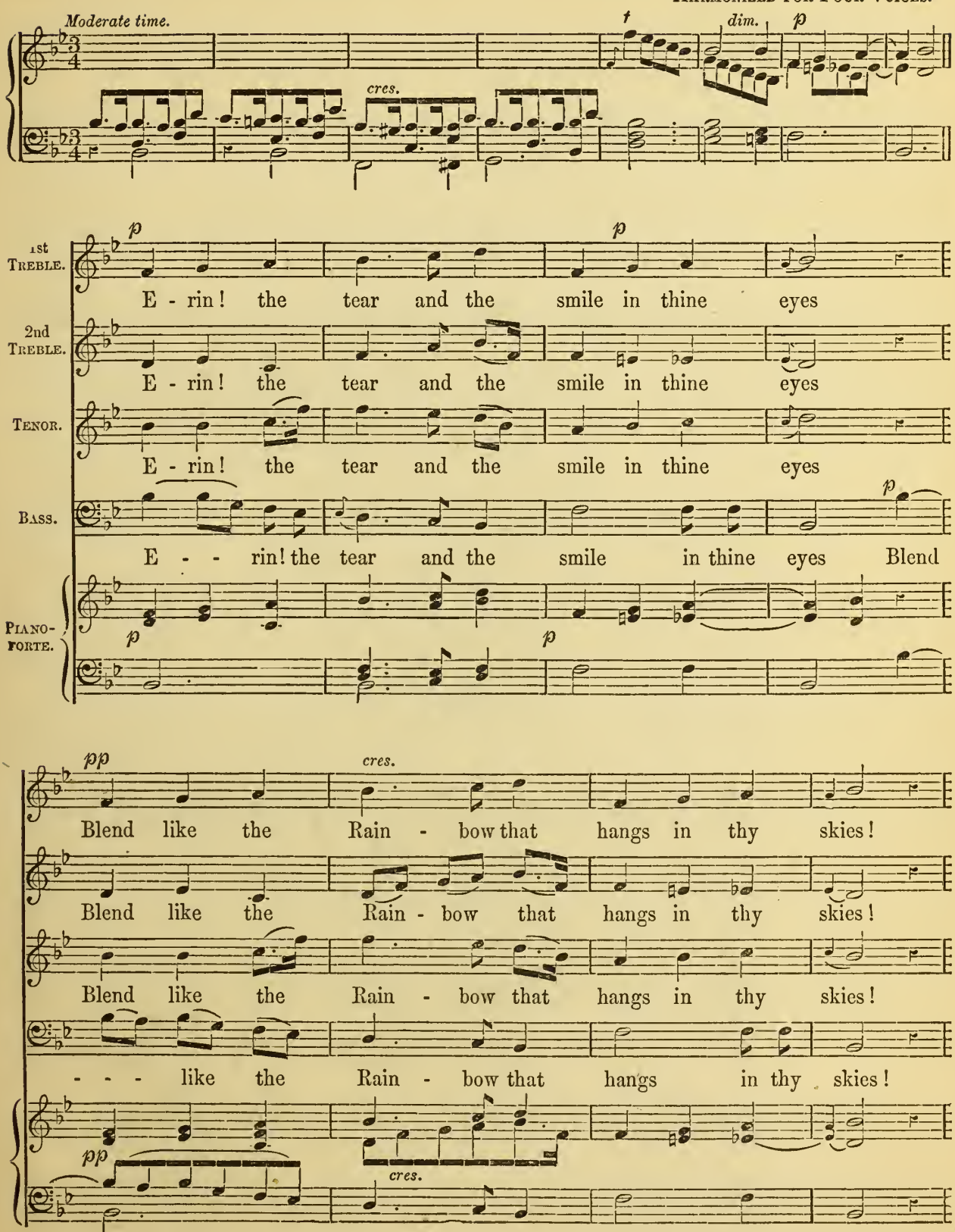
[b] Munster.

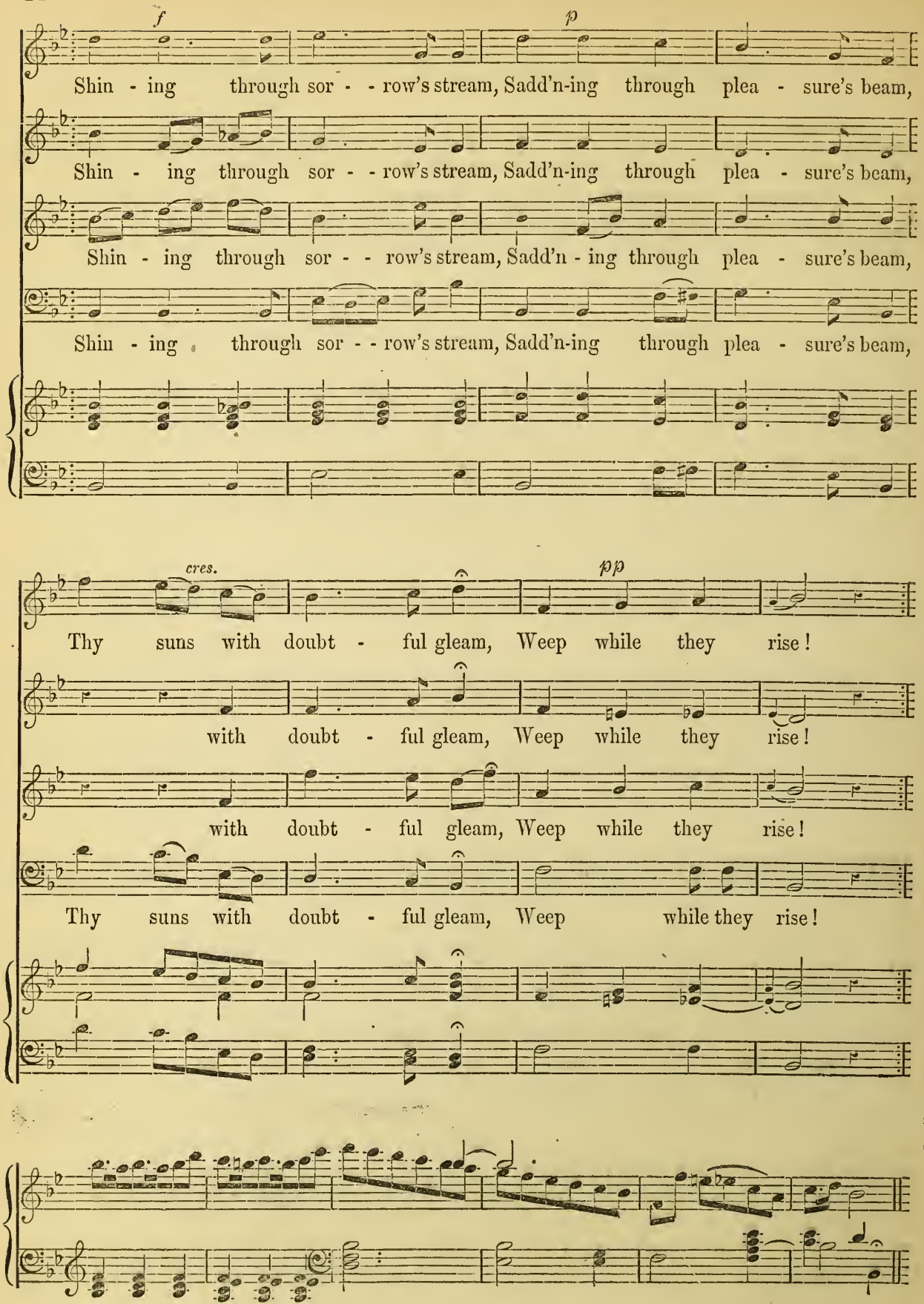
[c] The Palace of Brien.

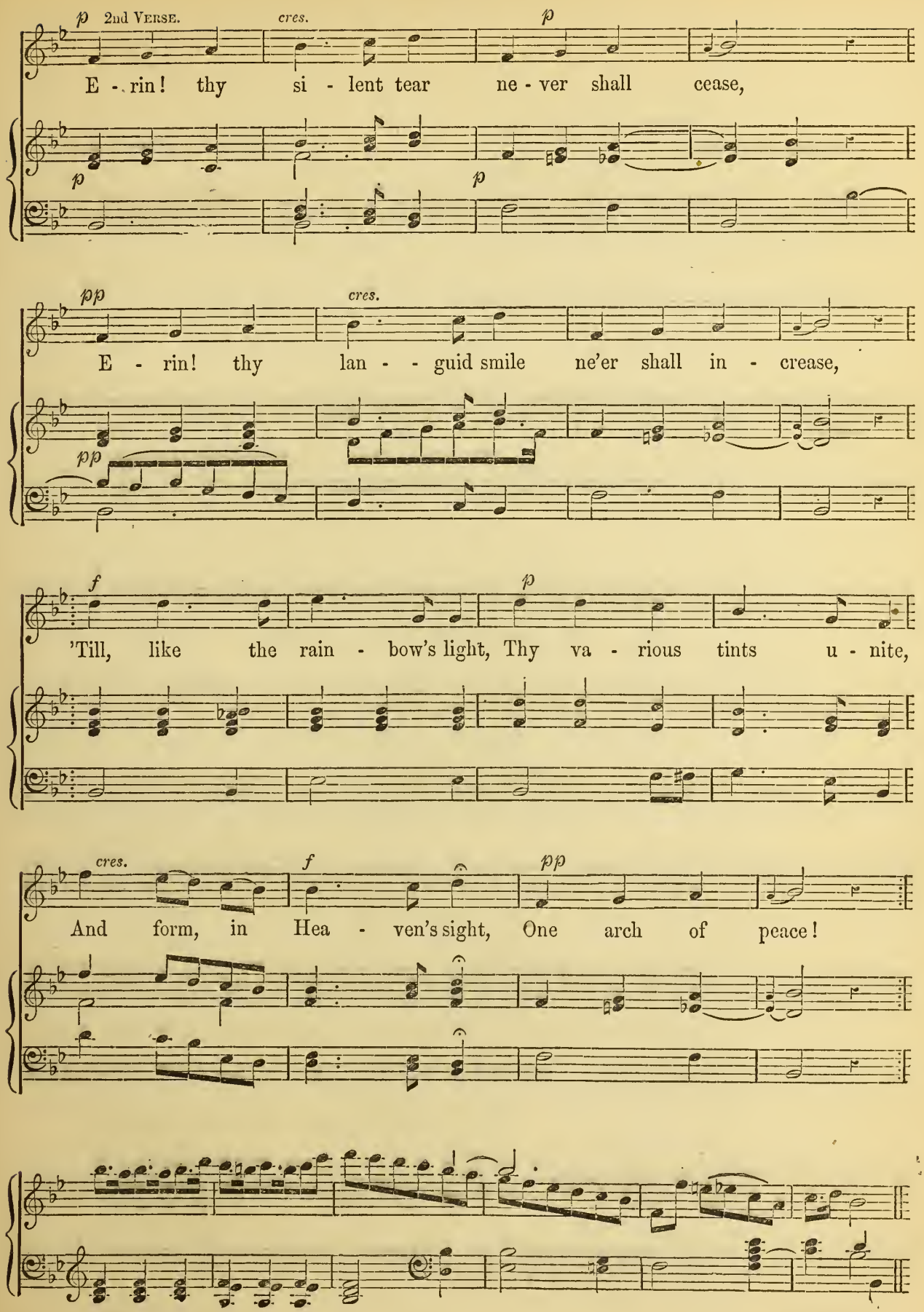
[d] This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favorite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted, in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. "*Let stakes*," they said, "*be stuck in the ground; and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man.*"—"Between seven and eight hundred wounded men," adds O'Halloran, "pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops!—Never was such another sight exhibited."—*History of Ireland*, Book XII., Chapter I.

ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES.




f
p
Shin - ing through sor - - row's stream, Sadd'n-ing through plea - sure's beam,
Shin - ing through sor - - row's stream, Sadd'n-ing through plea - sure's beam,
Shin - ing through sor - - row's stream, Sadd'n - ing through plea - sure's beam,
Shin - ing through sor - - row's stream, Sadd'n-ing through plea - sure's beam,
cres.
pp
Thy suns with doubt - ful gleam, Weep while they rise!
with doubt - ful gleam, Weep while they rise!
with doubt - ful gleam, Weep while they rise!
Thy suns with doubt - ful gleam, Weep while they rise!


p 2nd VERSE.
cres.
p
E - rin! thy si - lent tear ne - ver shall cease,
p
p
pp
cres.
E - rin! thy lan - - guid smile ne'er shall in - crease,
pp
f
p
'Till, like the rain - bow's light, Thy va - rious tints u - nite,
cres.
f
pp
And form, in Hea - ven's sight, One arch of peace!

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

(Air—The Brown Maid.)

For One or Two Voices.

Pensively.

Pianoforte.

pp *f* *p* *hr*

espress. *cres.* *f* *dim.*

1st Voice. *a tempo.*

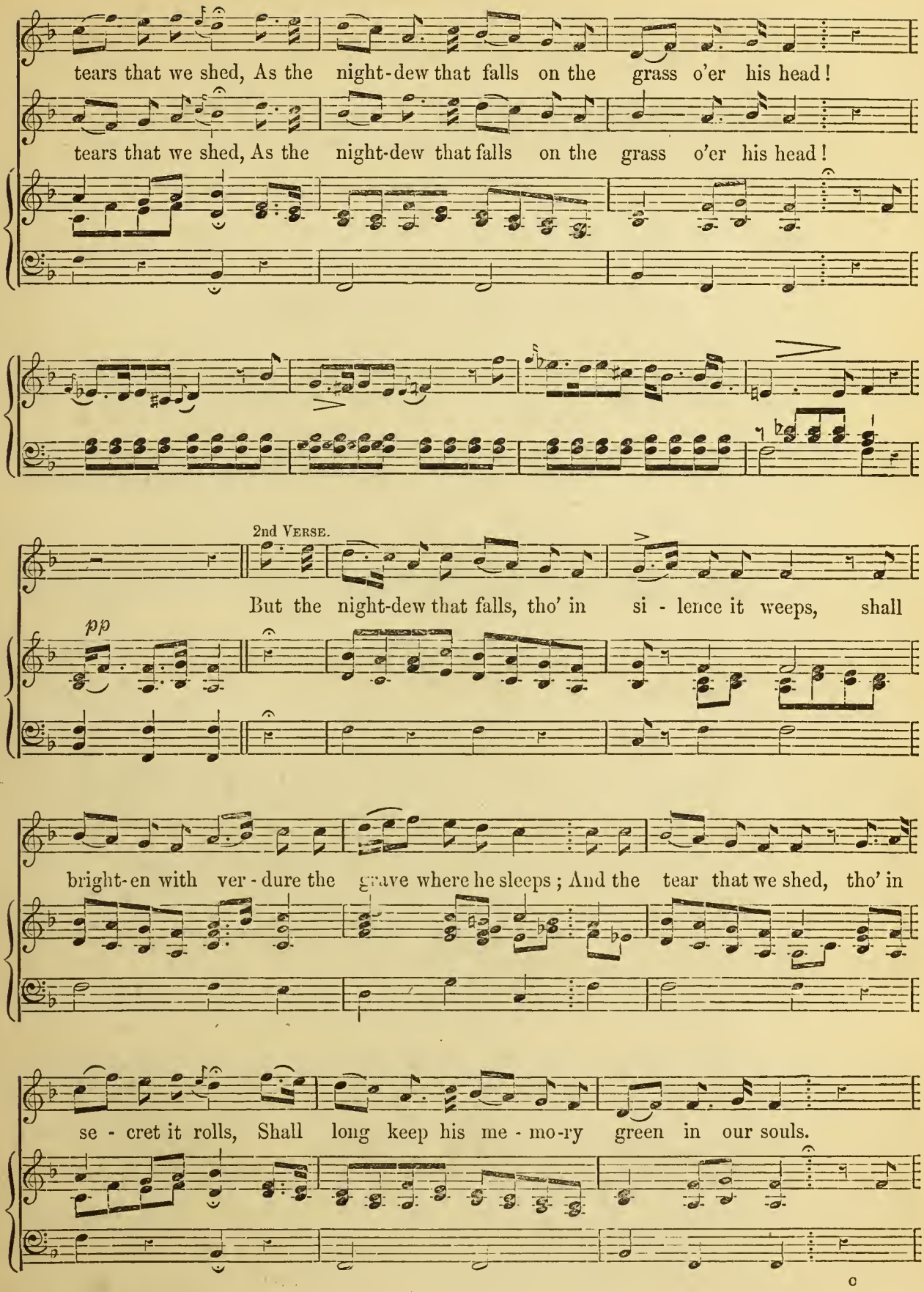
Oh! breathe not his name—let it sleep in the shade, Where

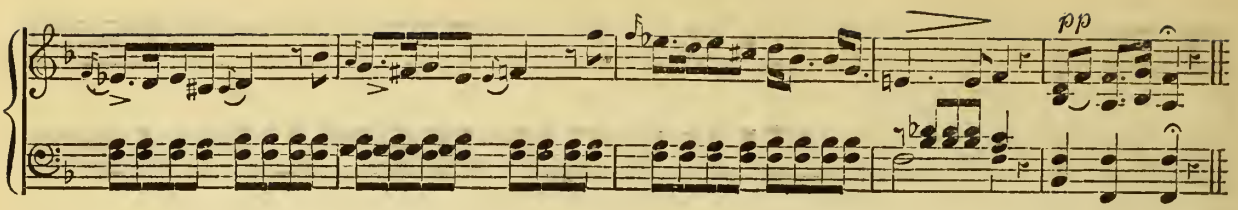
2nd Voice.

Oh! breathe not his name—let it sleep in the shade, Where

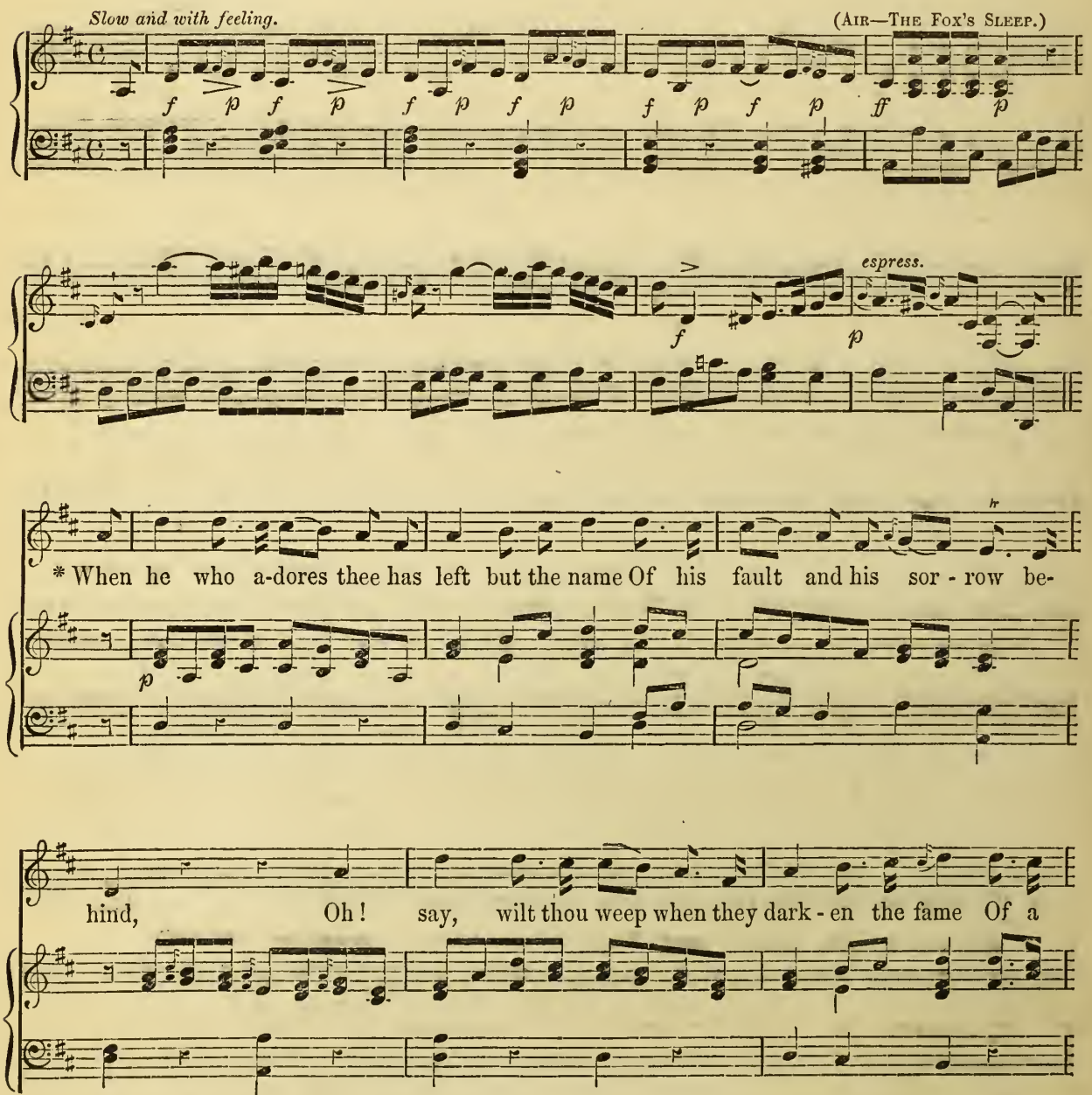
cold and un - ho-nour'd his re - lics are laid! Sad, si - lent, and dark, be the

cold and un - ho-nour'd his re - lics are laid! Sad, si - lent, and dark, be the

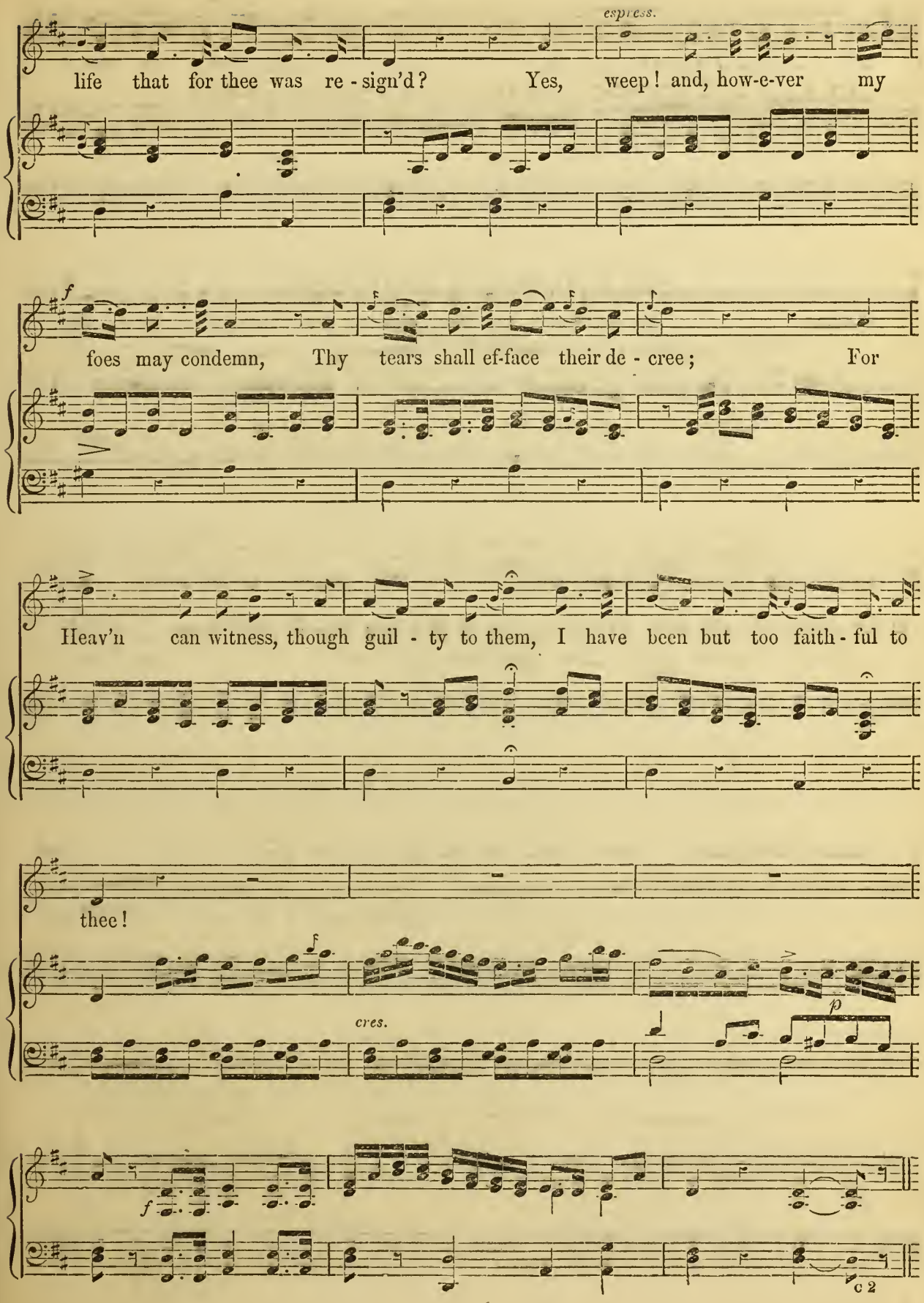

tears that we shed, As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!
tears that we shed, As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!
2nd Verse.
But the night-dew that falls, tho' in si - lence it weeps, shall
pp
bright-en with ver - dure the grave where he sleeps; And the tear that we shed, tho' in
se - cret it rolls, Shall long keep his me - mo-ry green in our souls.



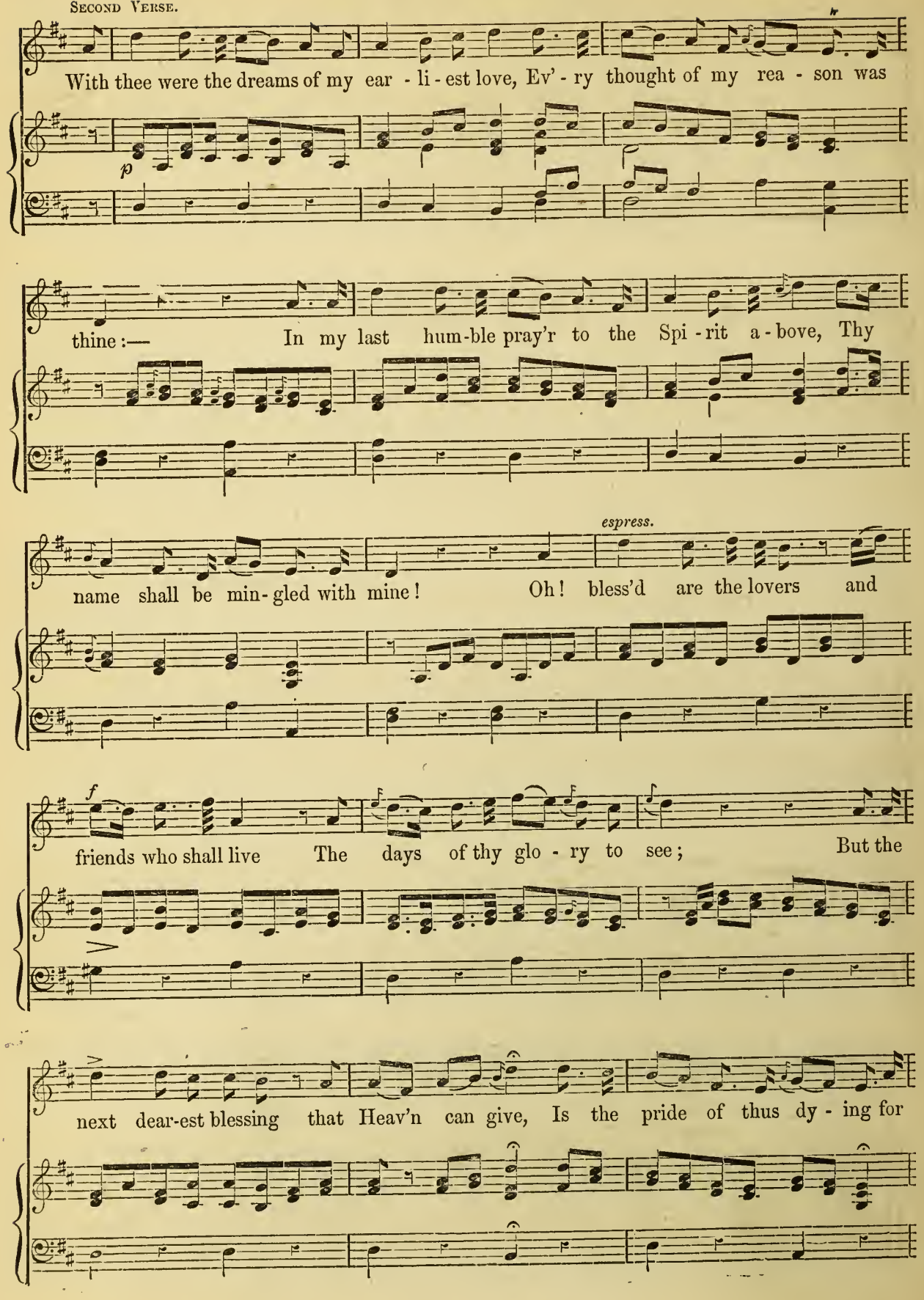
WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

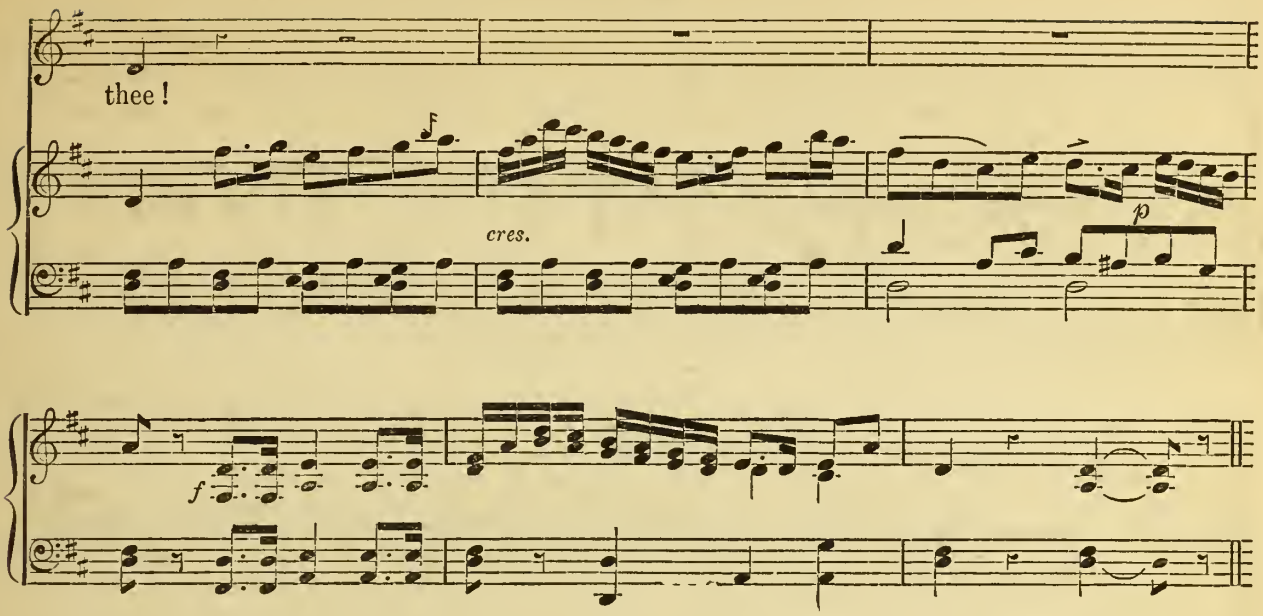


* These words allude to a story in an old Irish manuscript, which is too long and too melancholy to be inserted here.

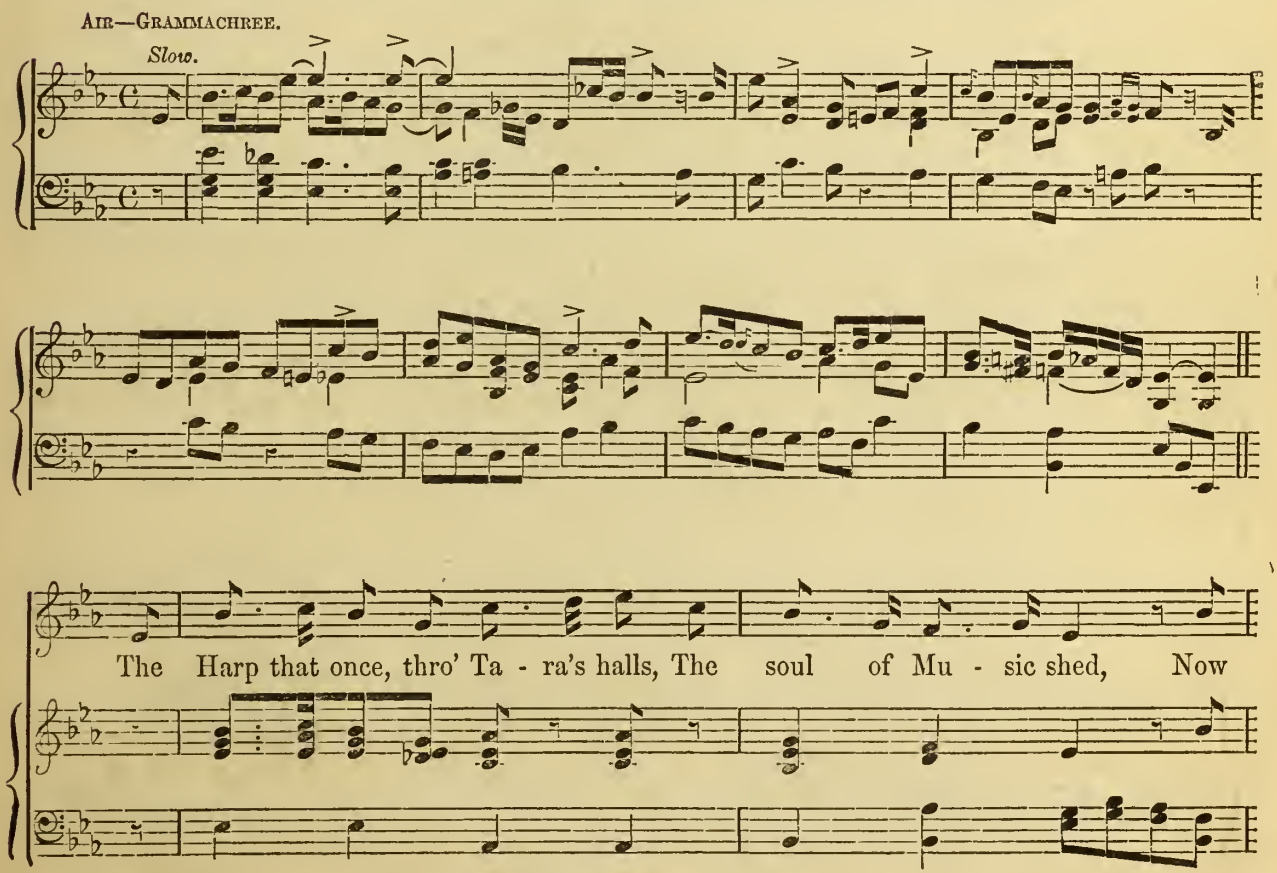

espress.
life that for thee was re - sign'd? Yes, weep! and, how-e-ver my
f
foes may condemn, Thy tears shall ef-face their de - cree; For
Heav'n can witness, though guil - ty to them, I have been but too faith - ful to
thee!
cres.
p
f
c 2

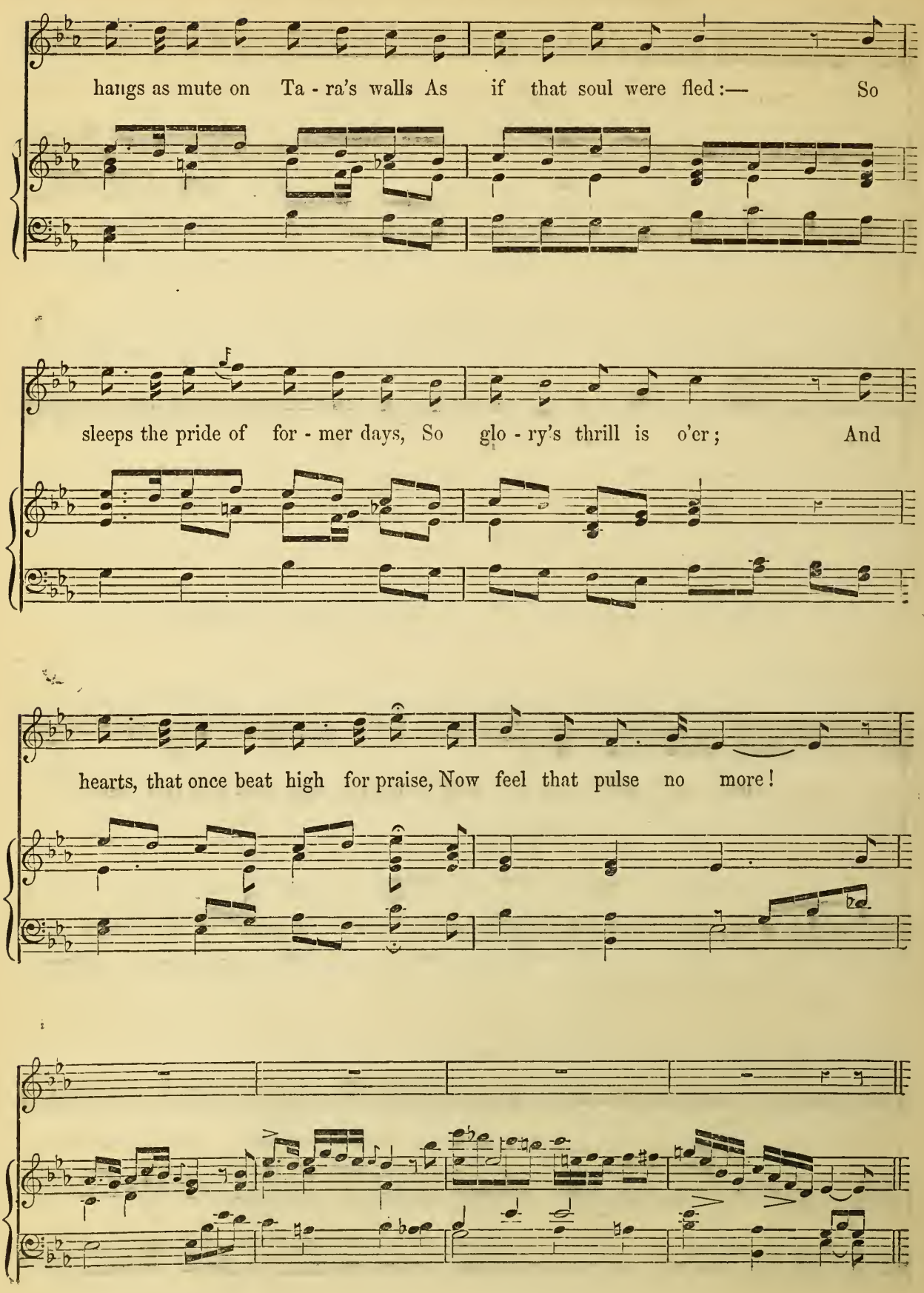
SECOND VERSE.

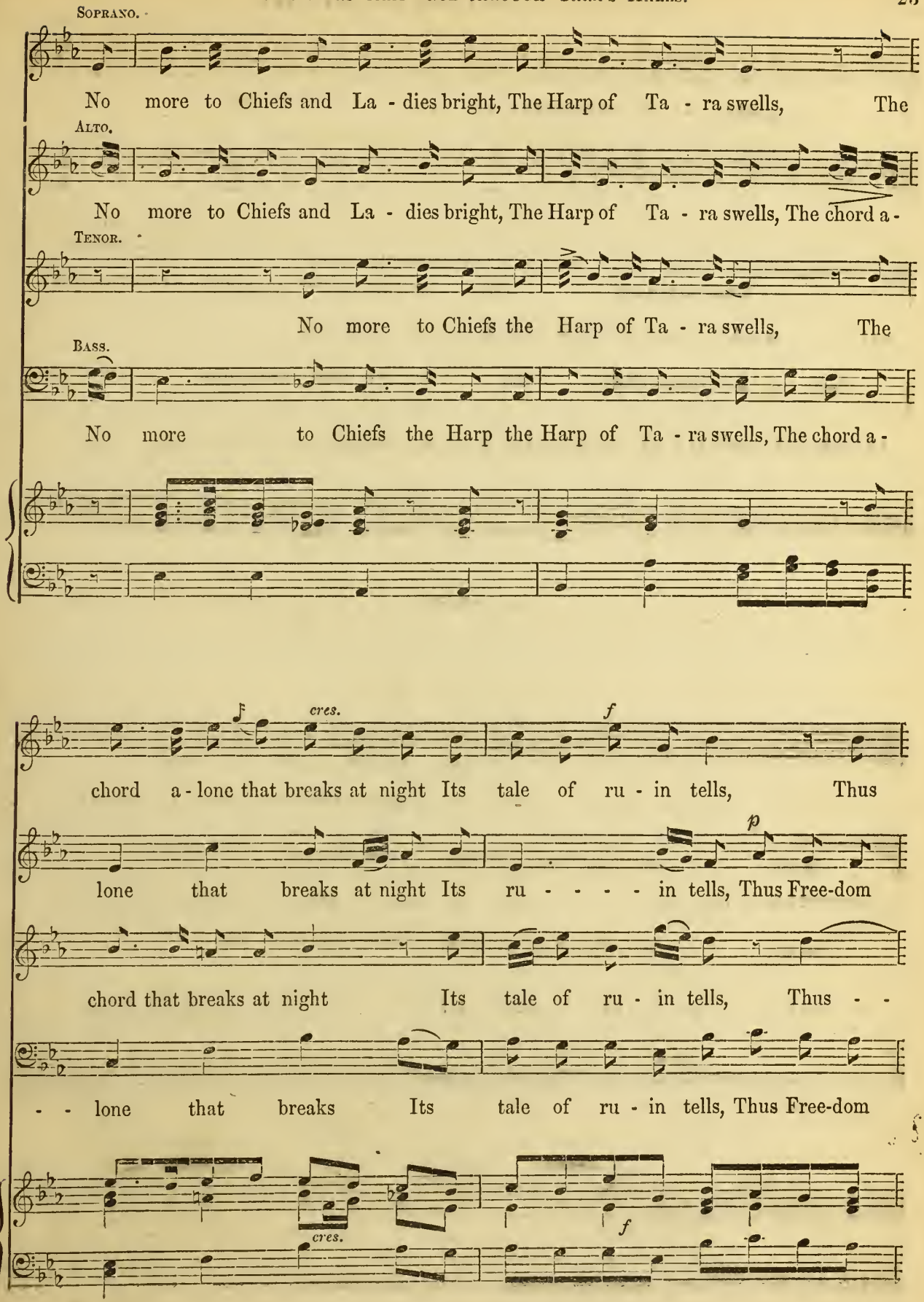


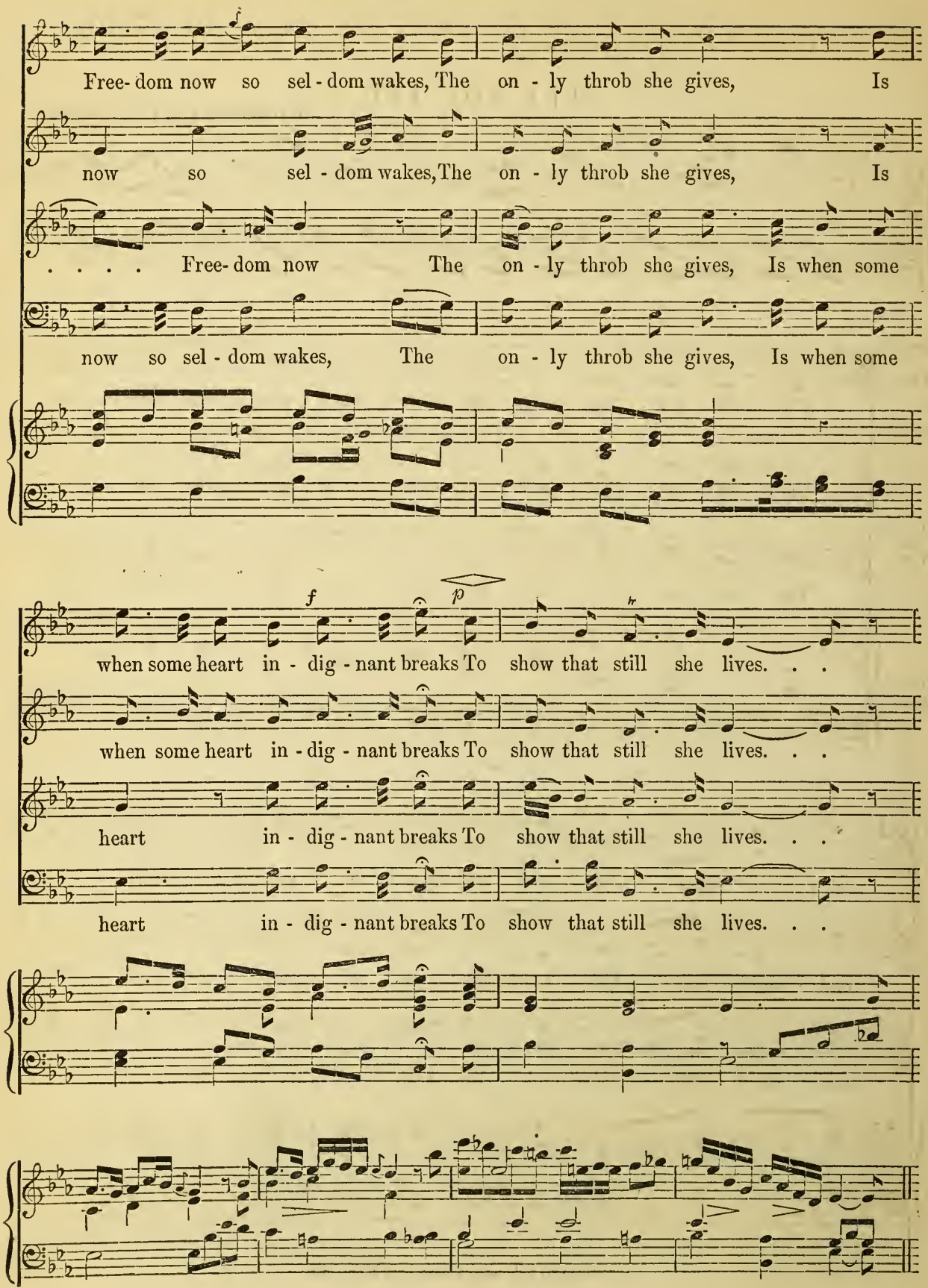


THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.



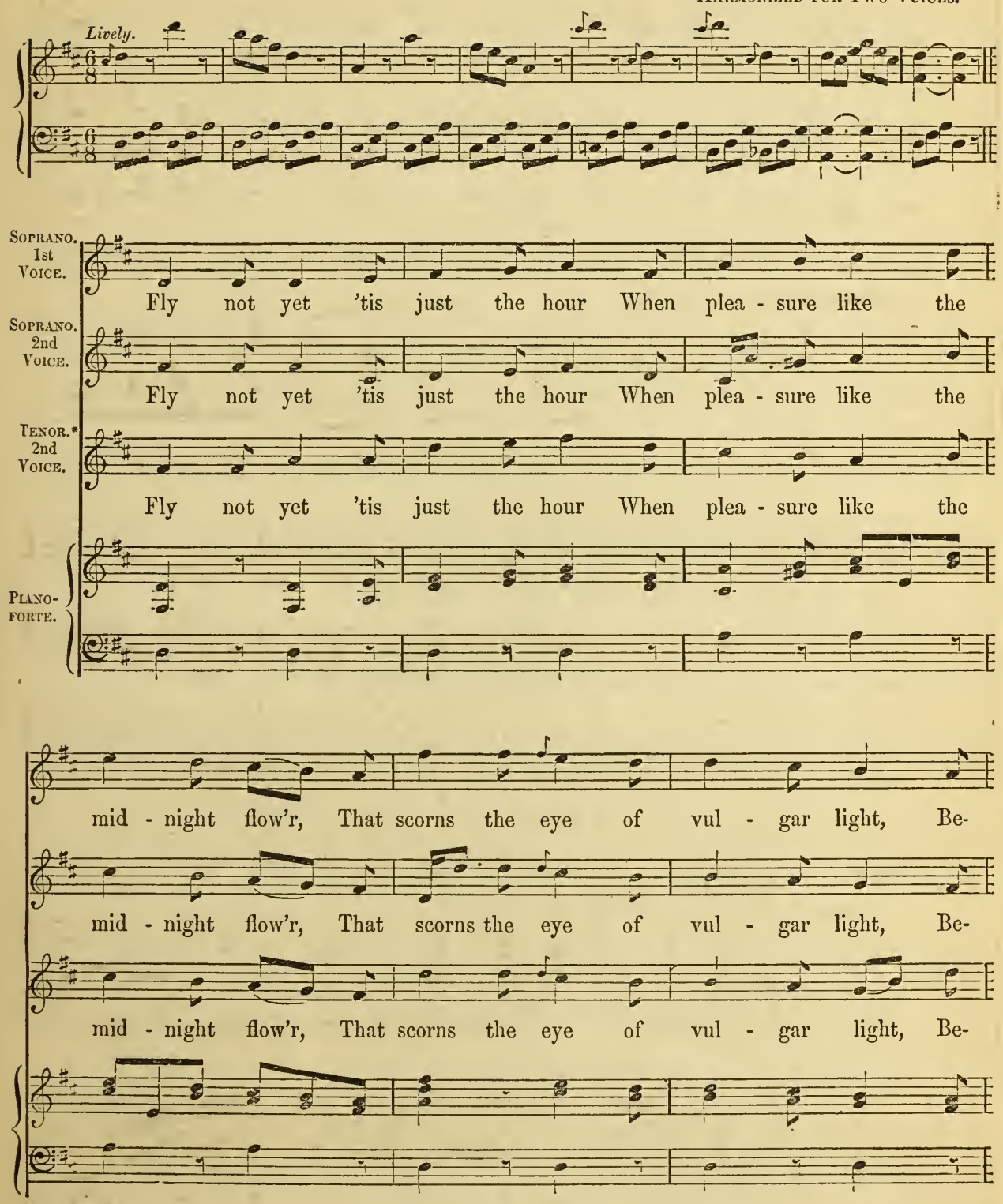

hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled:— So
sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er; And
hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more!


Soprano.
No more to Chiefs and La - dies bright, The Harp of Ta - ra swells, The
Alto.
No more to Chiefs and La - dies bright, The Harp of Ta - ra swells, The chord a -
Tenor.
No more to Chiefs the Harp of Ta - ra swells, The
Bass.
No more to Chiefs the Harp the Harp of Ta - ra swells, The chord a -
cres.
f
chord a - lone that breaks at night Its tale of ru - in tells, Thus
p
lone that breaks at night Its ru - - - - in tells, Thus Free-dom
chord that breaks at night Its tale of ru - in tells, Thus - -
- - lone that breaks Its tale of ru - in tells, Thus Free-dom
cres.
f

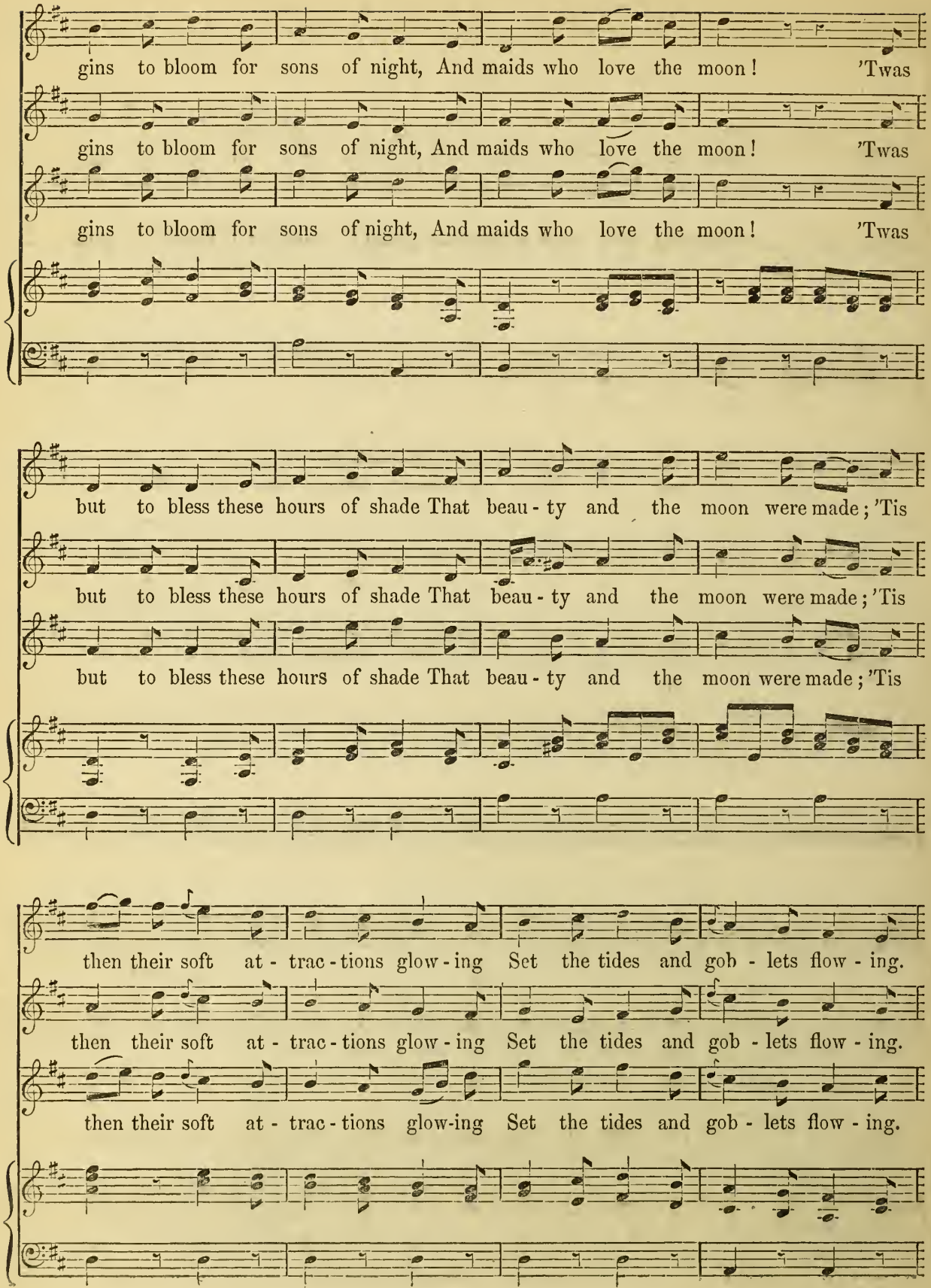

Free-dom now so sel-dom wakes, The on-ly throb she gives, Is
now so sel-dom wakes, The on-ly throb she gives, Is
. . . . Free-dom now The on-ly throb she gives, Is when some
now so sel-dom wakes, The on-ly throb she gives, Is when some
when some heart in-dig-nant breaks To show that still she lives. . .
when some heart in-dig-nant breaks To show that still she lives. . .
heart in-dig-nant breaks To show that still she lives. . .
heart in-dig-nant breaks To show that still she lives. . .

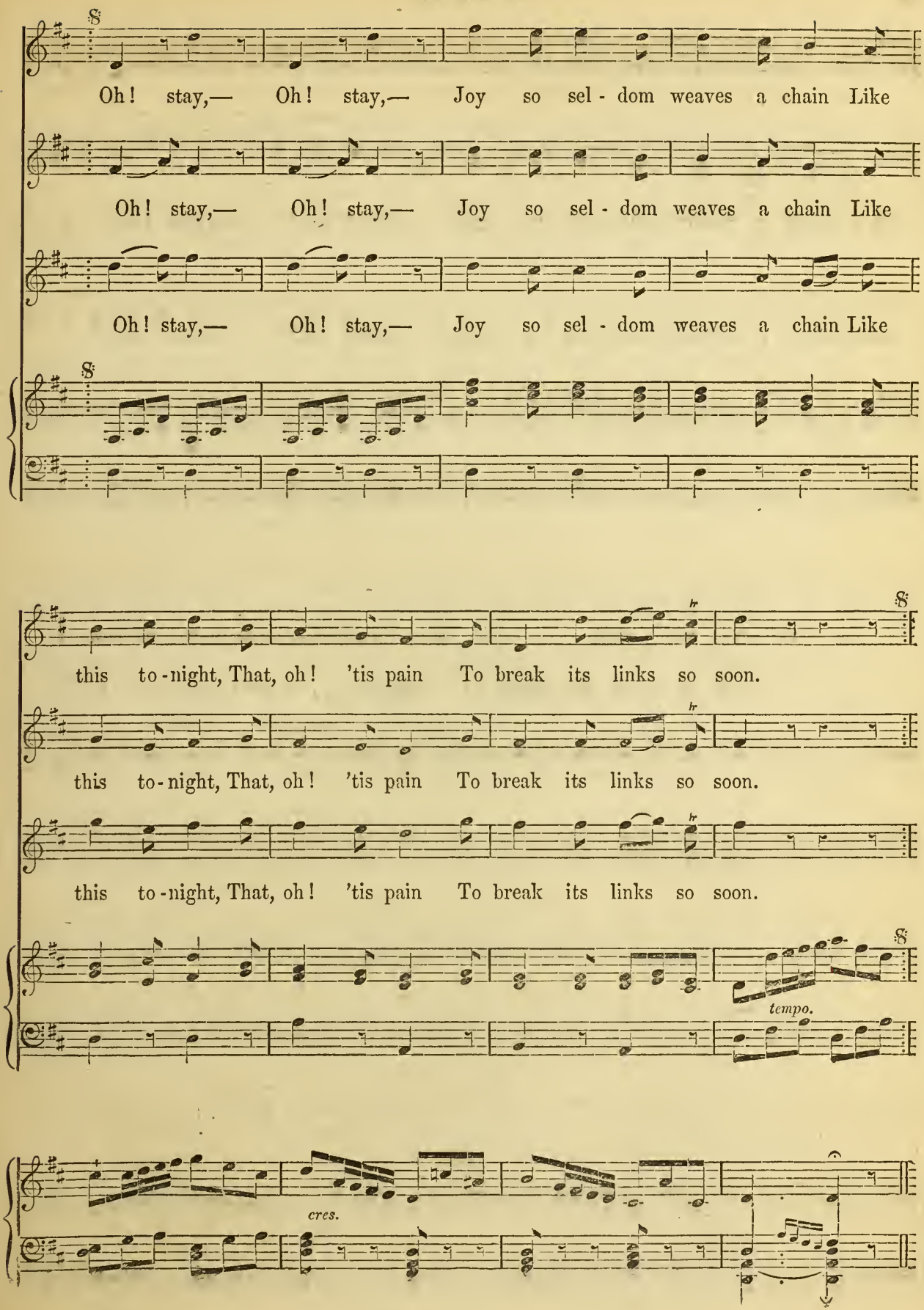
FLY NOT YET.

HARMONIZED FOR TWO VOICES.

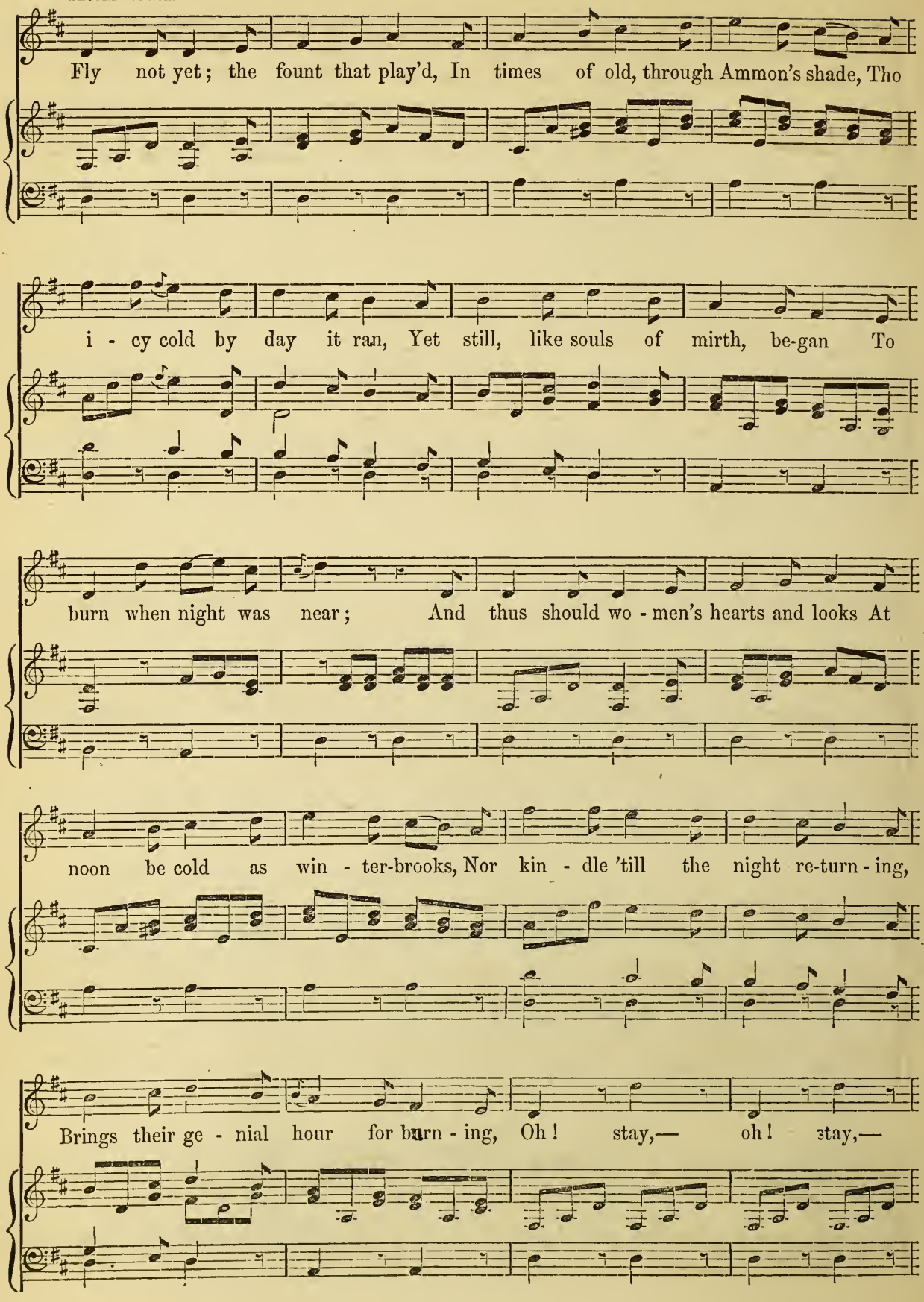


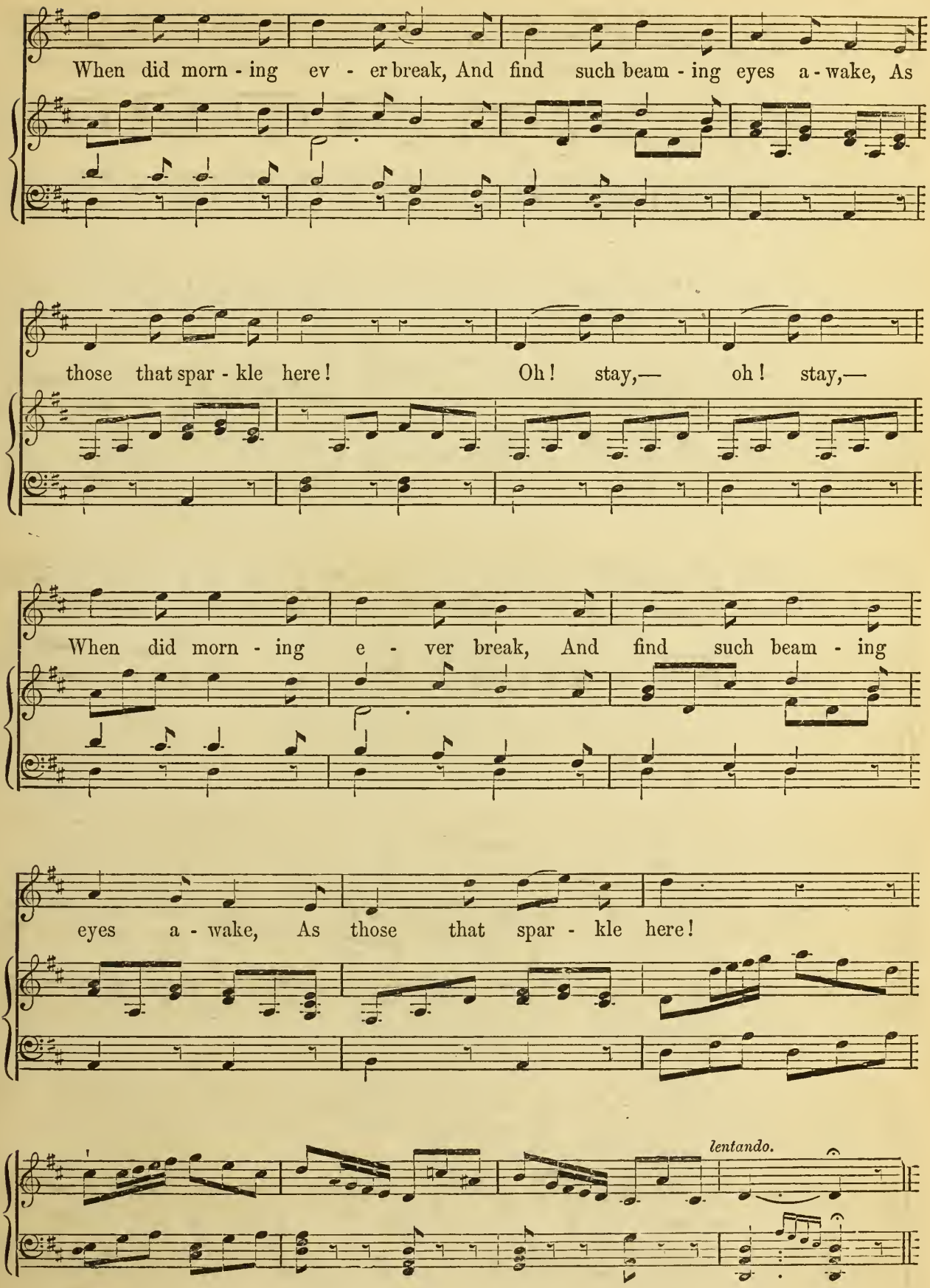
* This Part to be used if Sung by a Male Voice.


gins to bloom for sons of night, And maids who love the moon! 'Twas
gins to bloom for sons of night, And maids who love the moon! 'Twas
gins to bloom for sons of night, And maids who love the moon! 'Twas
but to bless these hours of shade That beau-ty and the moon were made; 'Tis
but to bless these hours of shade That beau-ty and the moon were made; 'Tis
but to bless these hours of shade That beau-ty and the moon were made; 'Tis
then their soft at-trac-tions glow-ing Set the tides and gob-lets flow-ing.
then their soft at-trac-tions glow-ing Set the tides and gob-lets flow-ing.
then their soft at-trac-tions glow-ing Set the tides and gob-lets flow-ing.


Oh! stay,— Oh! stay,— Joy so sel - dom weaves a chain Like
Oh! stay,— Oh! stay,— Joy so sel - dom weaves a chain Like
Oh! stay,— Oh! stay,— Joy so sel - dom weaves a chain Like
this to-night, That, oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon.
this to-night, That, oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon.
this to-night, That, oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon.
tempo.
cres.

SECOND VERSE.

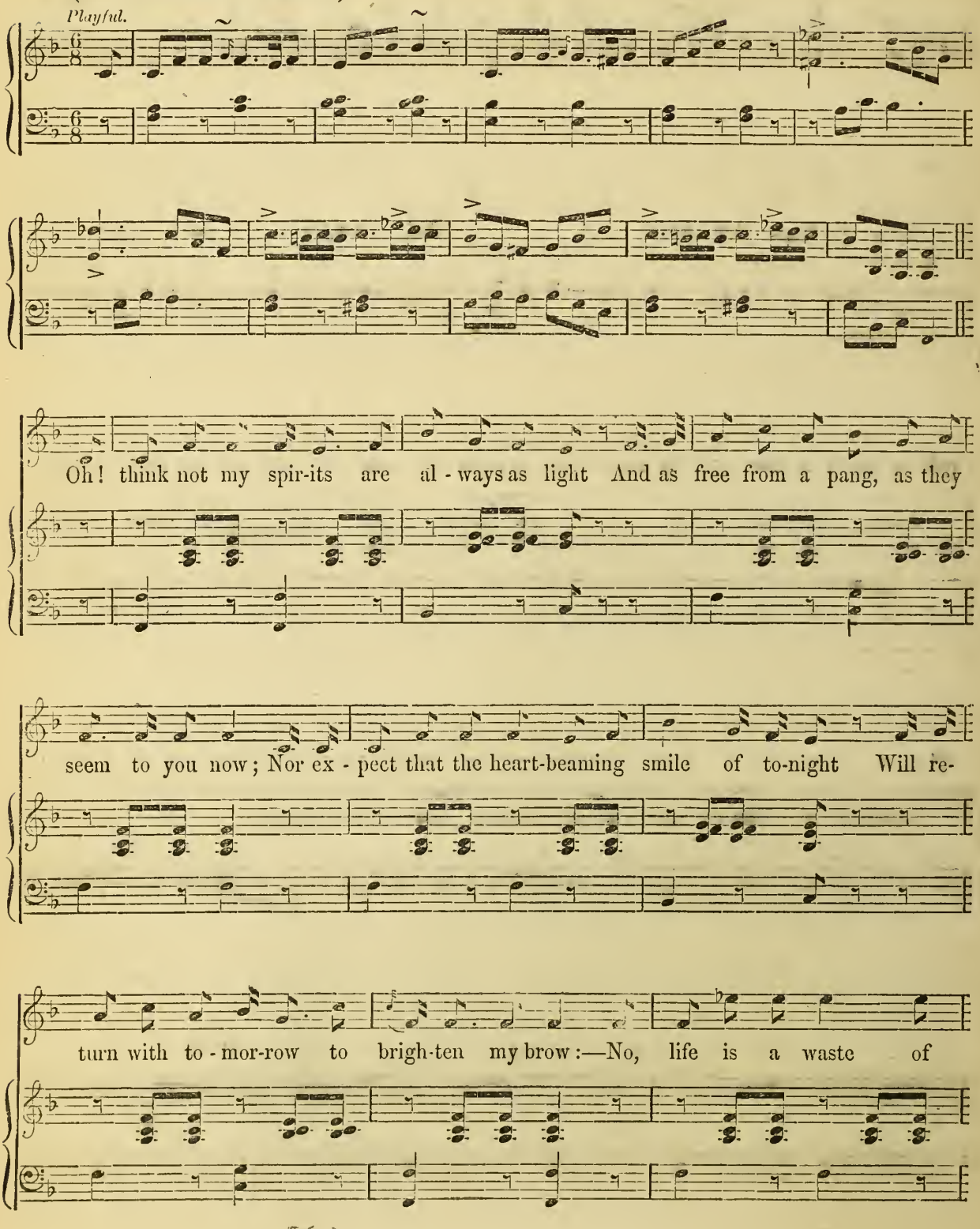


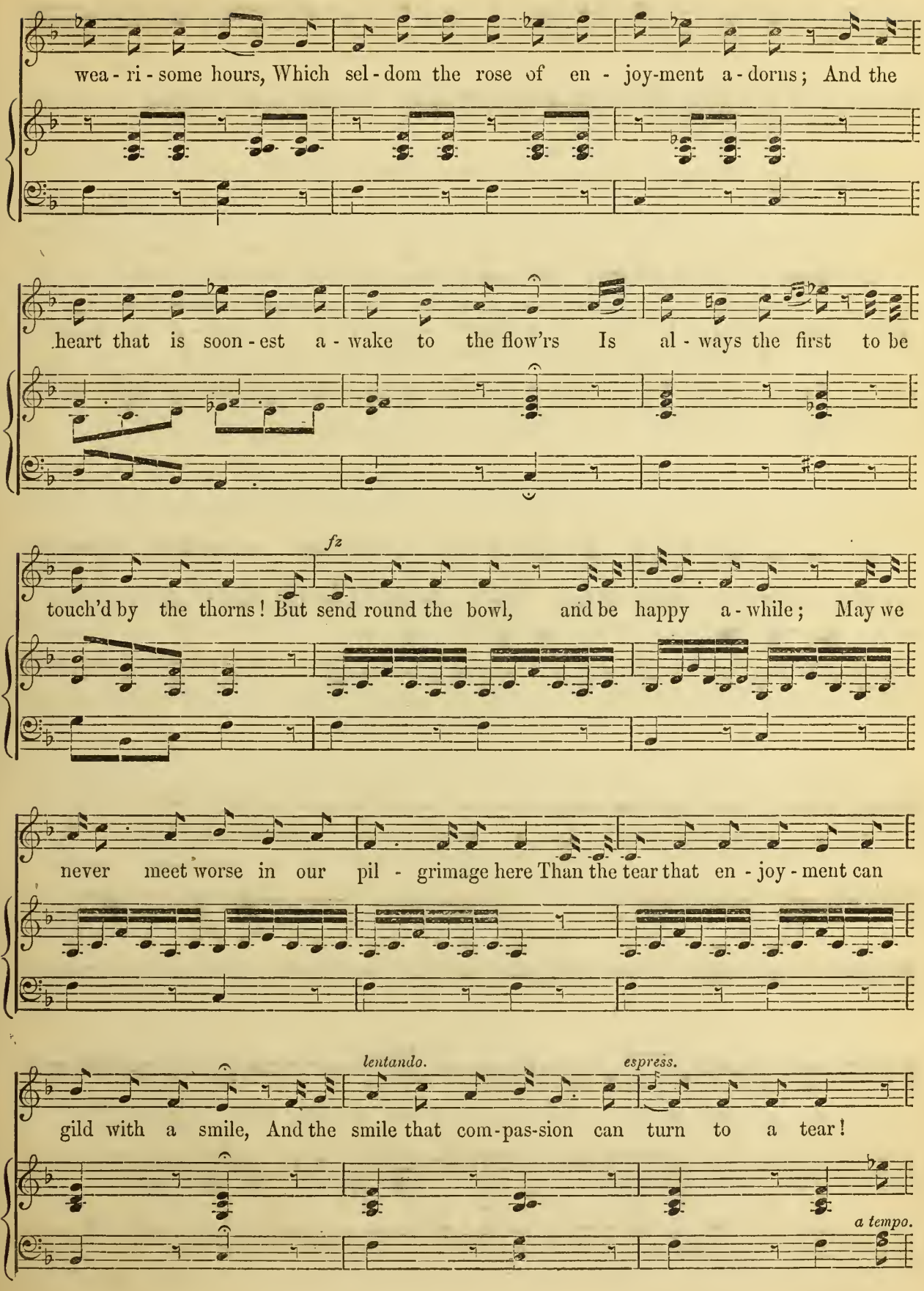

When did morn - ing ev - er break, And find such beam - ing eyes a - wake, As
those that spar - kle here! Oh! stay,— oh! stay,—
When did morn - ing e - ver break, And find such beam - ing
eyes a - wake, As those that spar - kle here!
lentando.

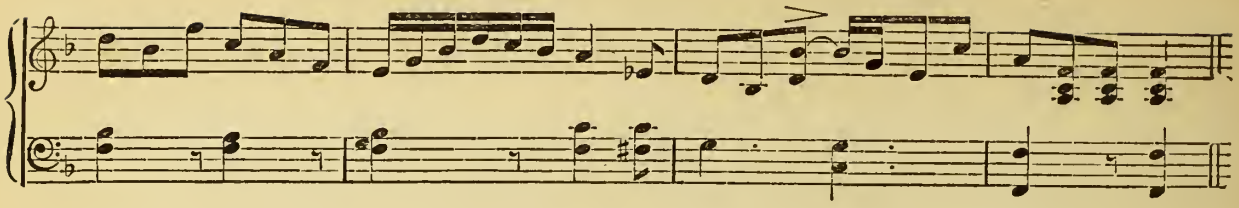
OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

(Air—John O'Reilly the Active.)

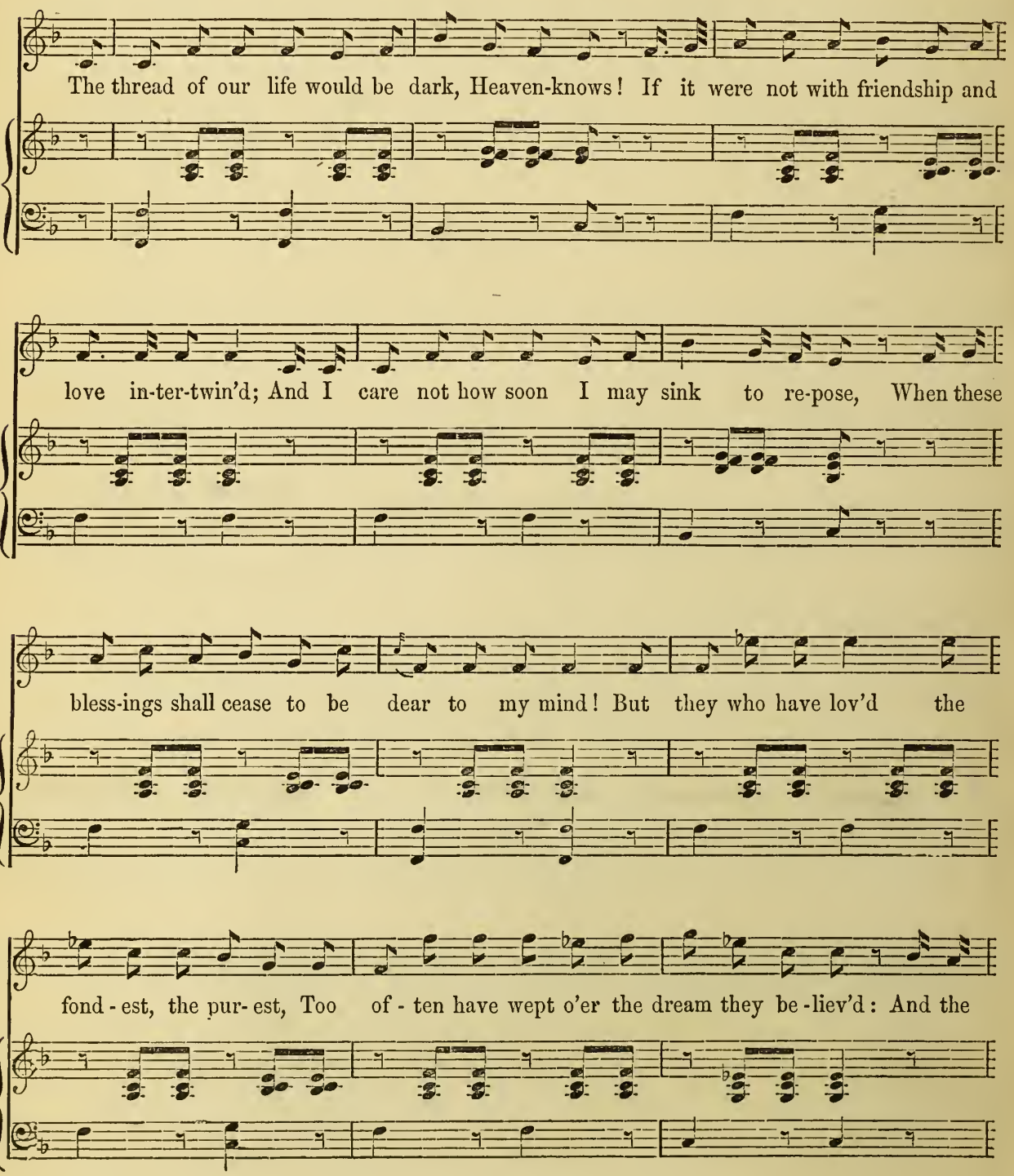
Playful.

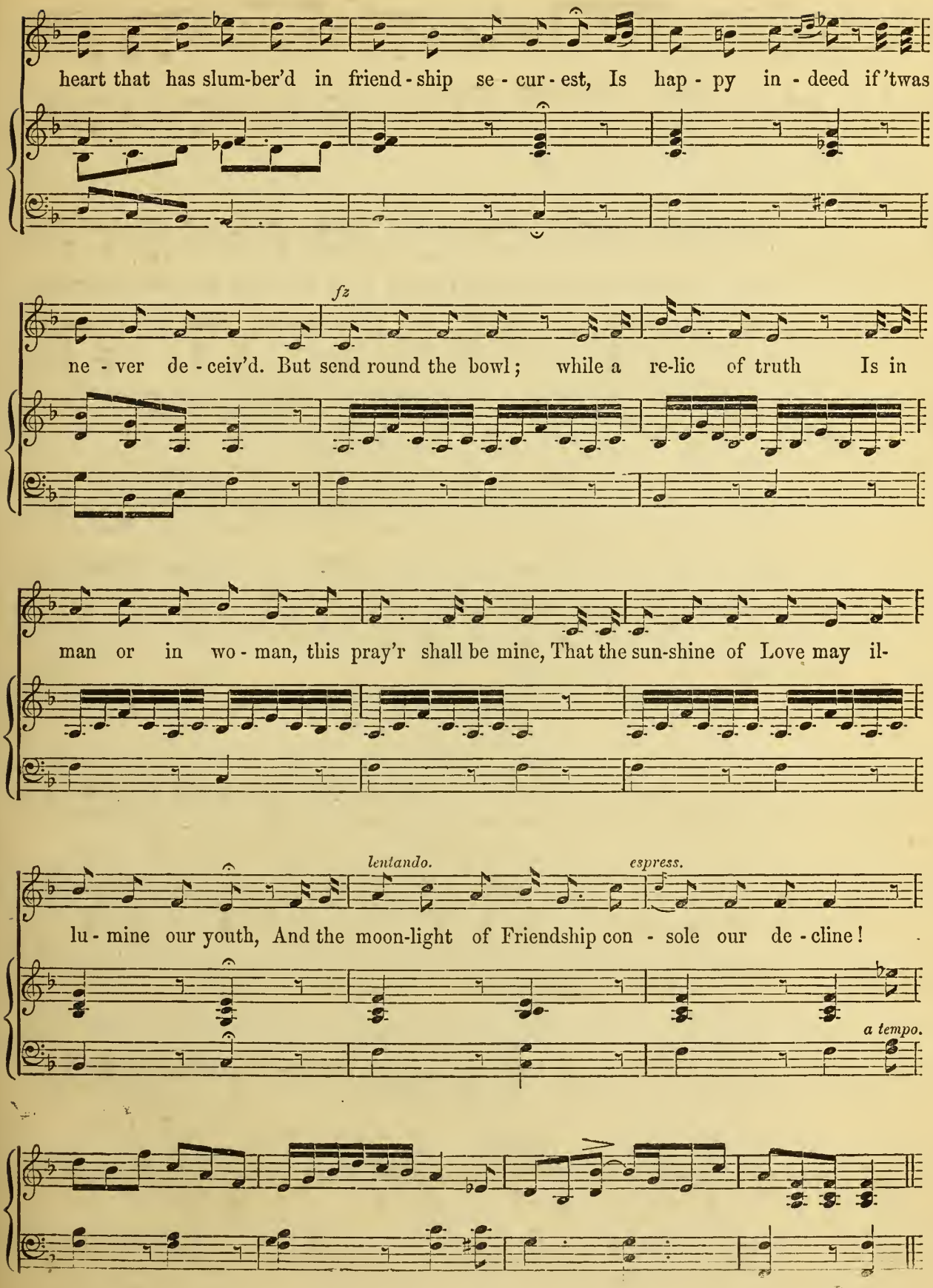



wea - ri - some hours, Which sel - dom the rose of en - joy-ment a - dorns; And the
heart that is soon - est a - wake to the flow'rs Is al - ways the first to be
fz
touch'd by the thorns! But send round the bowl, and be happy a - while; May we
never meet worse in our pil - grimage here Than the tear that en - joy - ment can
lentando.
espress.
gild with a smile, And the smile that com-pas-sion can turn to a tear!
a tempo.



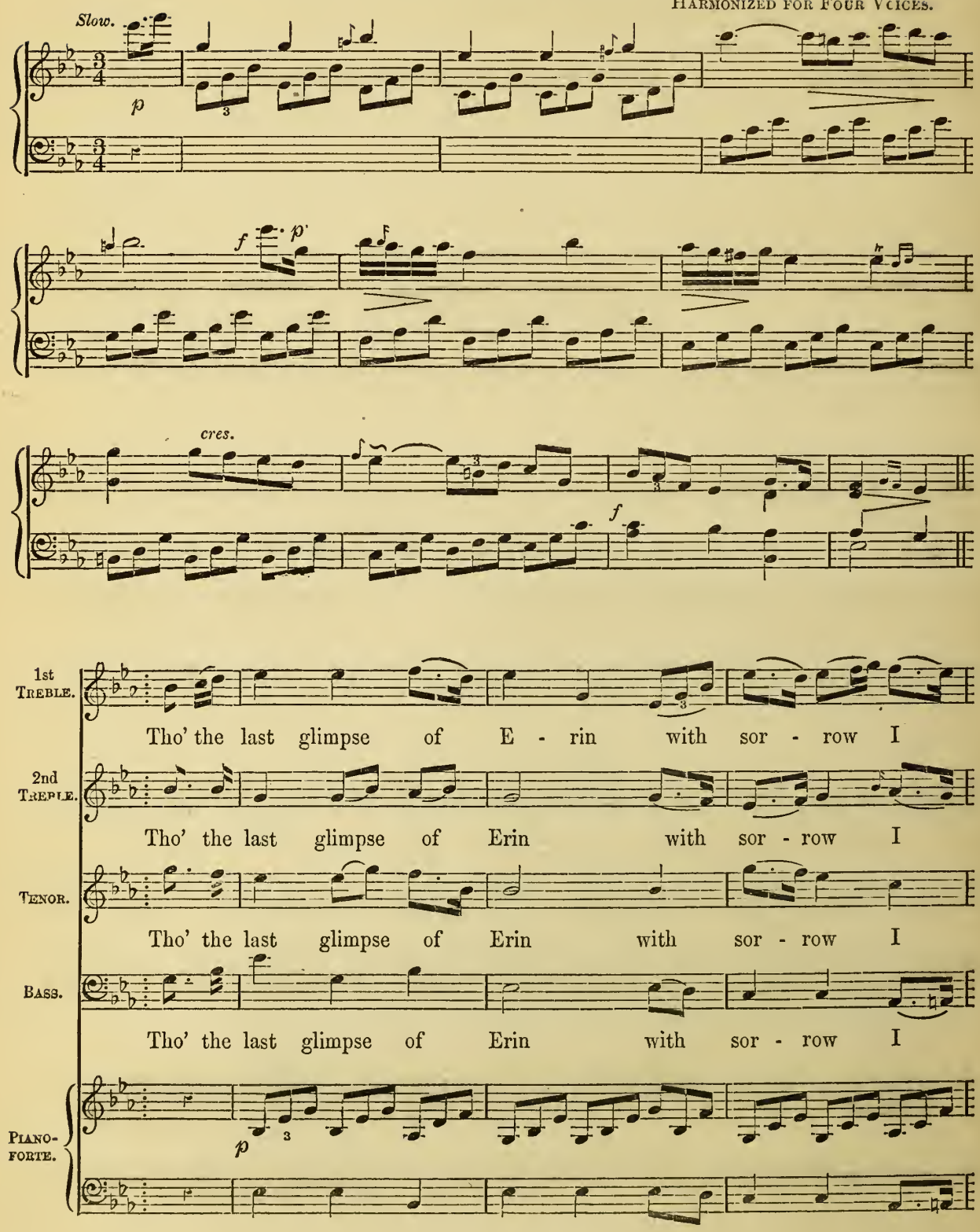
SECOND VERSE.

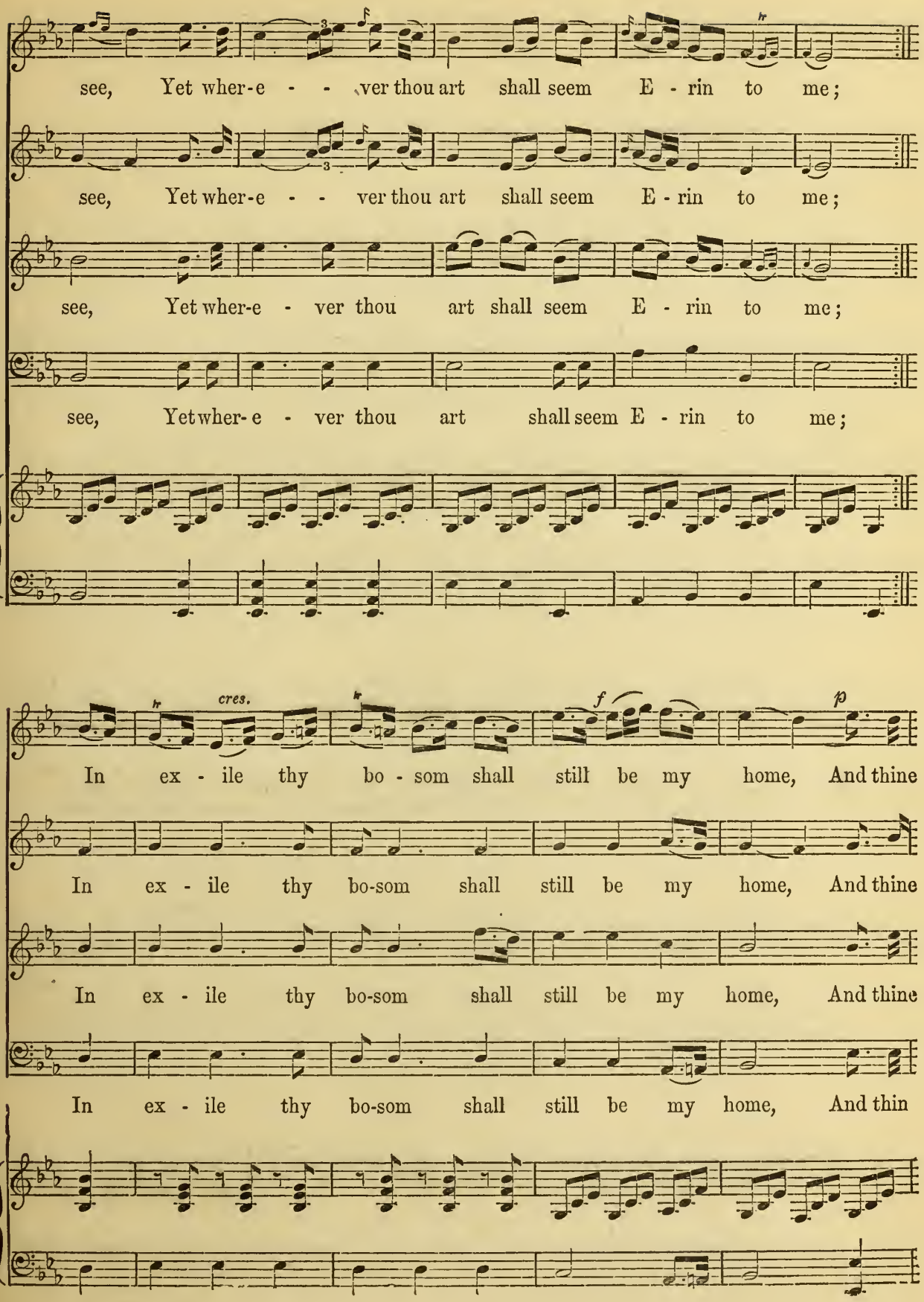


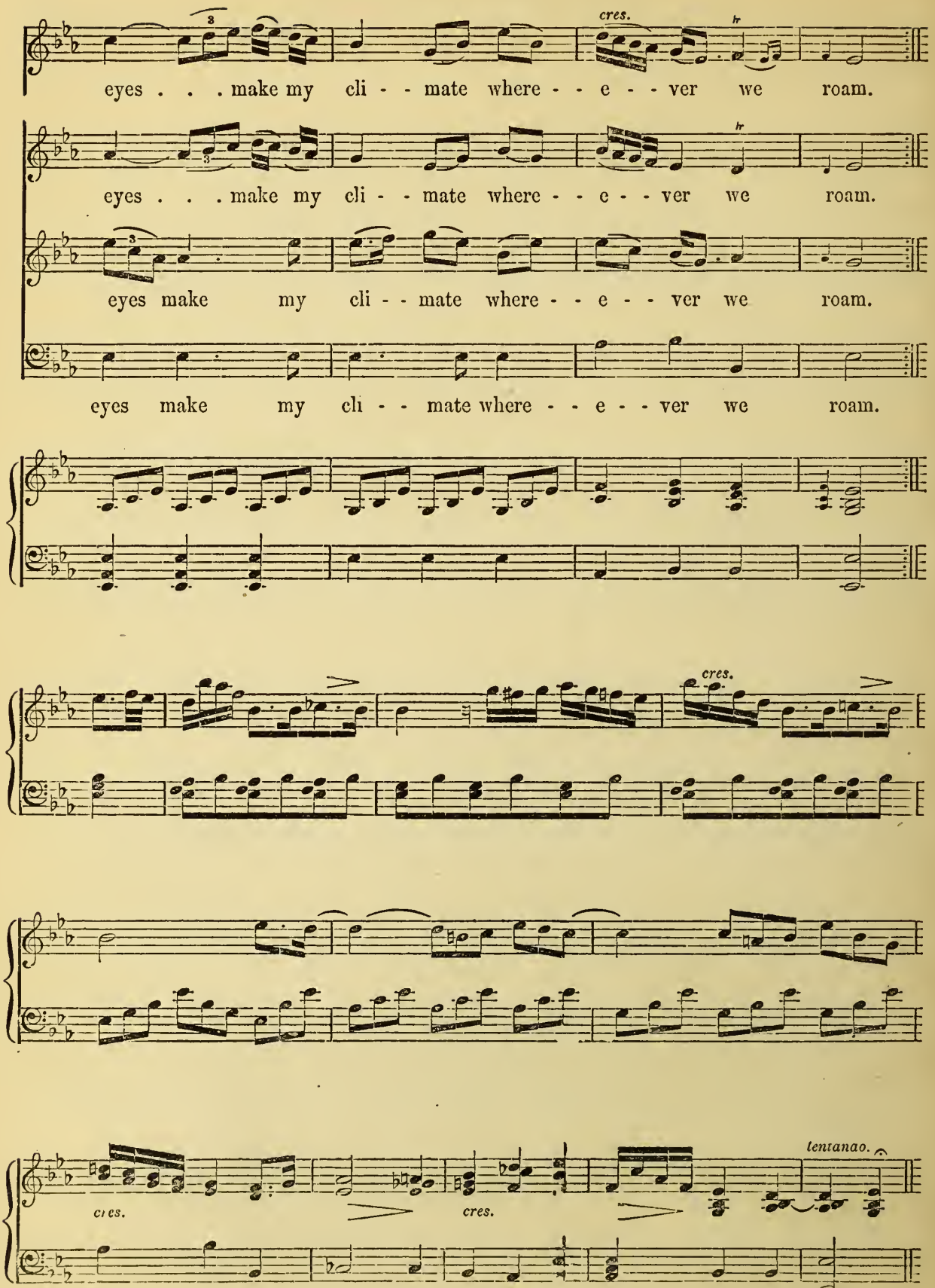

heart that has slum-ber'd in friend-ship se-cur-est, Is hap-py in-deed if 'twas
fz
ne-ver de-ceiv'd. But send round the bowl; while a re-lic of truth Is in
man or in wo-man, this pray'r shall be mine, That the sun-shine of Love may il-
lentando.
espress.
lu-mine our youth, And the moon-light of Friendship con-sole our de-cline!
a tempo.

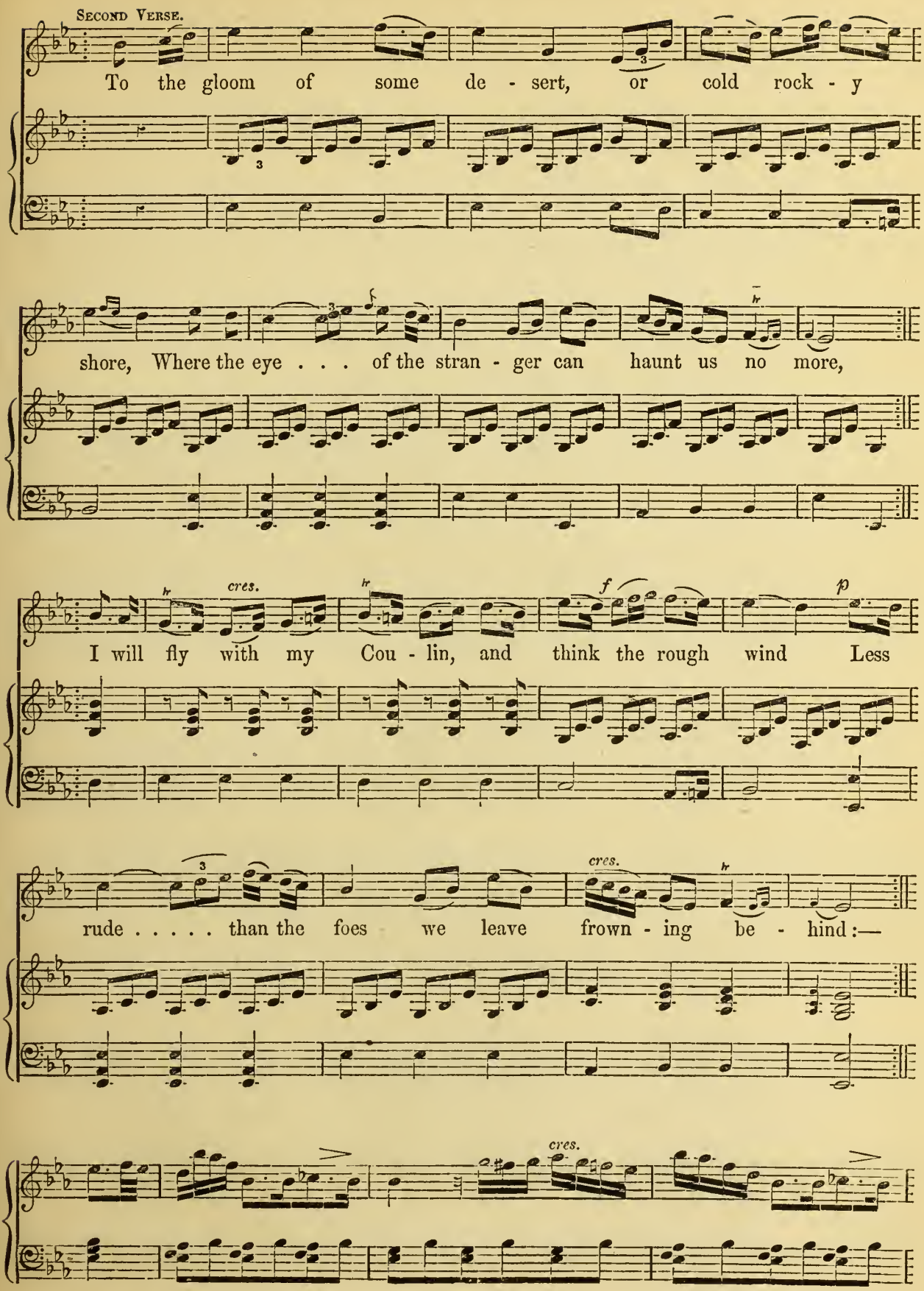
THO' THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN.

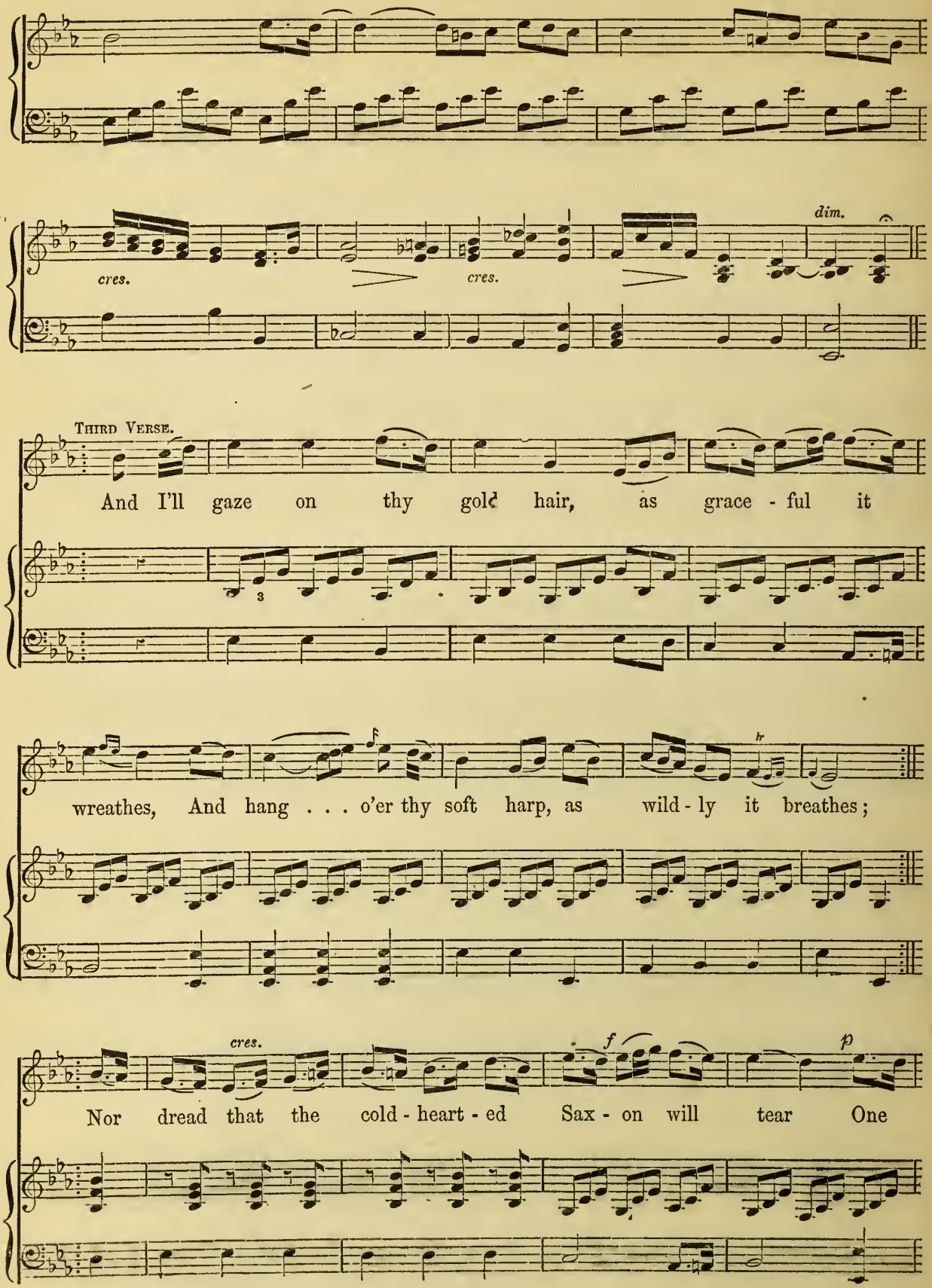
HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES.

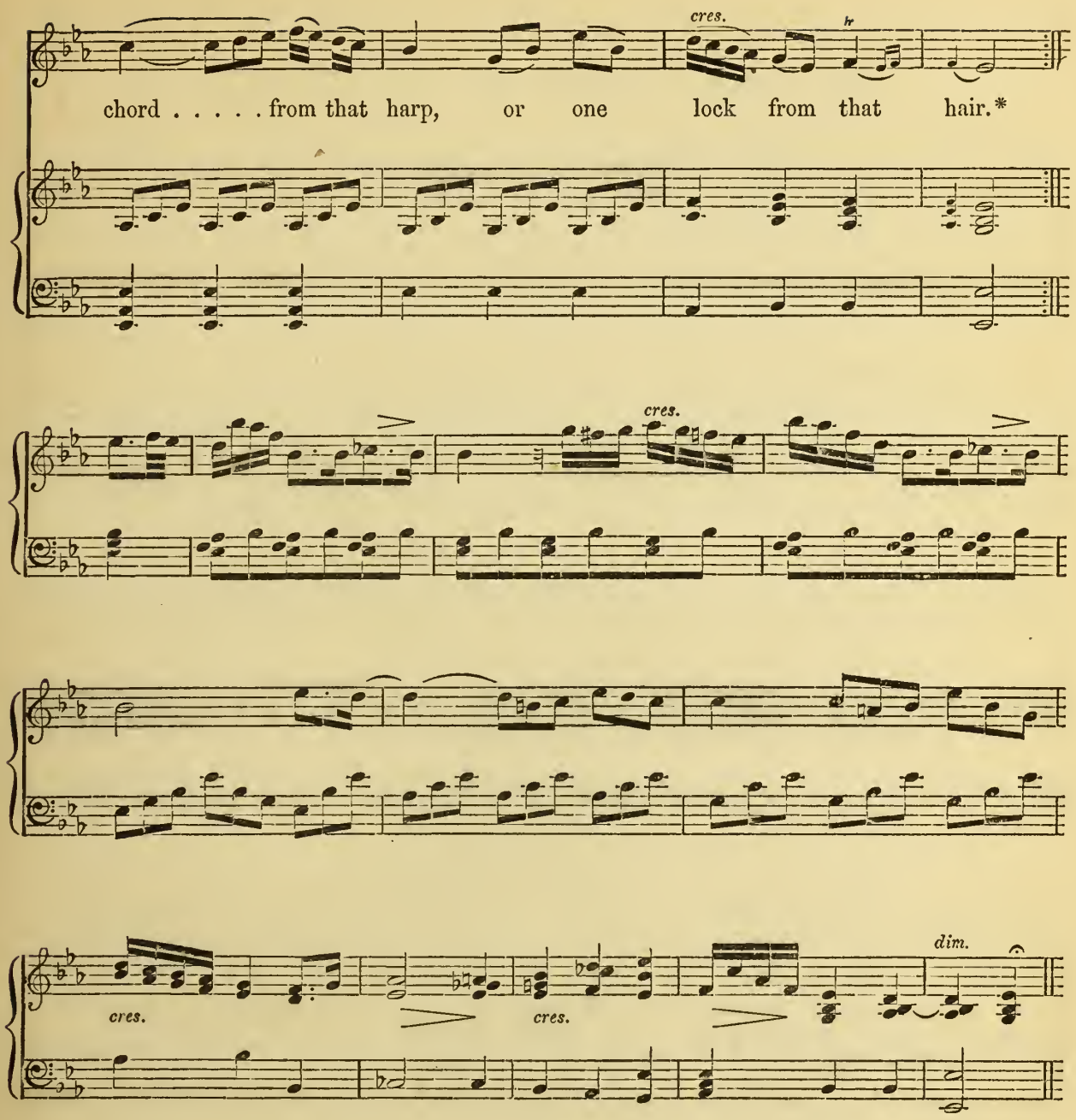



see, Yet wher-e - - ver thou art shall seem E - rin to me;
see, Yet wher-e - - ver thou art shall seem E - rin to me;
see, Yet wher-e - ver thou art shall seem E - rin to me;
see, Yet wher-e - ver thou art shall seem E - rin to me;
cres.
f
p
In ex - ile thy bo - som shall still be my home, And thine
In ex - ile thy bo-som shall still be my home, And thine
In ex - ile thy bo-som shall still be my home, And thine
In ex - ile thy bo-som shall still be my home, And thin


cres.
eyes . . . make my cli - - mate where - - e - - ver we roam.
eyes . . . make my cli - - mate where - - e - - ver we roam.
eyes make my cli - - mate where - - e - - ver we roam.
eyes make my cli - - mate where - - e - - ver we roam.
cres.
cres.
cres.
tentanao.


SECOND VERSE.
To the gloom of some de - sert, or cold rock - y
shore, Where the eye . . . of the stran - ger can haunt us no more,
cres.
I will fly with my Cou - lin, and think the rough wind Less
rude . . . . . than the foes we leave frown - ing be - hind:—
cres.
cres.

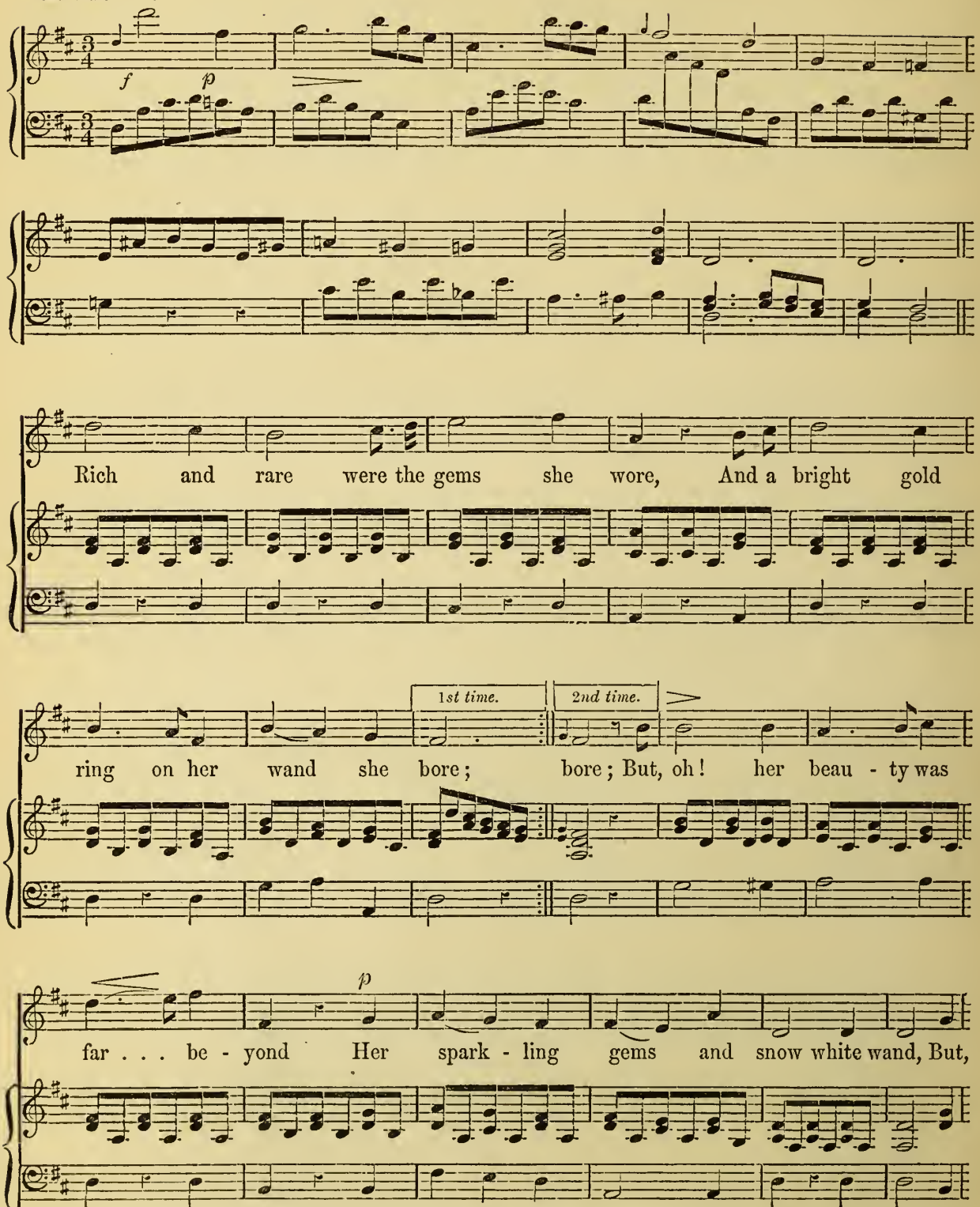

cres.
cres.
dim.
THIRD VERSE.
And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as grace - ful it
wreathes, And hang . . . o'er thy soft harp, as wild - ly it breathes;
cres.
f
p
Nor dread that the cold - heart - ed Sax - on will tear One

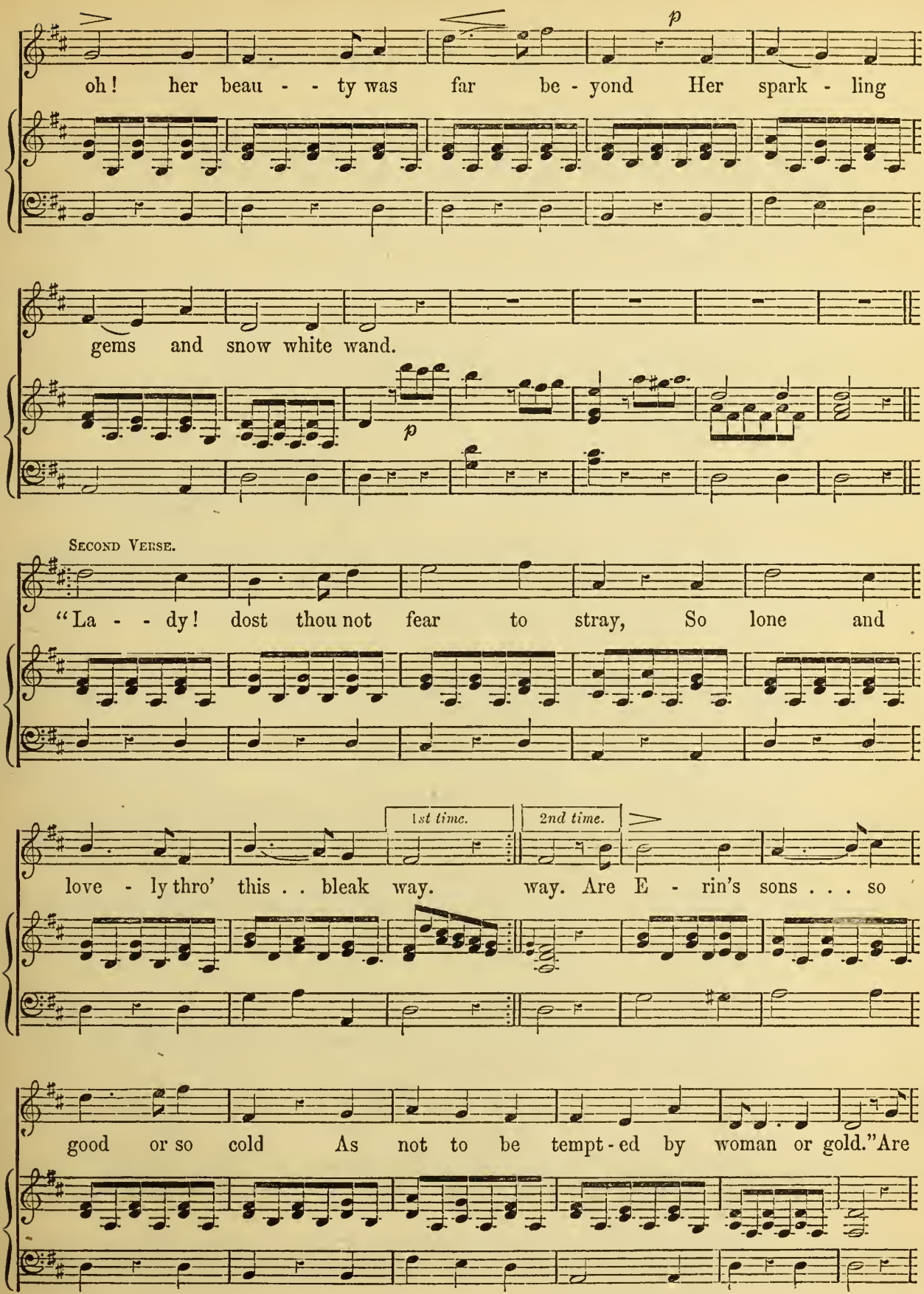


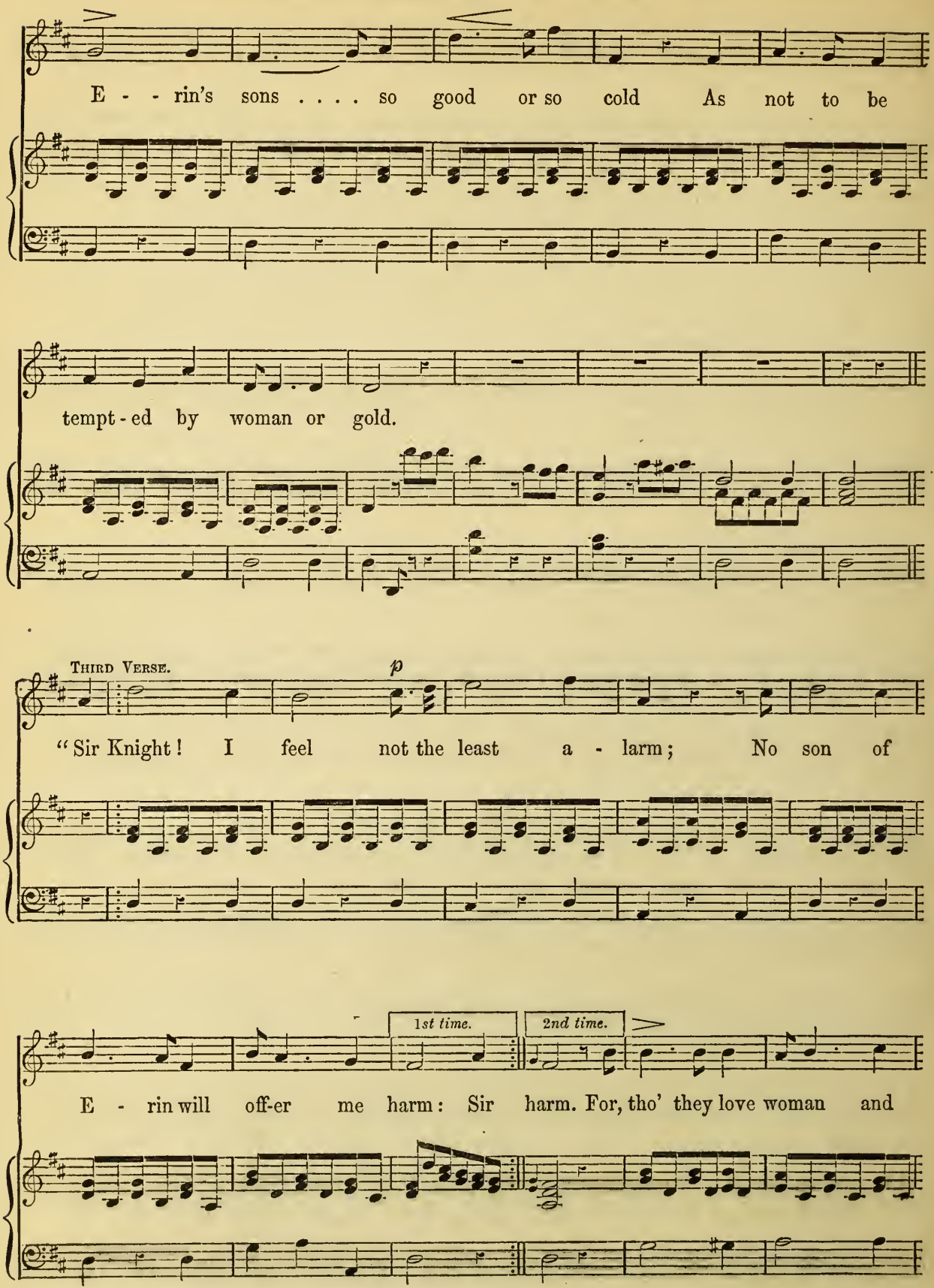
* "In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII., an Act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or *Coulins*, (long locks,) on their heads, or hair on the upper lip, called *Crommeal*. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin* (or the youth with the flowing locks), to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this song the Air alone has reached us, and is universally admired."—WALKER'S HISTORICAL MEMOIRS OF IRISH BARDS, page 134.—Mr. WALKER informs us, also, that, about the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels.

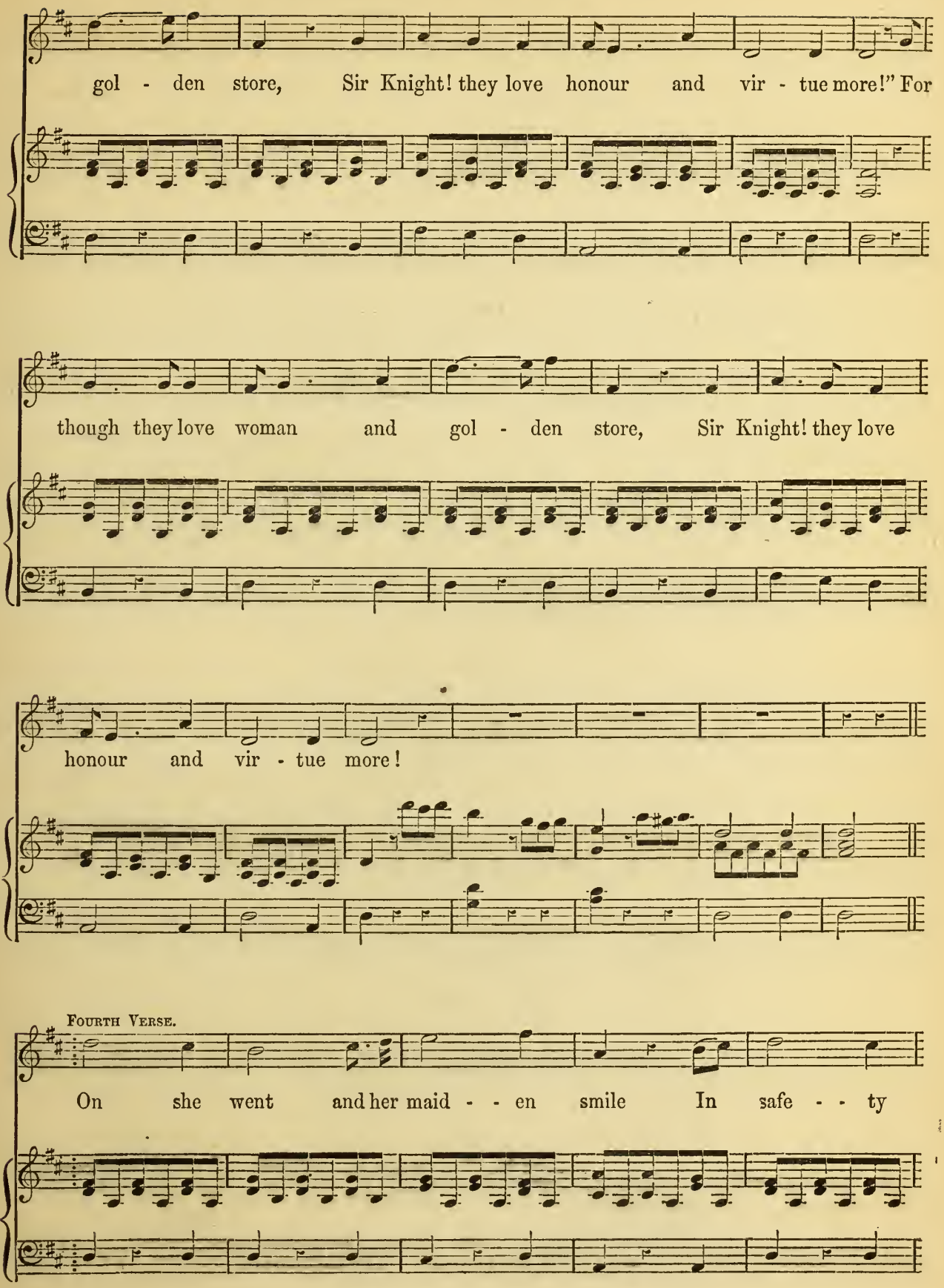
RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

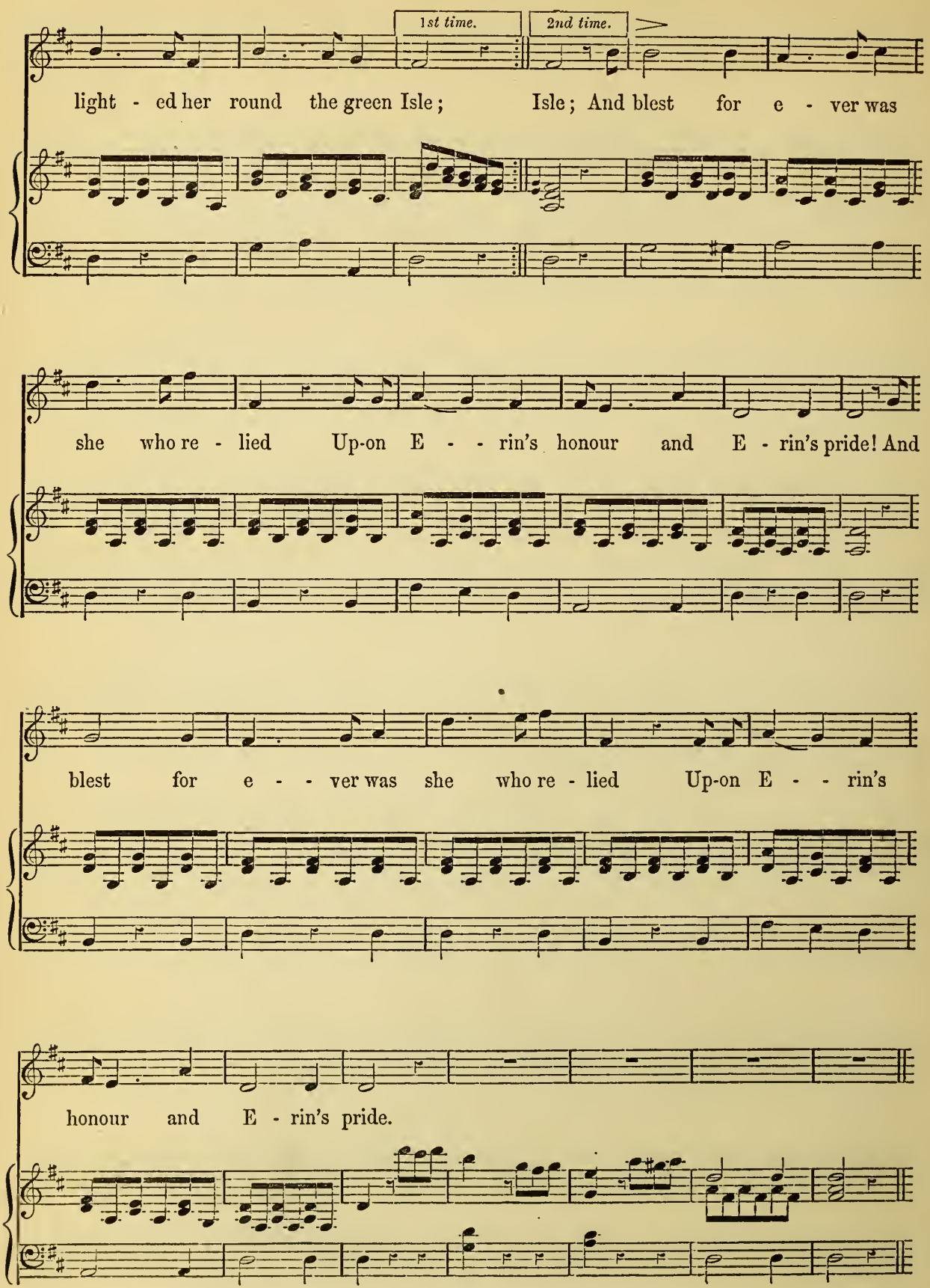
Moderate Time.




oh! her beau - - ty was far be - yond Her spark - ling
gems and snow white wand.
SECOND VERSE.
"La - - dy! dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and
1st time.
2nd time.
love - ly thro' this . . bleak way. way. Are E - rin's sons . . . so
good or so cold As not to be tempt - ed by woman or gold." Are

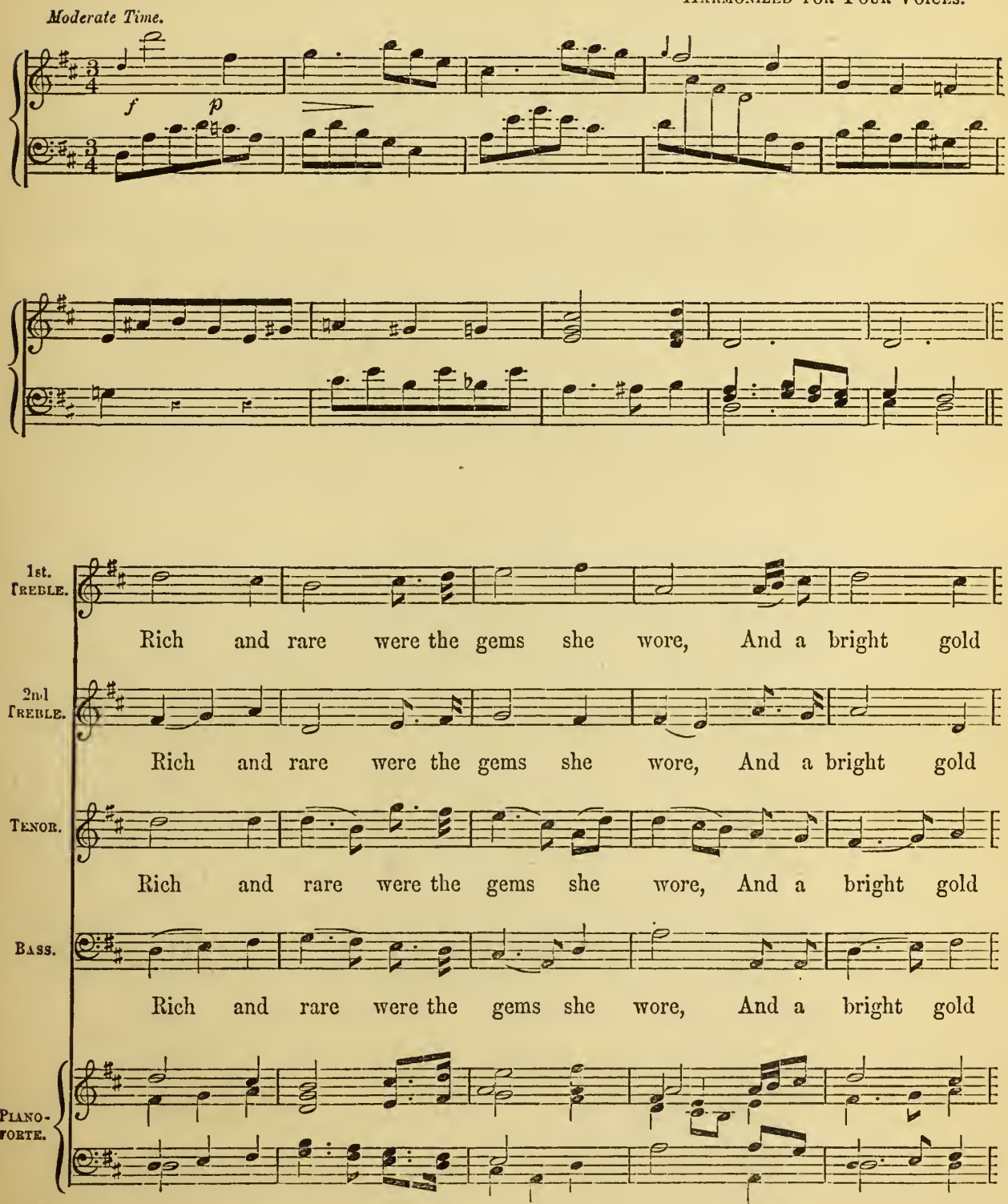

E - - rin's sons . . . . so good or so cold As not to be
tempt-ed by woman or gold.
THIRD VERSE.
p
"Sir Knight! I feel not the least a - larm; No son of
1st time.
2nd time.
E - rin will off-er me harm: Sir harm. For, tho' they love woman and

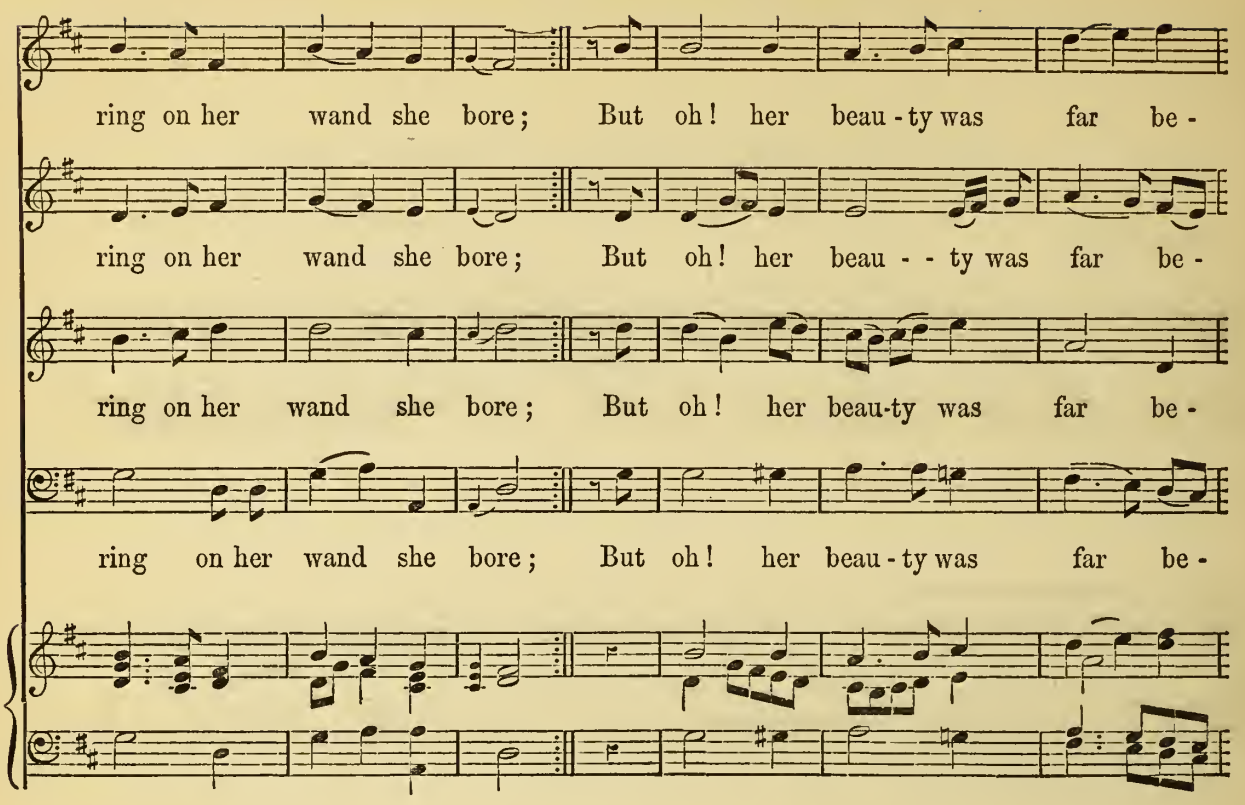

gol - den store, Sir Knight! they love honour and vir - tue more!" For
though they love woman and gol - den store, Sir Knight! they love
honour and vir - tue more!
FOURTH VERSE.
On she went and her maid - - en smile In safe - - ty

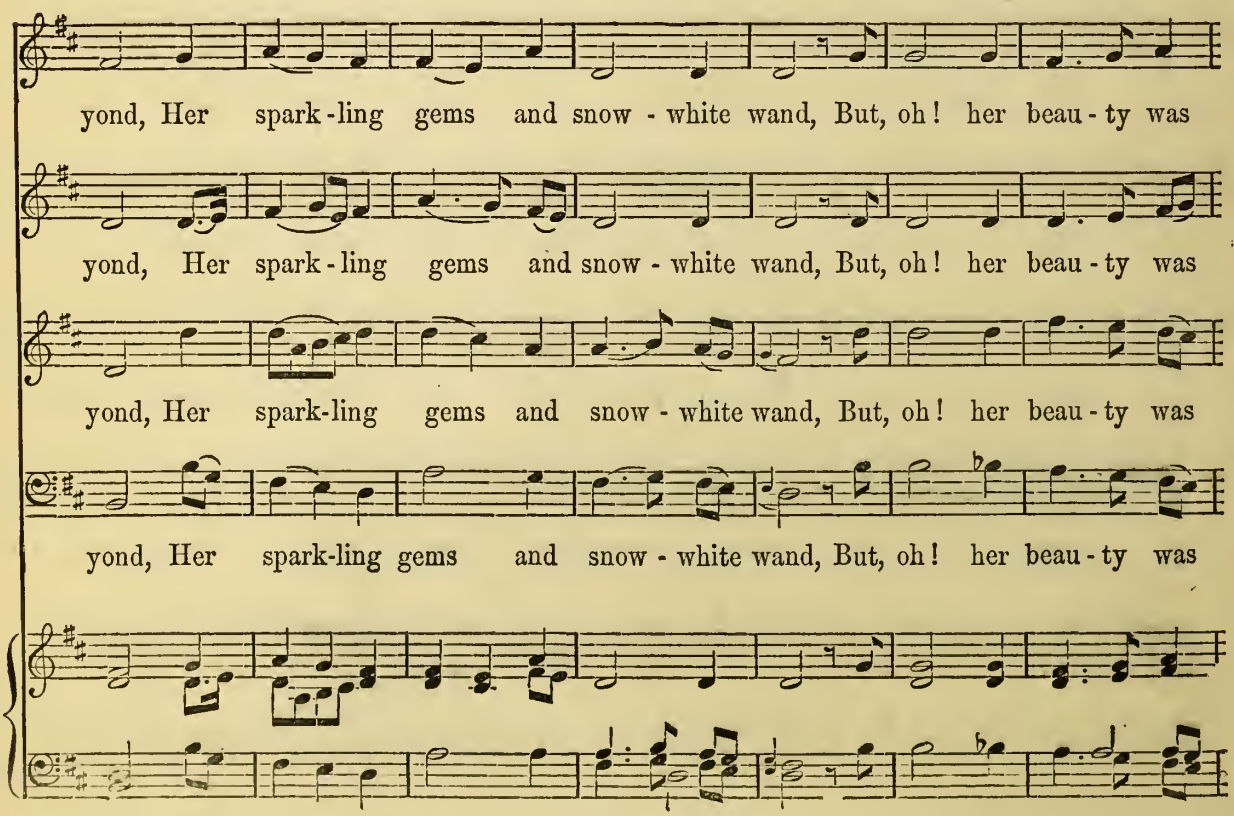

1st time.
2nd time.
light - ed her round the green Isle; Isle; And blest for e - ver was
she who re - lied Up-on E - - rin's honour and E - rin's pride! And
blest for e - - ver was she who re - lied Up-on E - - rin's
honour and E - rin's pride.

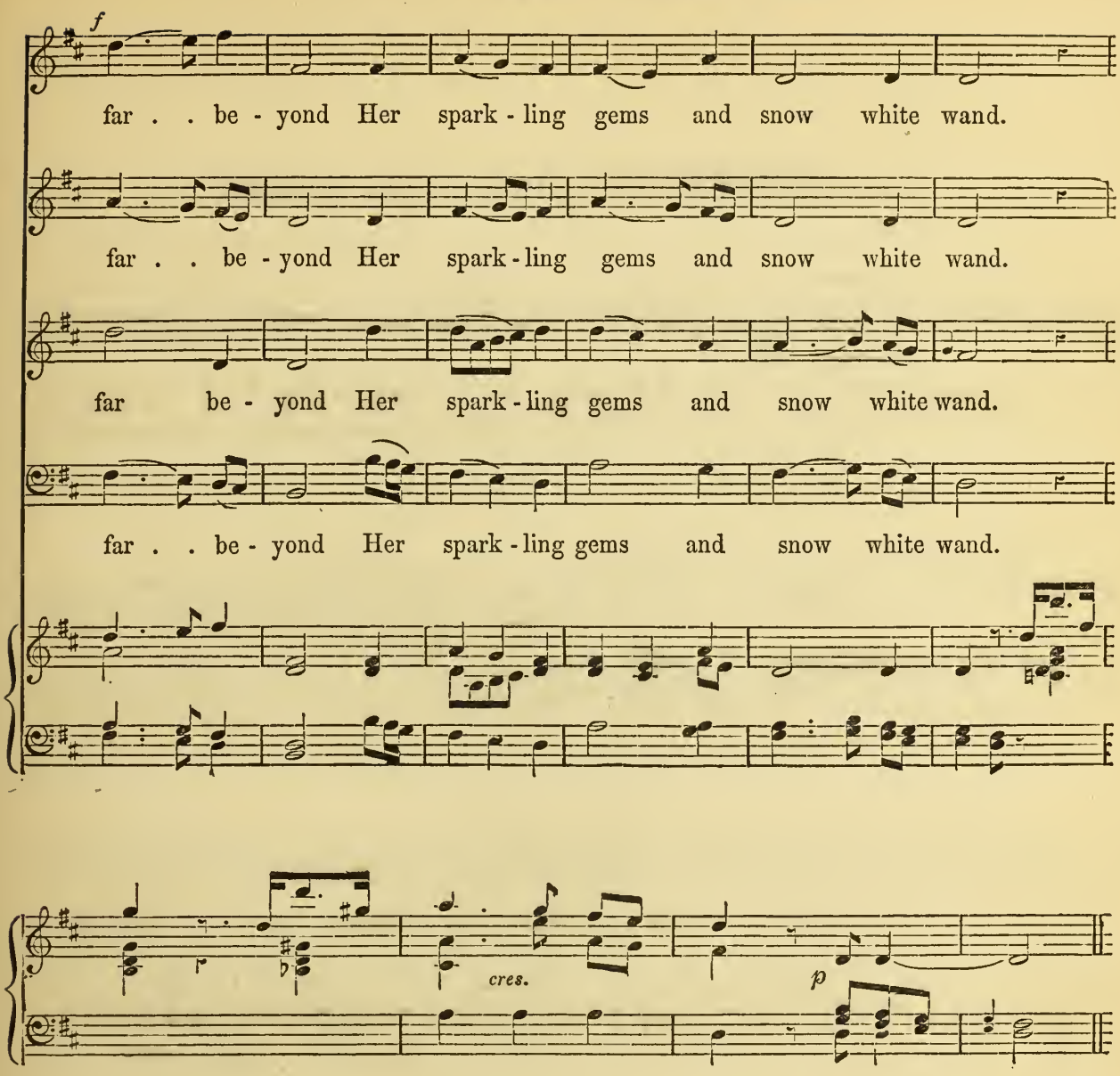
RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES.



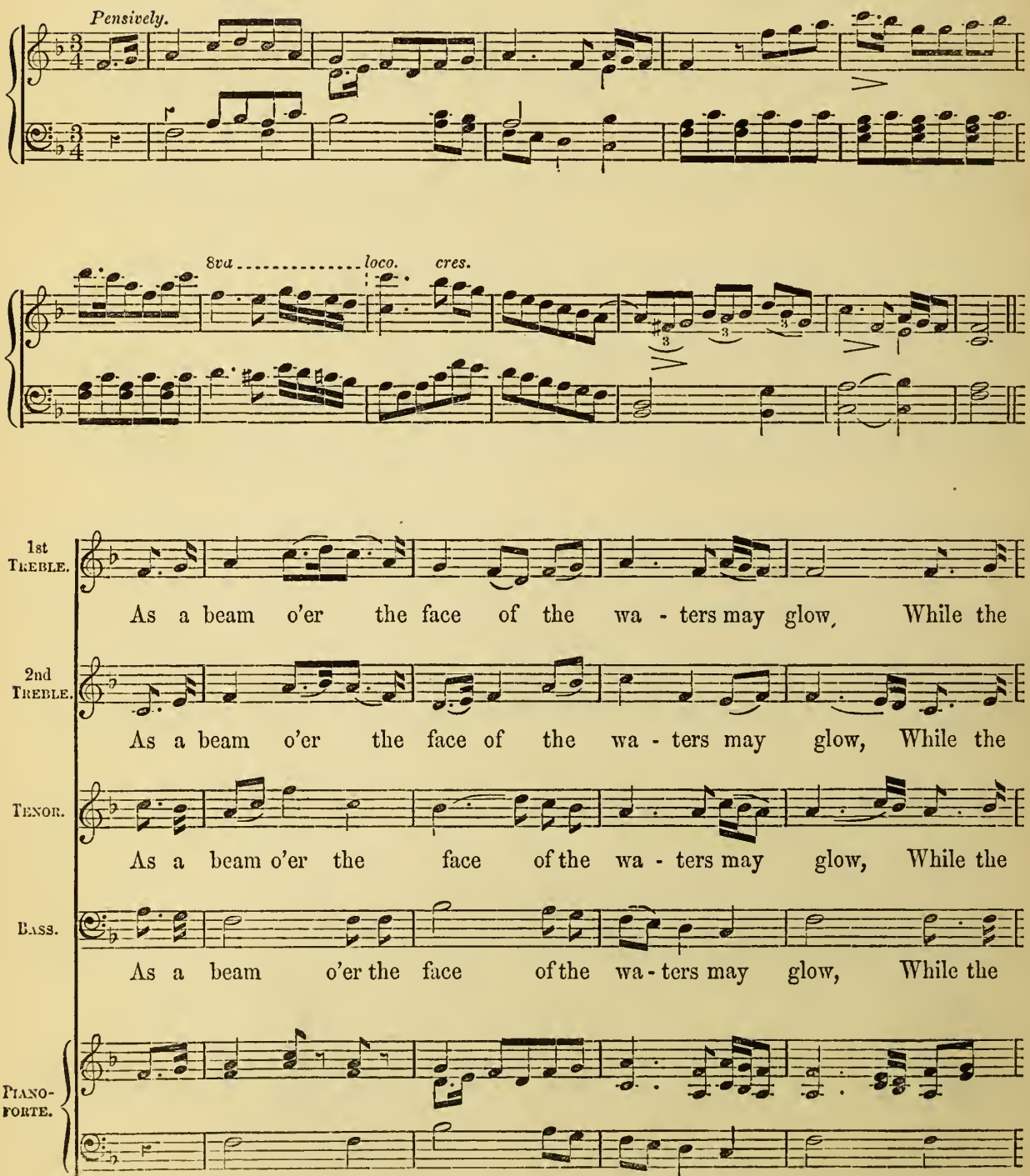

ring on her wand she bore; But oh! her beau-ty was far be-
ring on her wand she bore; But oh! her beau - - ty was far be-
ring on her wand she bore; But oh! her beau-ty was far be-
ring on her wand she bore; But oh! her beau-ty was far be-

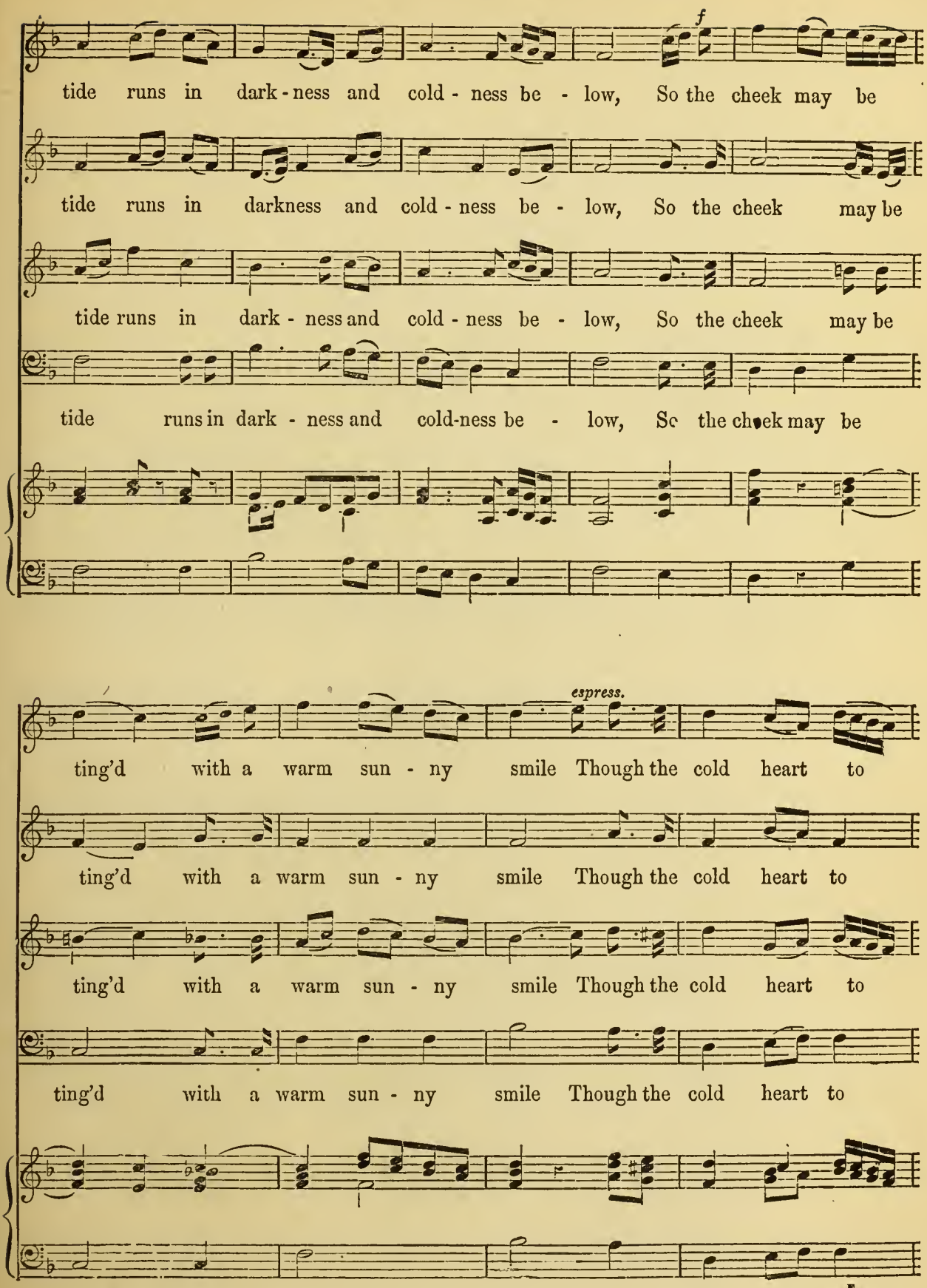

yond, Her spark-ling gems and snow-white wand, But, oh! her beau-ty was
yond, Her spark-ling gems and snow-white wand, But, oh! her beau-ty was
yond, Her spark-ling gems and snow-white wand, But, oh! her beau-ty was
yond, Her spark-ling gems and snow-white wand, But, oh! her beau-ty was

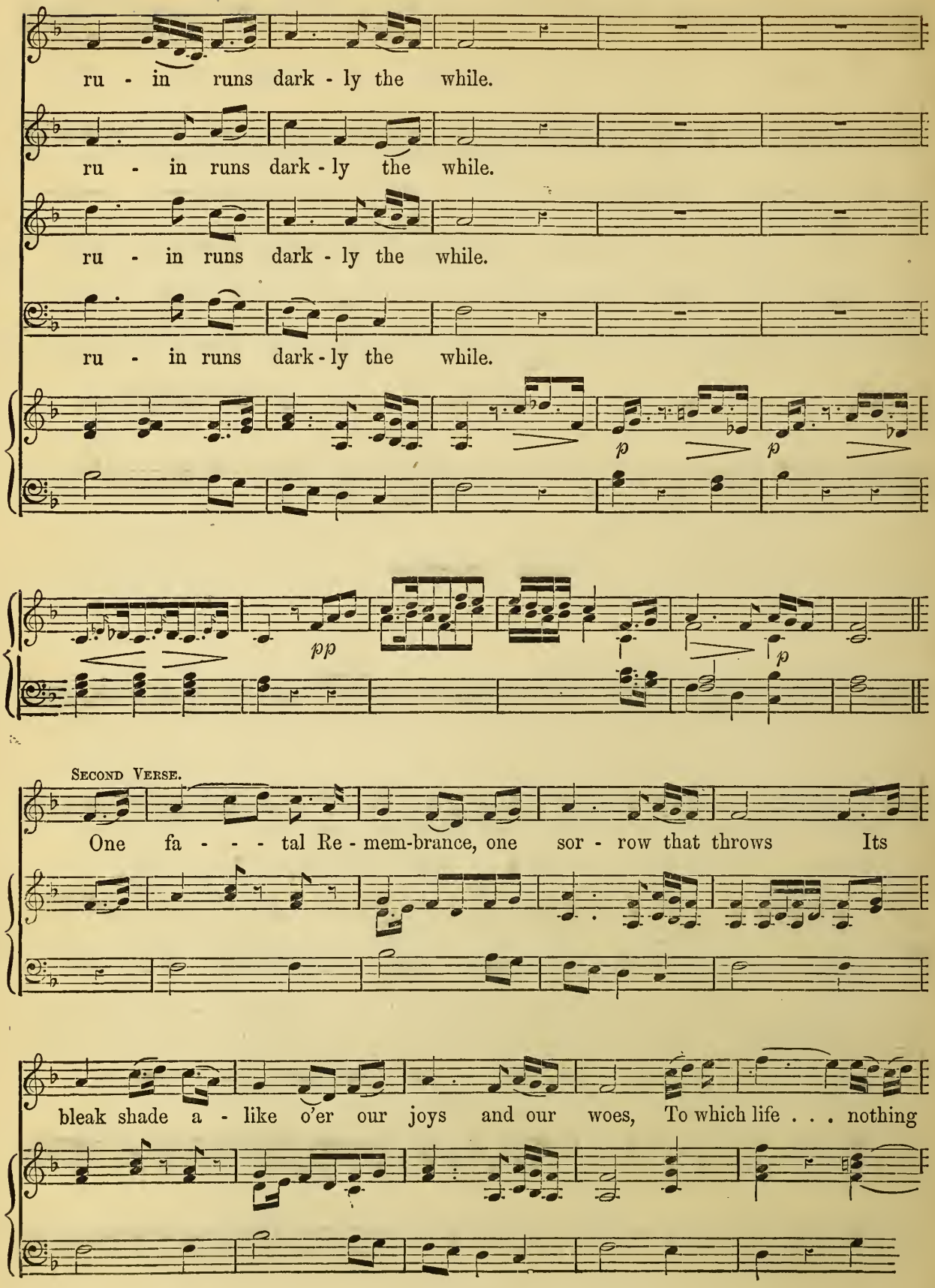

f
far . . be - yond Her spark - ling gems and snow white wand.
far . . be - yond Her spark - ling gems and snow white wand.
far be - yond Her spark - ling gems and snow white wand.
far . . be - yond Her spark - ling gems and snow white wand.
cres.
p

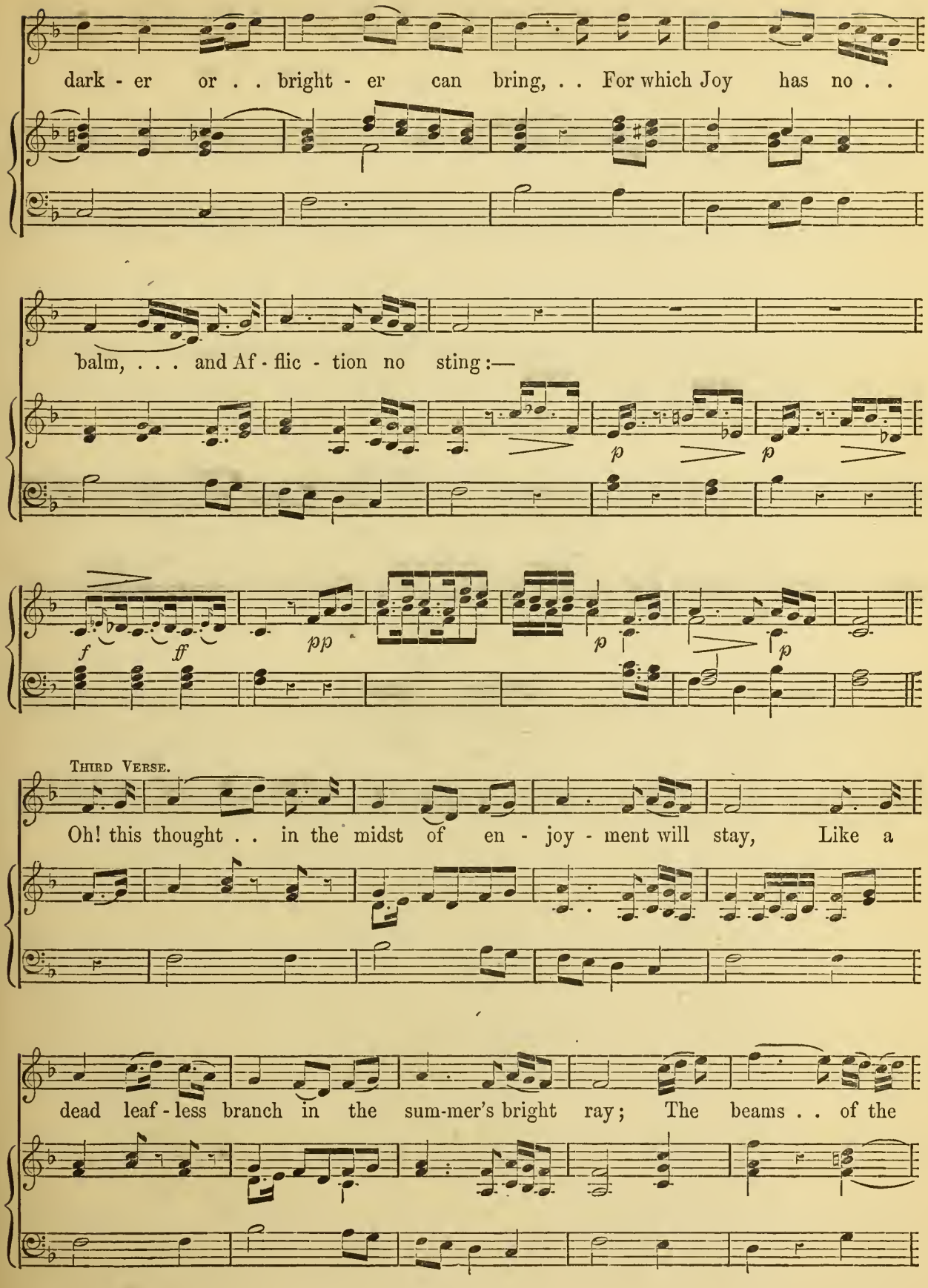
AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS.

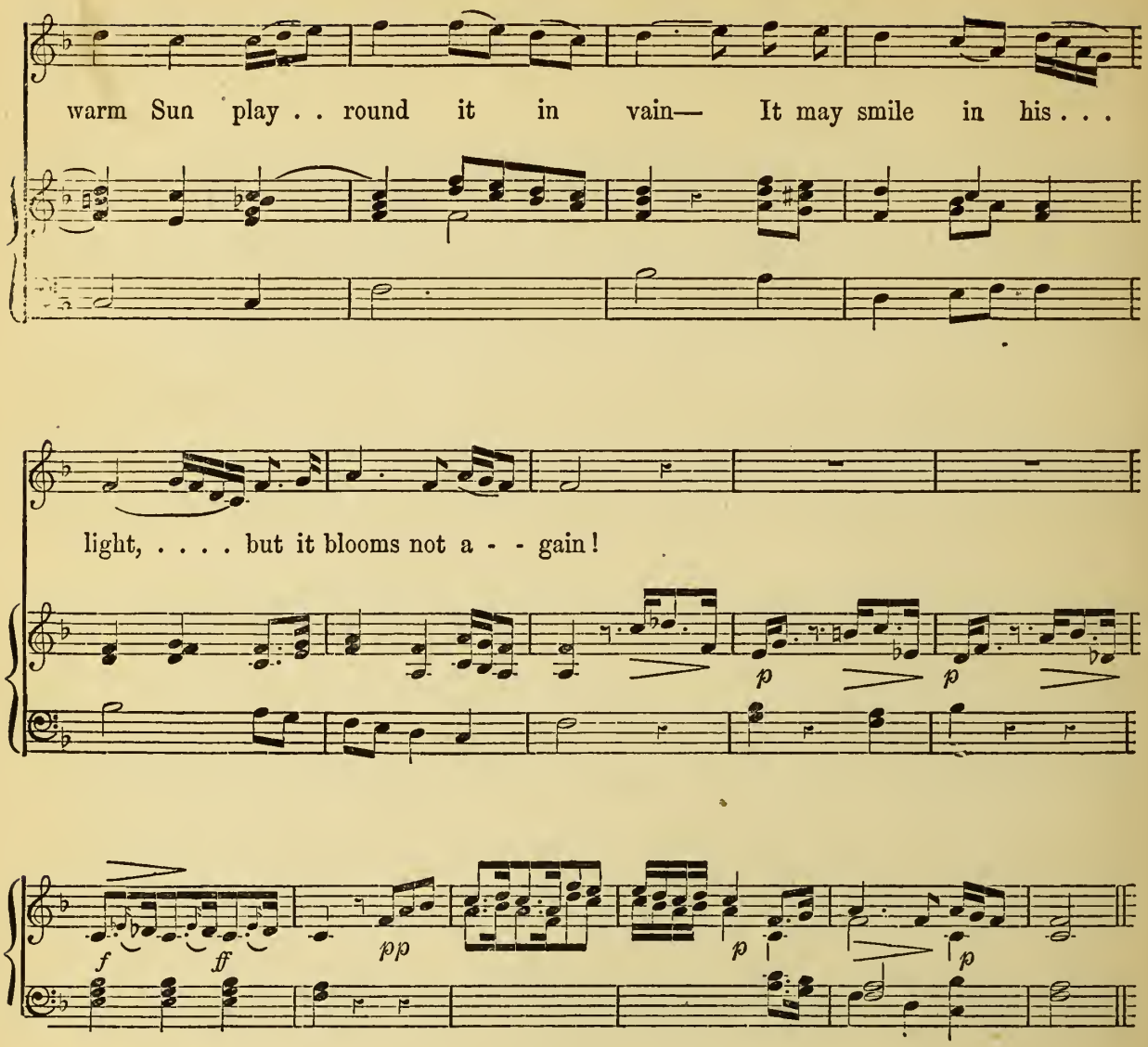
HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES.



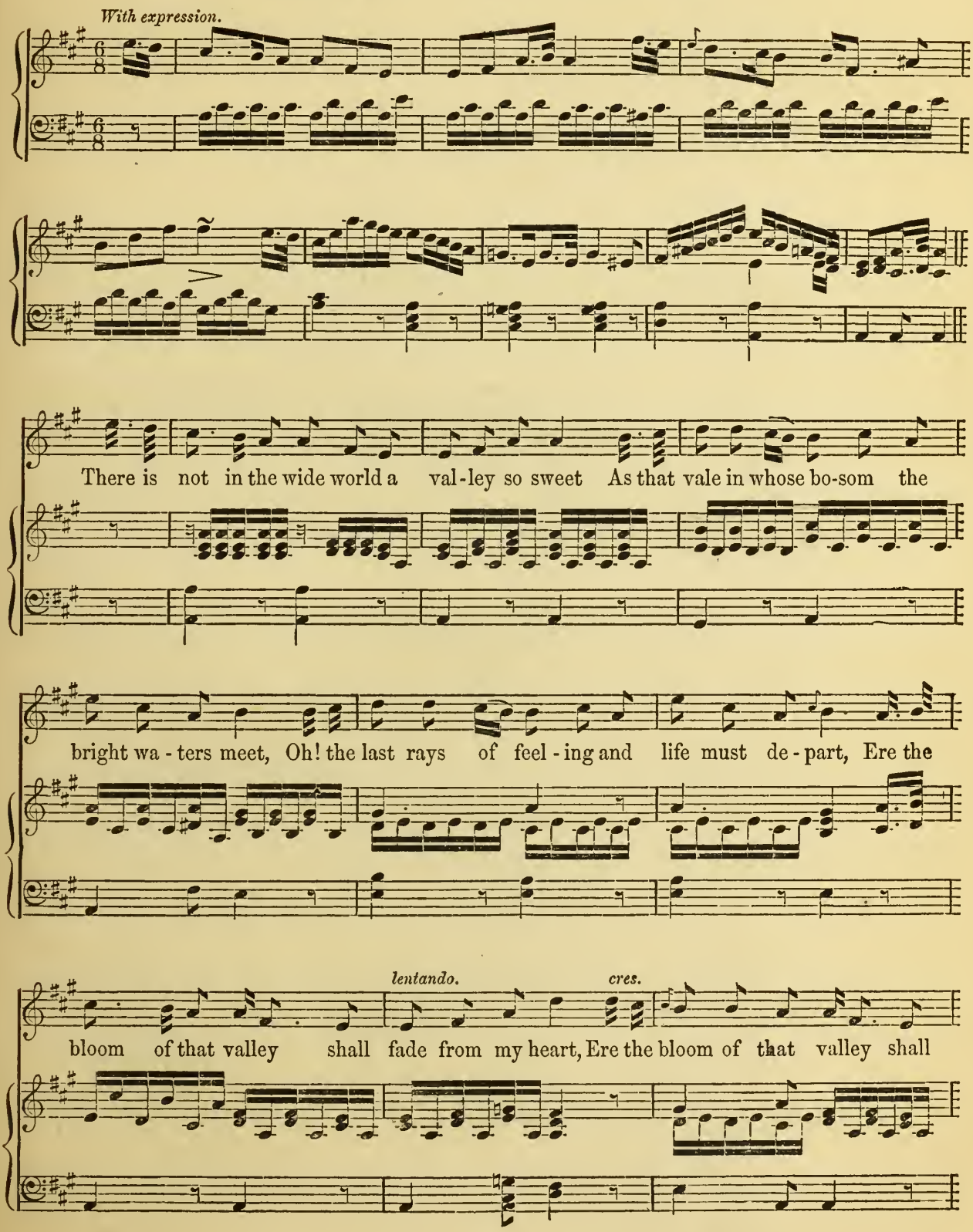

f
tide runs in dark-ness and cold - ness be - low, So the cheek may be
tide runs in darkness and cold - ness be - low, So the cheek may be
tide runs in dark - ness and cold - ness be - low, So the cheek may be
tide runs in dark - ness and cold-ness be - low, So the cheek may be
espress.
ting'd with a warm sun - ny smile Though the cold heart to
ting'd with a warm sun - ny smile Though the cold heart to
ting'd with a warm sun - ny smile Though the cold heart to
ting'd with a warm sun - ny smile Though the cold heart to

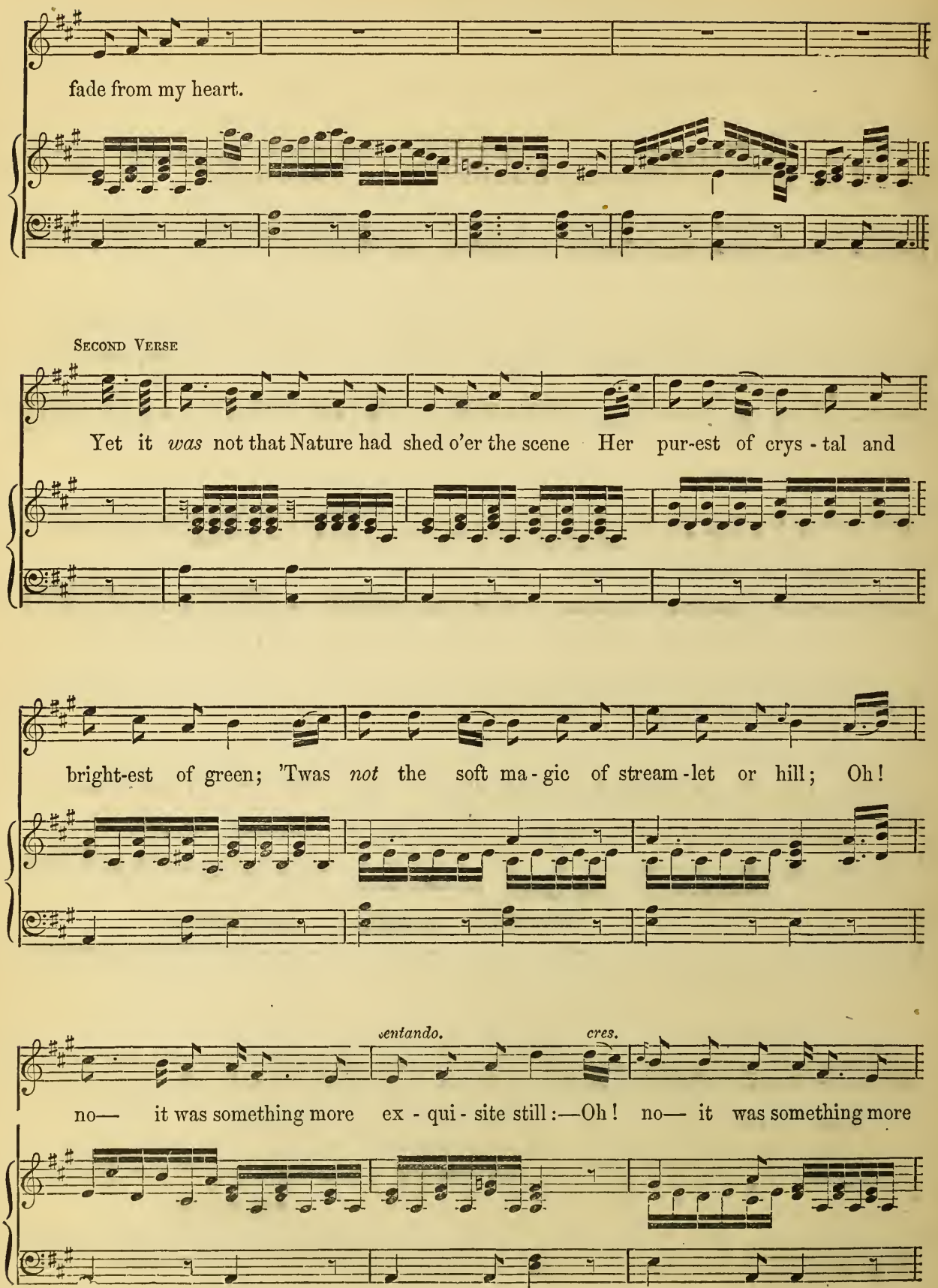

ru - in runs dark - ly the while.
ru - in runs dark - ly the while.
ru - in runs dark - ly the while.
ru - in runs dark - ly the while.
p
p
pp
p
SECOND VERSE.
One fa - - - tal Re - mem-brance, one sor - row that throws Its
bleak shade a - like o'er our joys and our woes, To which life . . . nothing

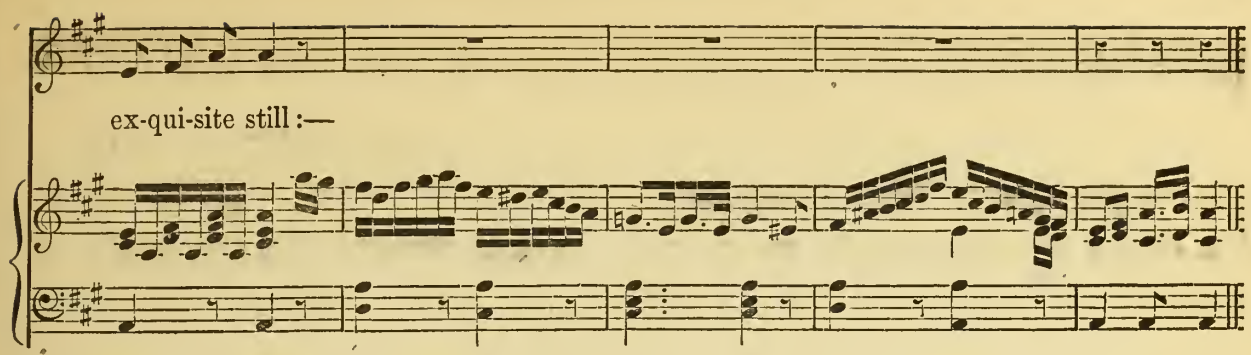

dark - er or . . bright - er can bring, . . For which Joy has no . .
balm, . . . and Af - flic - tion no sting:—
p
p
f
ff
pp
p
p
Third Verse.
Oh! this thought . . in the midst of en - joy - ment will stay, Like a
dead leaf - less branch in the sum-mer's bright ray; The beams . . of the


warm Sun play . . round it in vain— It may smile in his . . .
light, ... but it blooms not a - - gain!
p
p
f
ff
pp
p
p

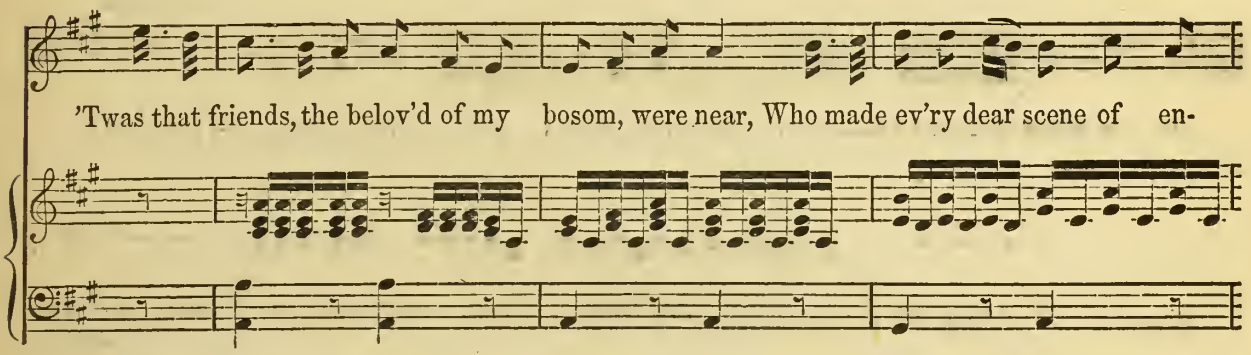
THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

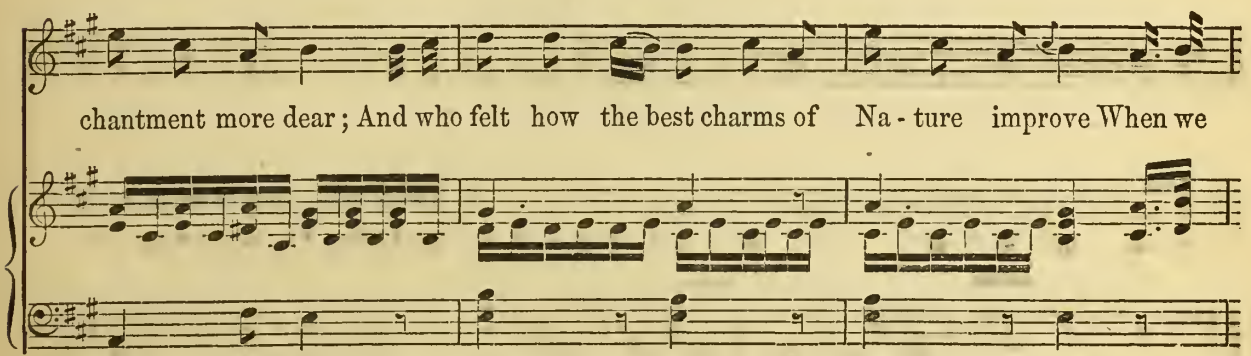


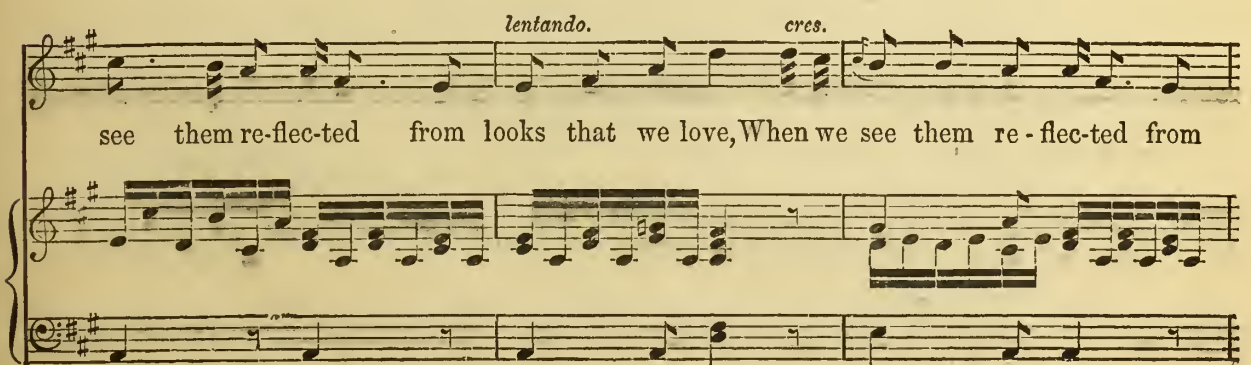

fade from my heart.
SECOND VERSE
Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene Her pur-est of crys - tal and
bright-est of green; 'Twas *not* the soft ma - gic of stream - let or hill; Oh!
ventando.
cres.
no— it was something more ex - qui - site still:—Oh! no— it was something more

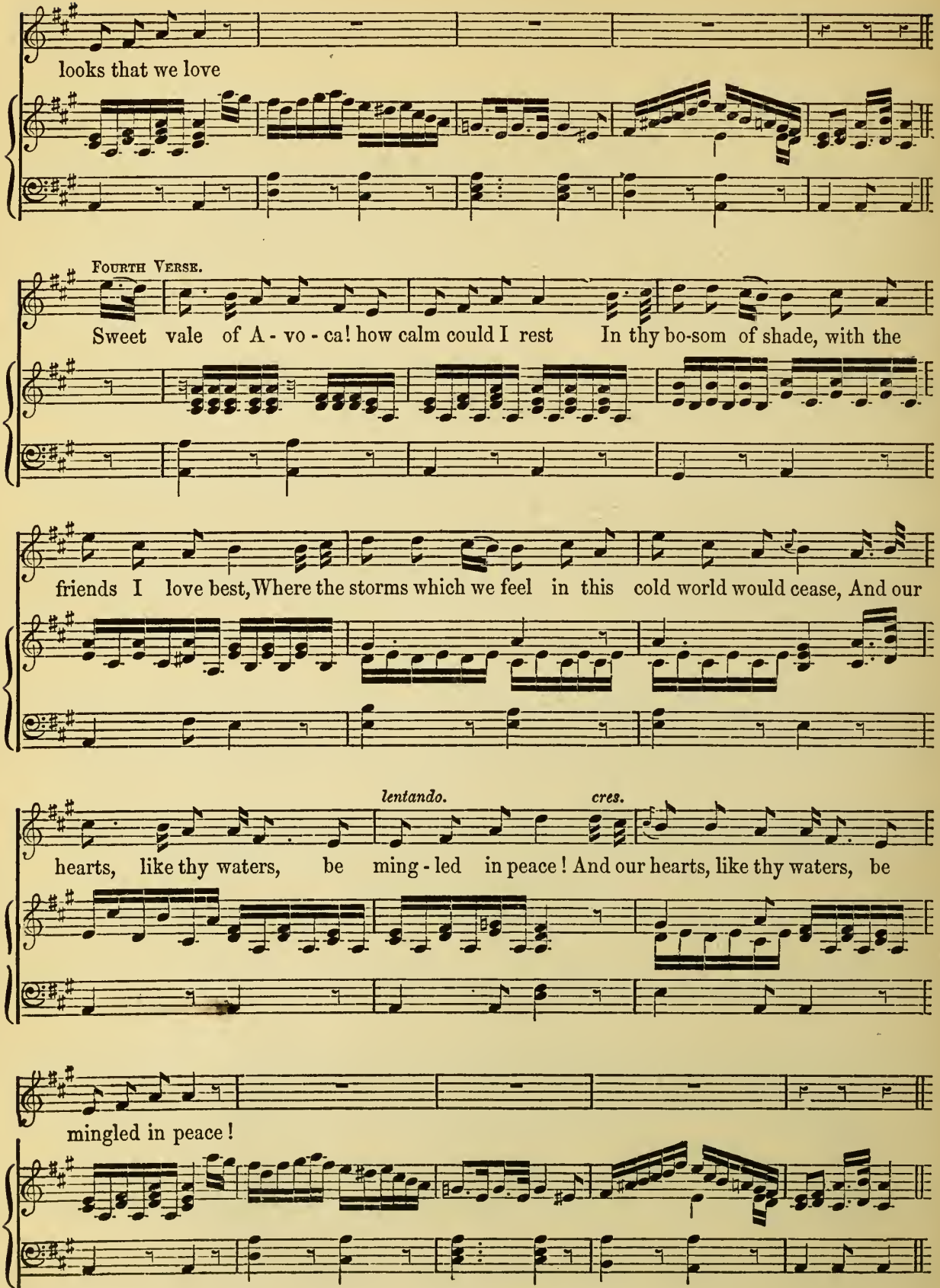

ex-qui-site still :—

THIRD VERSE.


'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near, Who made ev'ry dear scene of en-


chantment more dear ; And who felt how the best charms of Na - ture improve When we

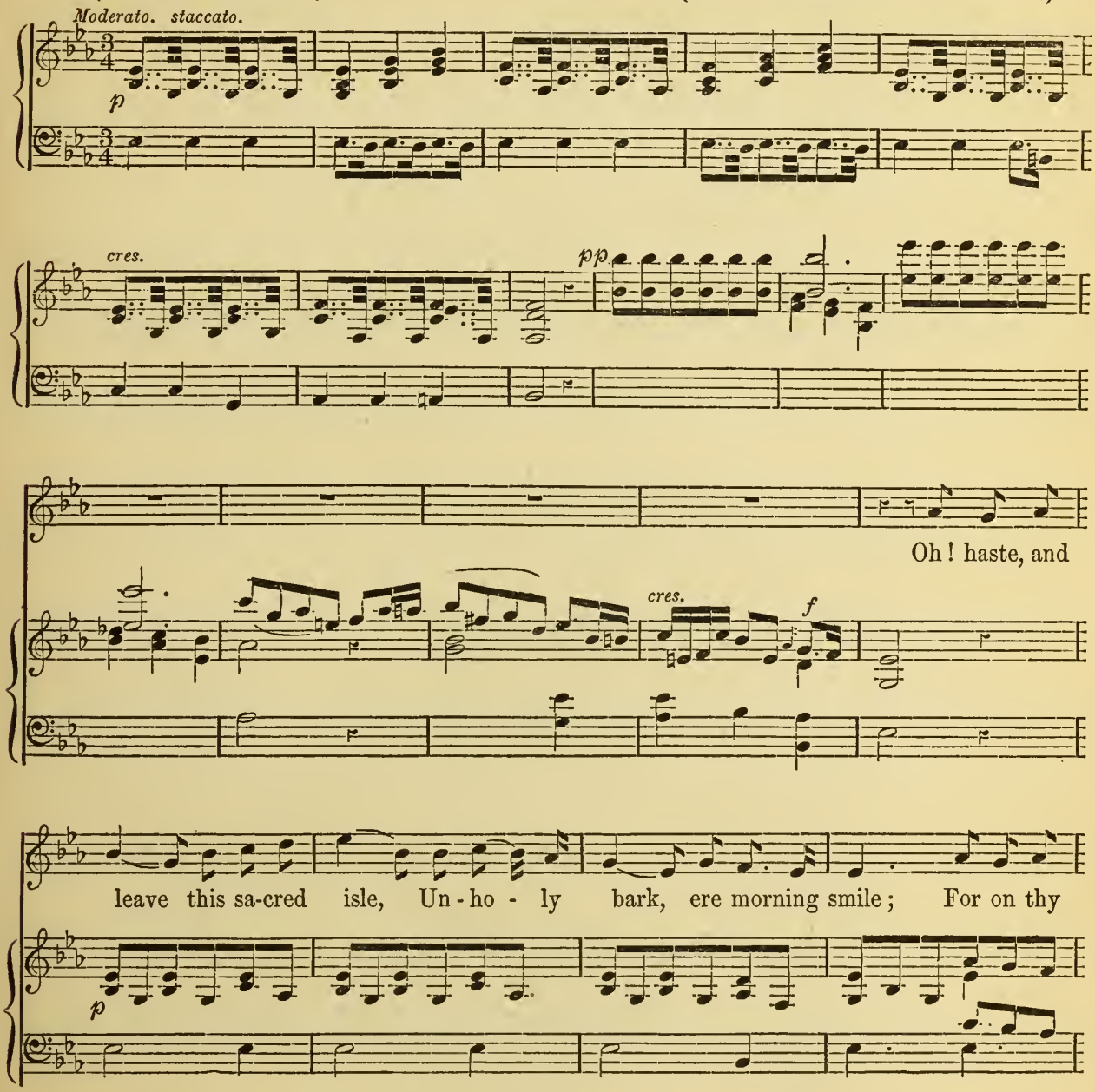

lentando.
cres.
see them re-flec-ted from looks that we love, When we see them re - flec-ted from


looks that we love
FOURTH VERSE.
Sweet vale of A - vo - ca! how calm could I rest In thy bo-som of shade, with the
friends I love best, Where the storms which we feel in this cold world would cease, And our
lentando.
cres.
hearts, like thy waters, be ming - led in peace! And our hearts, like thy waters, be
mingled in peace!

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.*

(Air—The Brown Thorn.)

(Oh! haste and leave this Sacred Isle.)

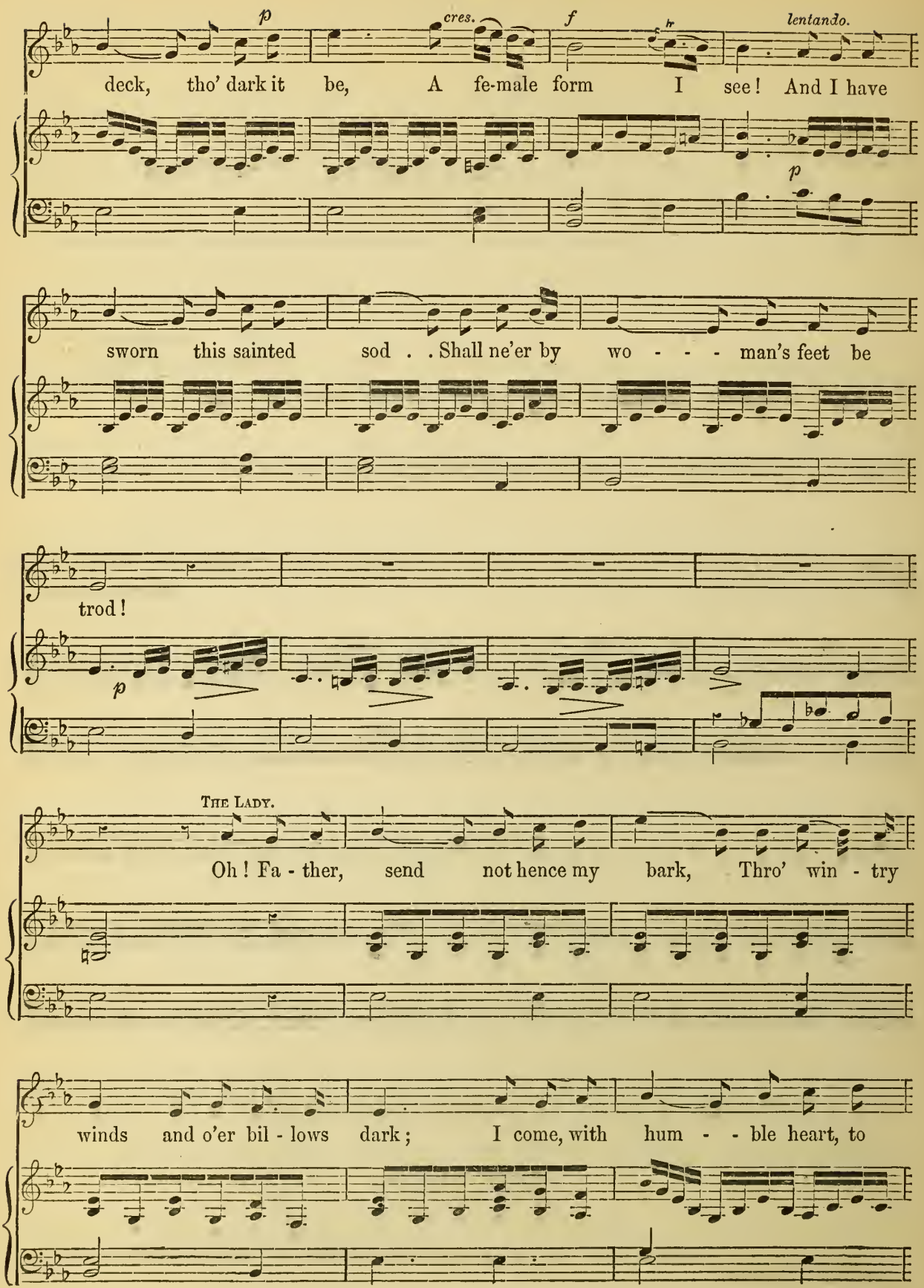


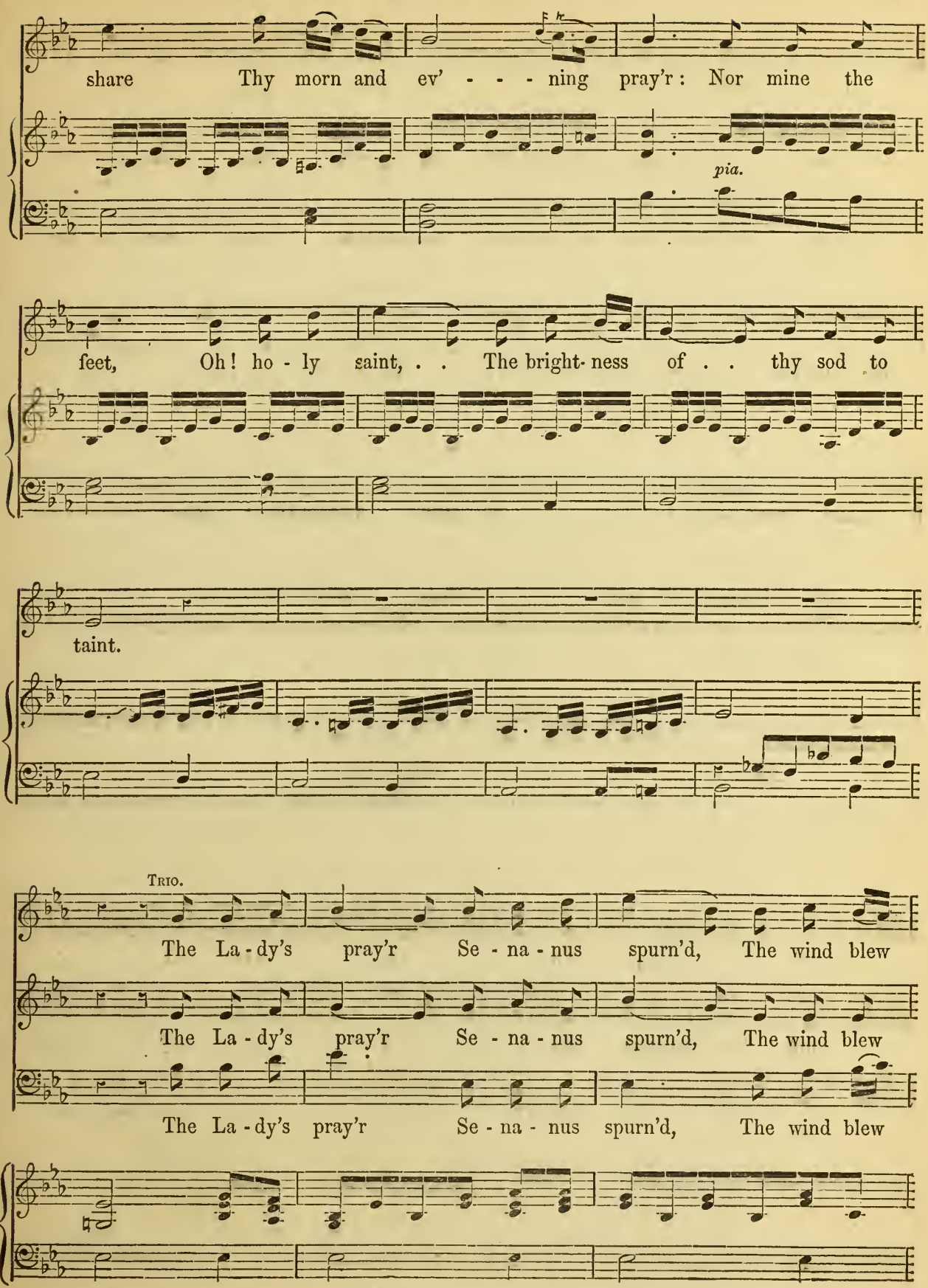
* In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS., and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, we are told of his flight to the island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party; he refused to receive even a sister saint, St. Cannera, whom an angel had taken to the island, for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographers:—

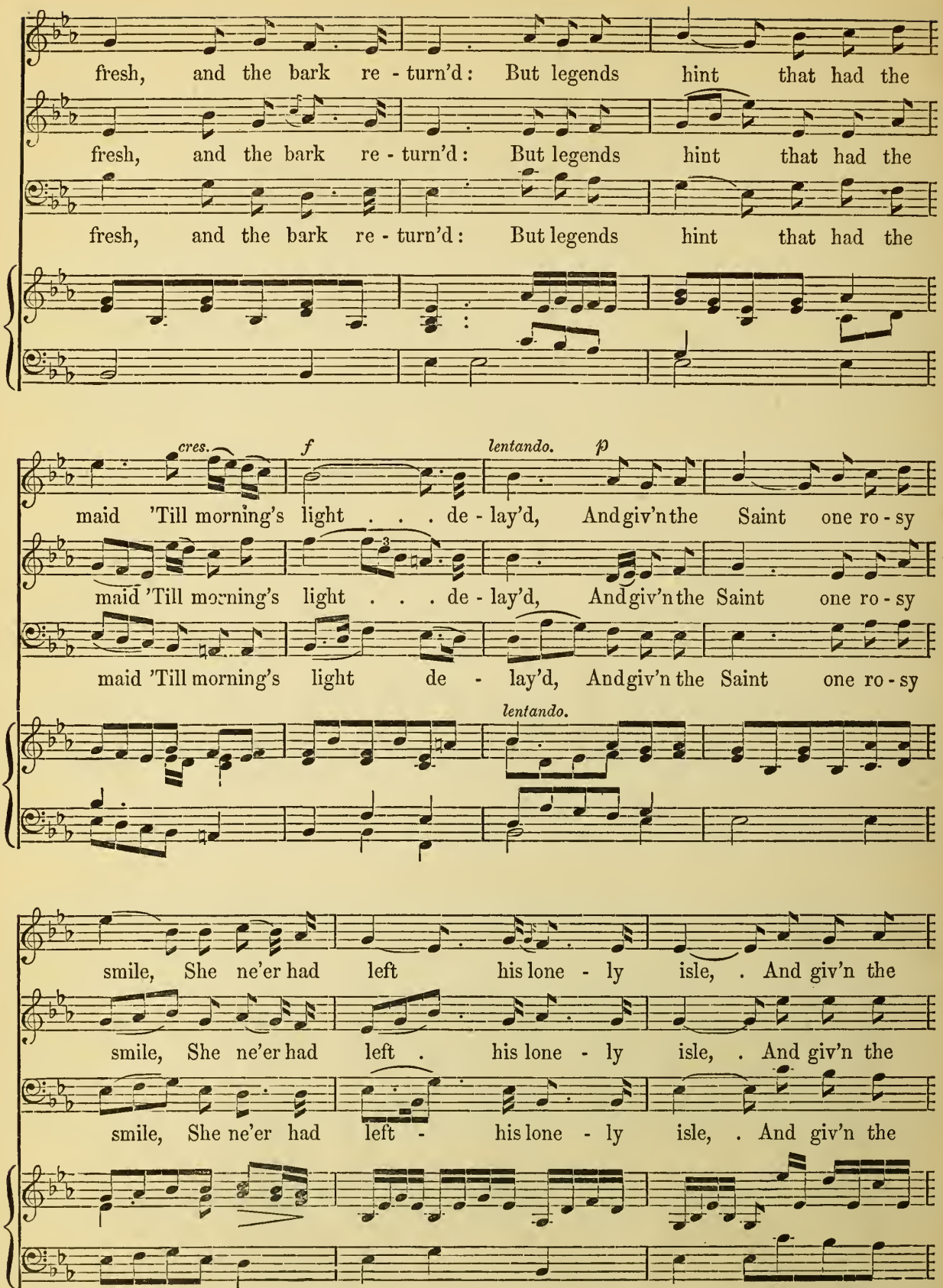
"Cui Prœsul, quid fœminis
Commune est cum monachis,
Nec te nec ullam aliam
Admittemus in insulam."

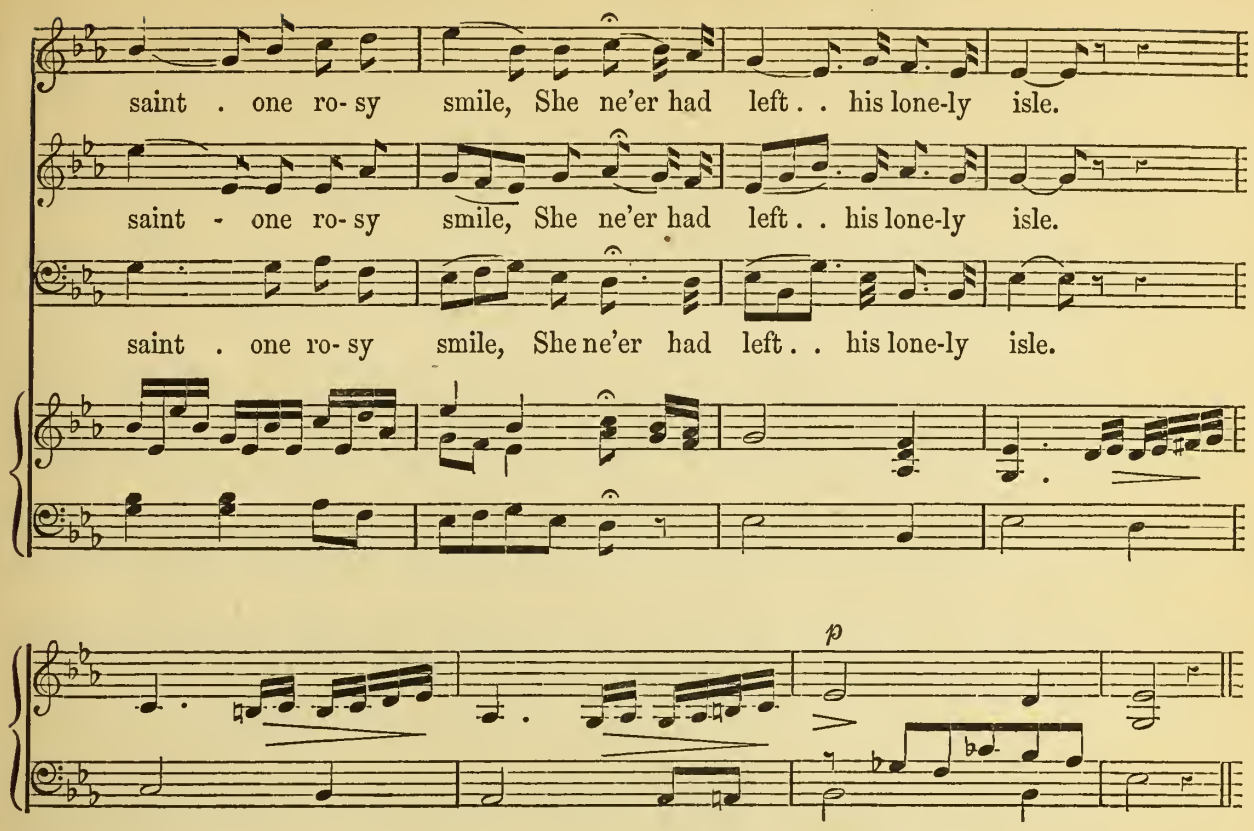
See the Acta Sanct. Hib., page 610.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a personage than the River Shannon; but O'Connor and other antiquaries deny this metamorphosis indignantly.


p
cres.
f
lentando.
deck, tho' dark it be, A fe-male form I see! And I have
p
sworn this sainted sod . . Shall ne'er by wo - - - man's feet be
trod!
p
THE LADY.
Oh! Fa - ther, send not hence my bark, Thro' win - try
winds and o'er bil - lows dark; I come, with hum - - ble heart, to


share Thy morn and ev' - - - ning pray'r: Nor mine the
pia.
feet, Oh! ho - ly saint, . . The bright- ness of . . thy sod to
taint.
Trio.
The La - dy's pray'r Se - na - nus spurn'd, The wind blew
The La - dy's pray'r Se - na - nus spurn'd, The wind blew
The La - dy's pray'r Se - na - nus spurn'd, The wind blew

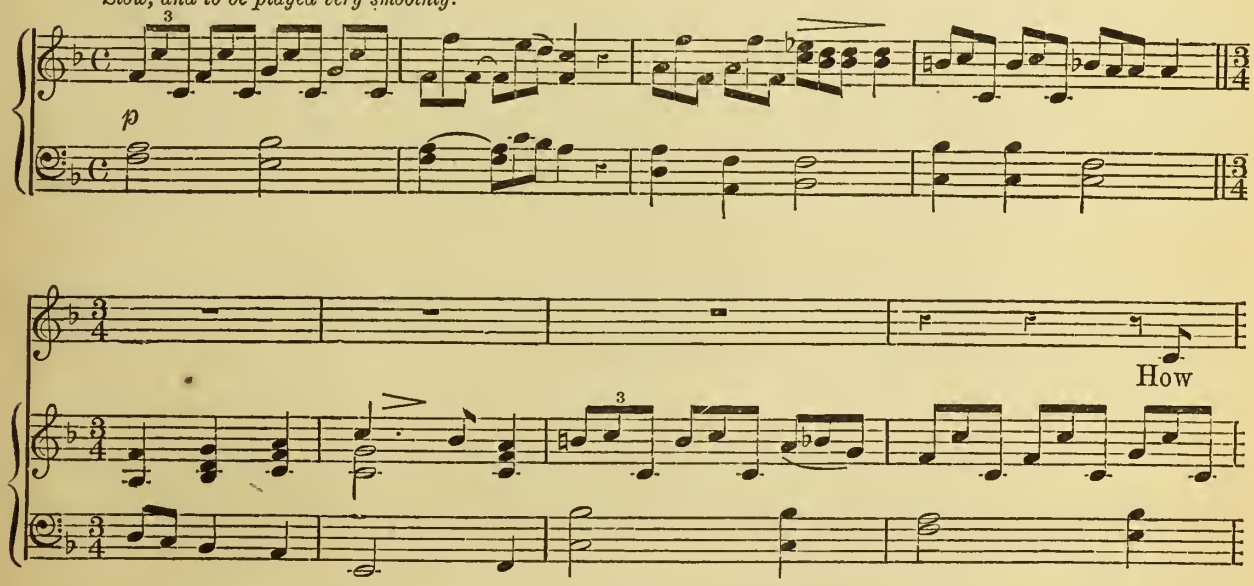

fresh, and the bark re - turn'd: But legends hint that had the
fresh, and the bark re - turn'd: But legends hint that had the
fresh, and the bark re - turn'd: But legends hint that had the
cres.
f
lentando.
p
maid 'Till morning's light . . . de - lay'd, And giv'n the Saint one ro - sy
maid 'Till morning's light . . . de - lay'd, And giv'n the Saint one ro - sy
maid 'Till morning's light de - lay'd, And giv'n the Saint one ro - sy
lentando.
smile, She ne'er had left his lone - ly isle, . And giv'n the
smile, She ne'er had left . his lone - ly isle, . And giv'n the
smile, She ne'er had left - his lone - ly isle, . And giv'n the



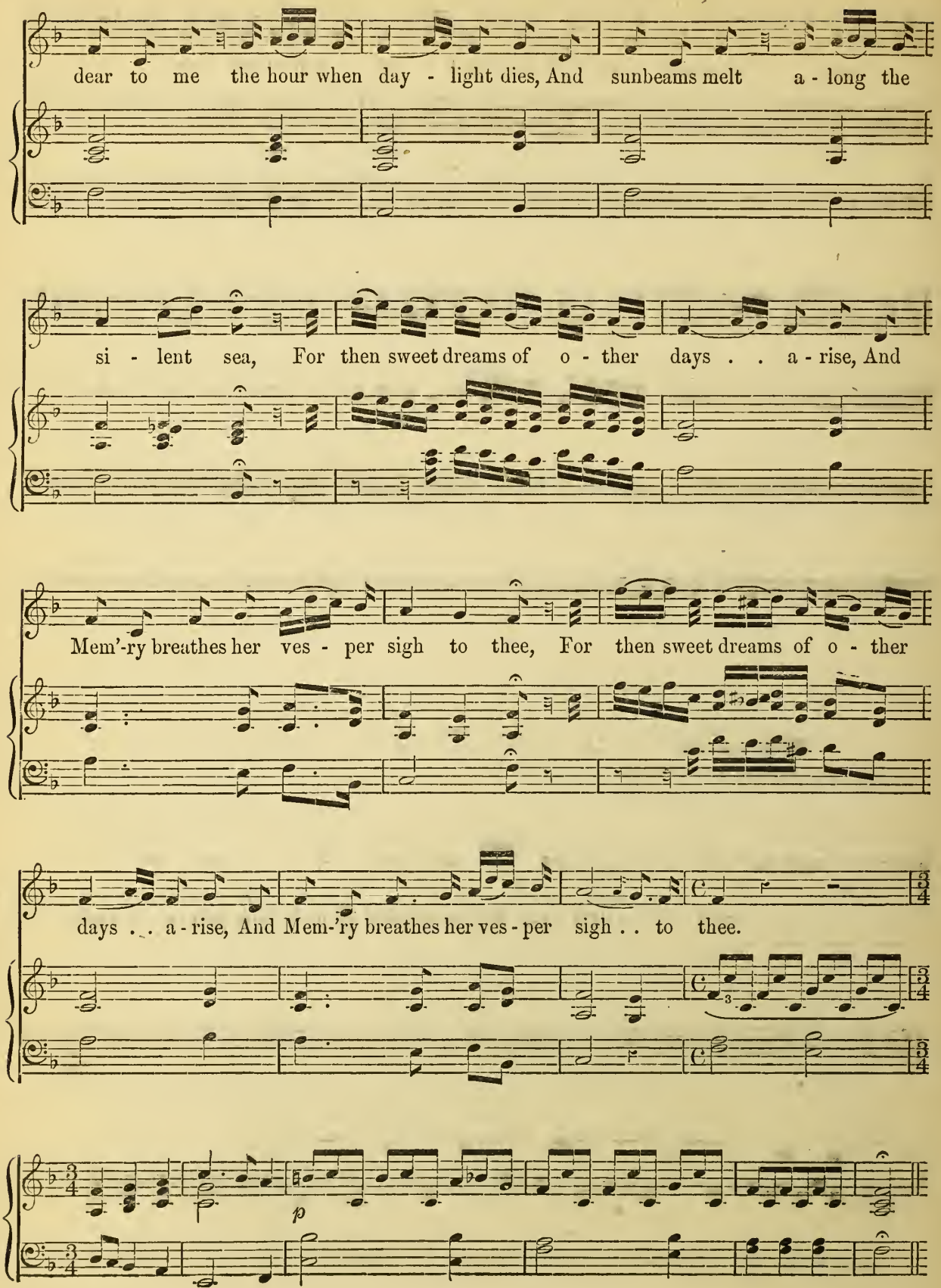
HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR WHEN DAYLIGHT DIES.

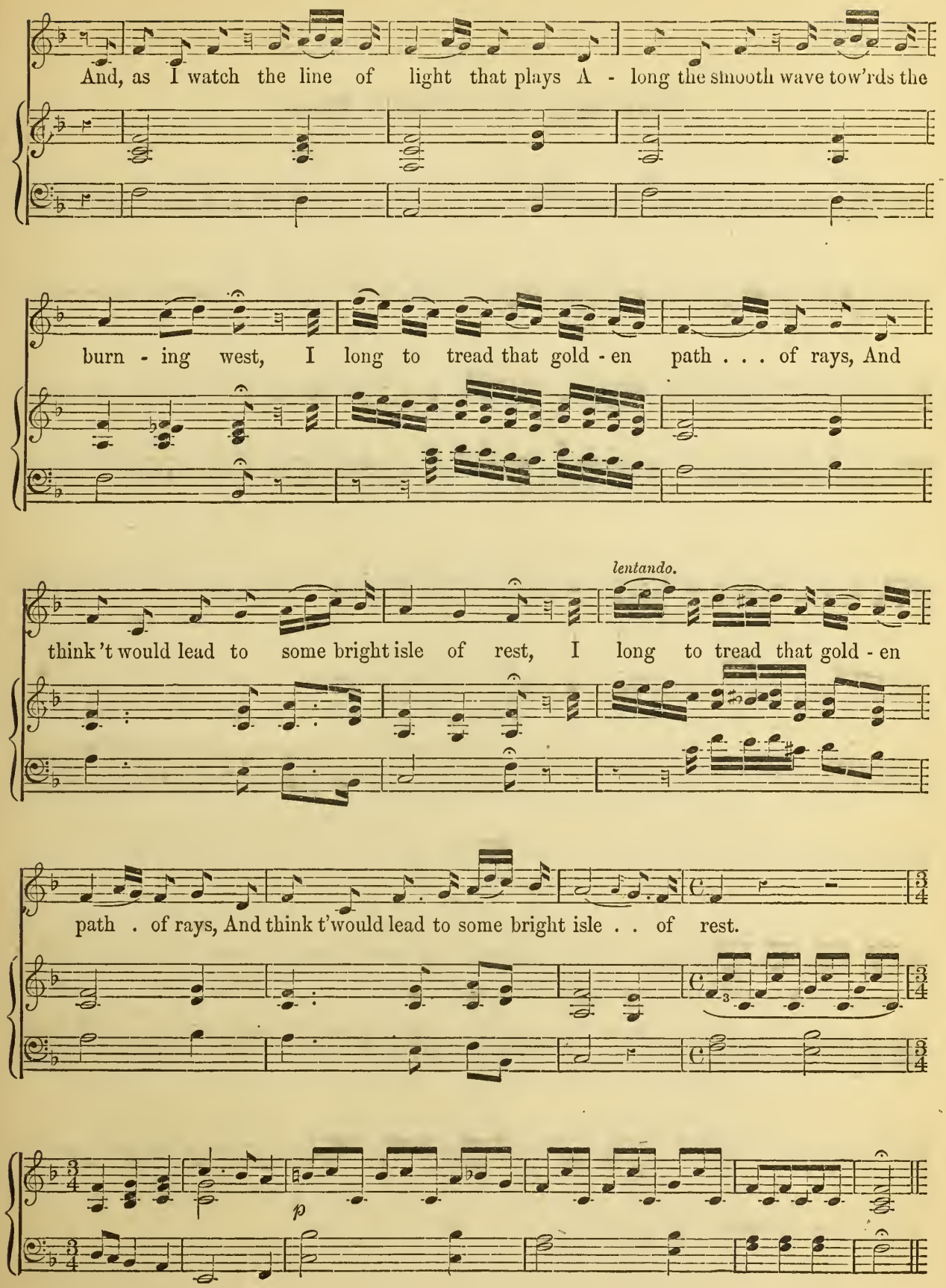
(Air—The Twisting of the Rope.*)

Slow, and to be played very smoothly.



* I had not sufficiently considered the structure of this delightful air when I formerly asserted that it was too wild for words of a regular metre.

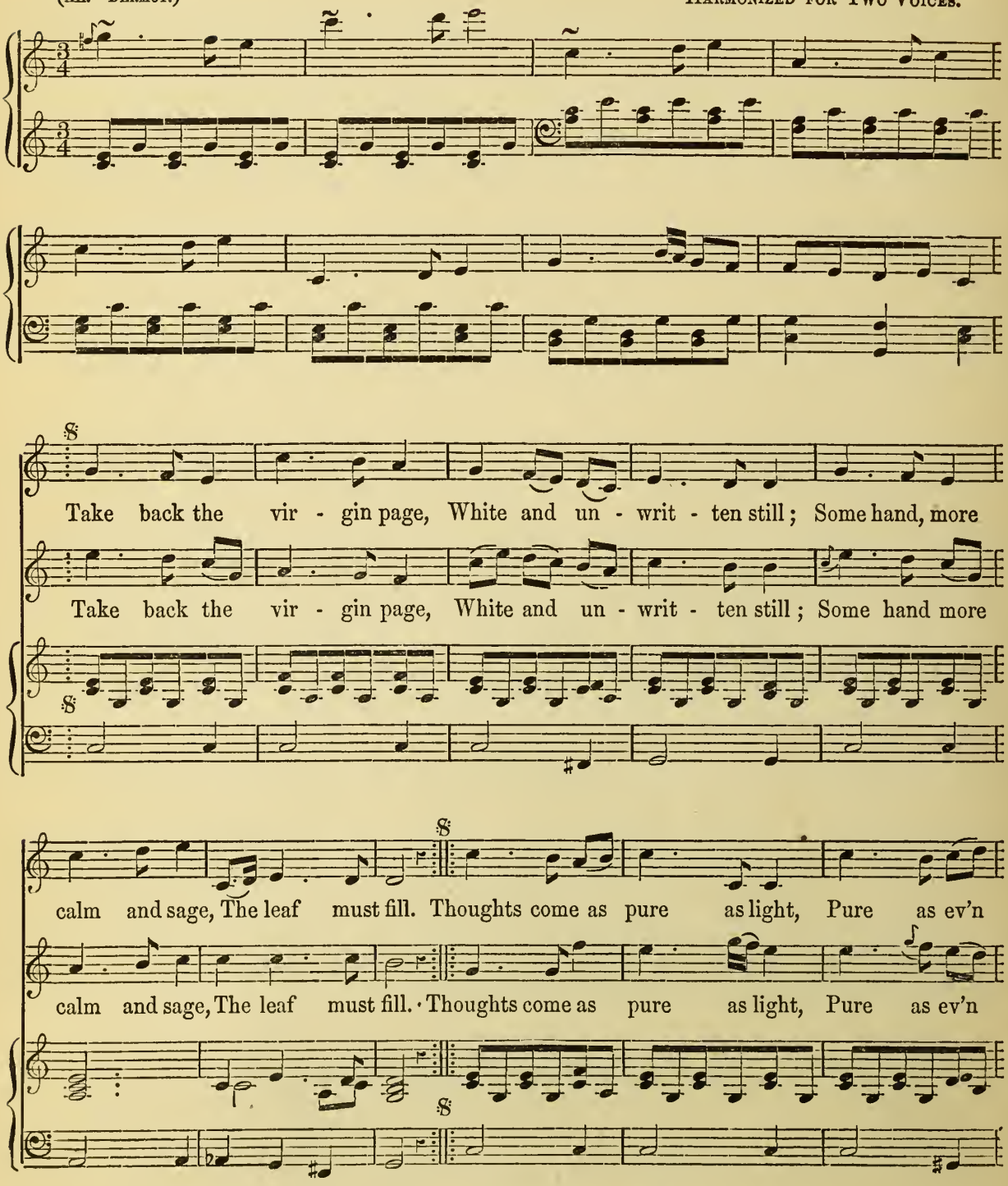

dear to me the hour when day - light dies, And sunbeams melt a - long the
si - lent sea, For then sweet dreams of o - ther days . . a - rise, And
Mem'-ry breathes her ves - per sigh to thee, For then sweet dreams of o - ther
days . . a - rise, And Mem-'ry breathes her ves - per sigh . . to thee.
p


And, as I watch the line of light that plays A - long the smooth wave tow'rds the
burn - ing west, I long to tread that gold - en path . . . of rays, And
lentando.
think 't would lead to some bright isle of rest, I long to tread that gold - en
path . of rays, And think t'would lead to some bright isle . . of rest.
p

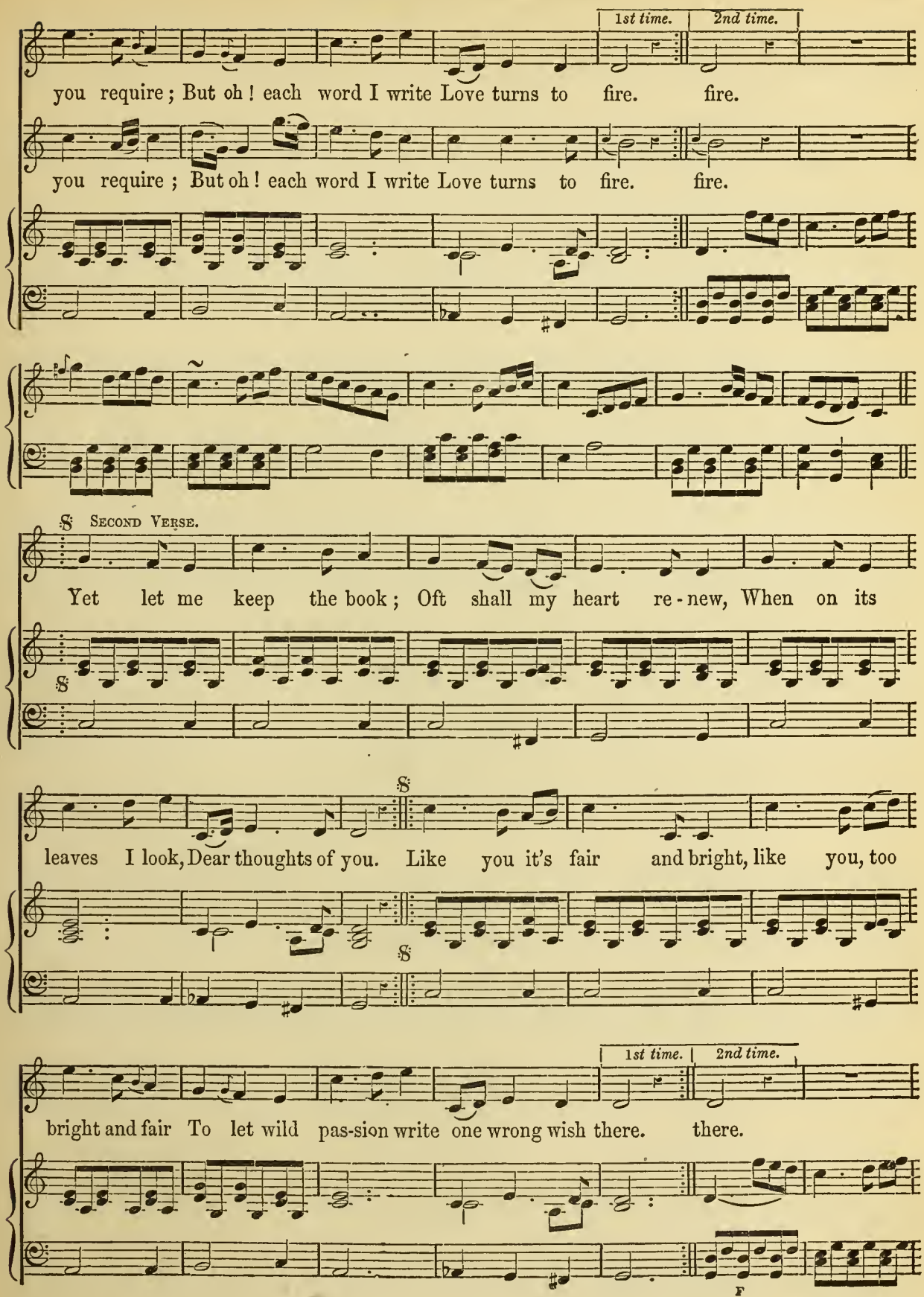
TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.*

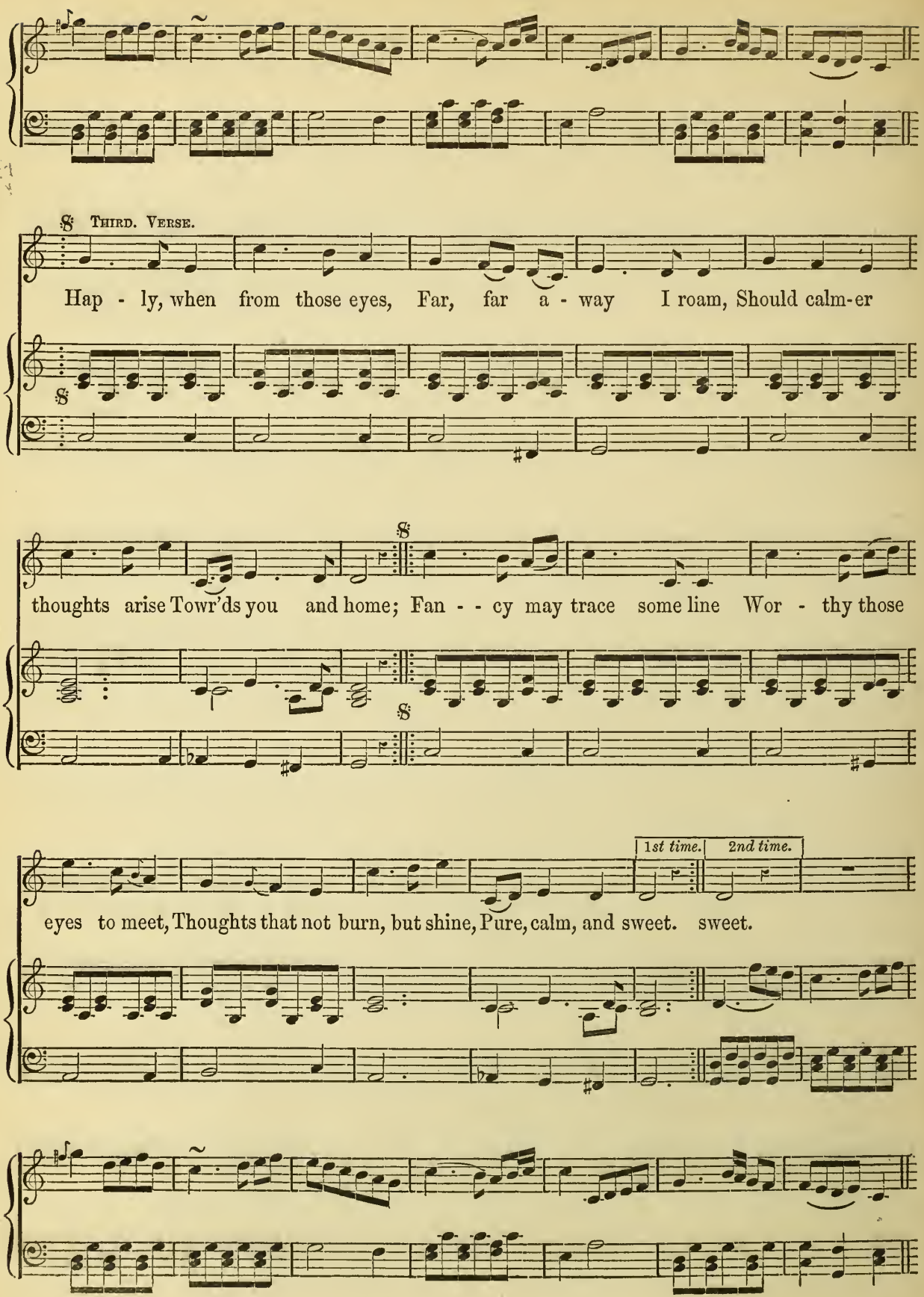
(Air—Dermot.)

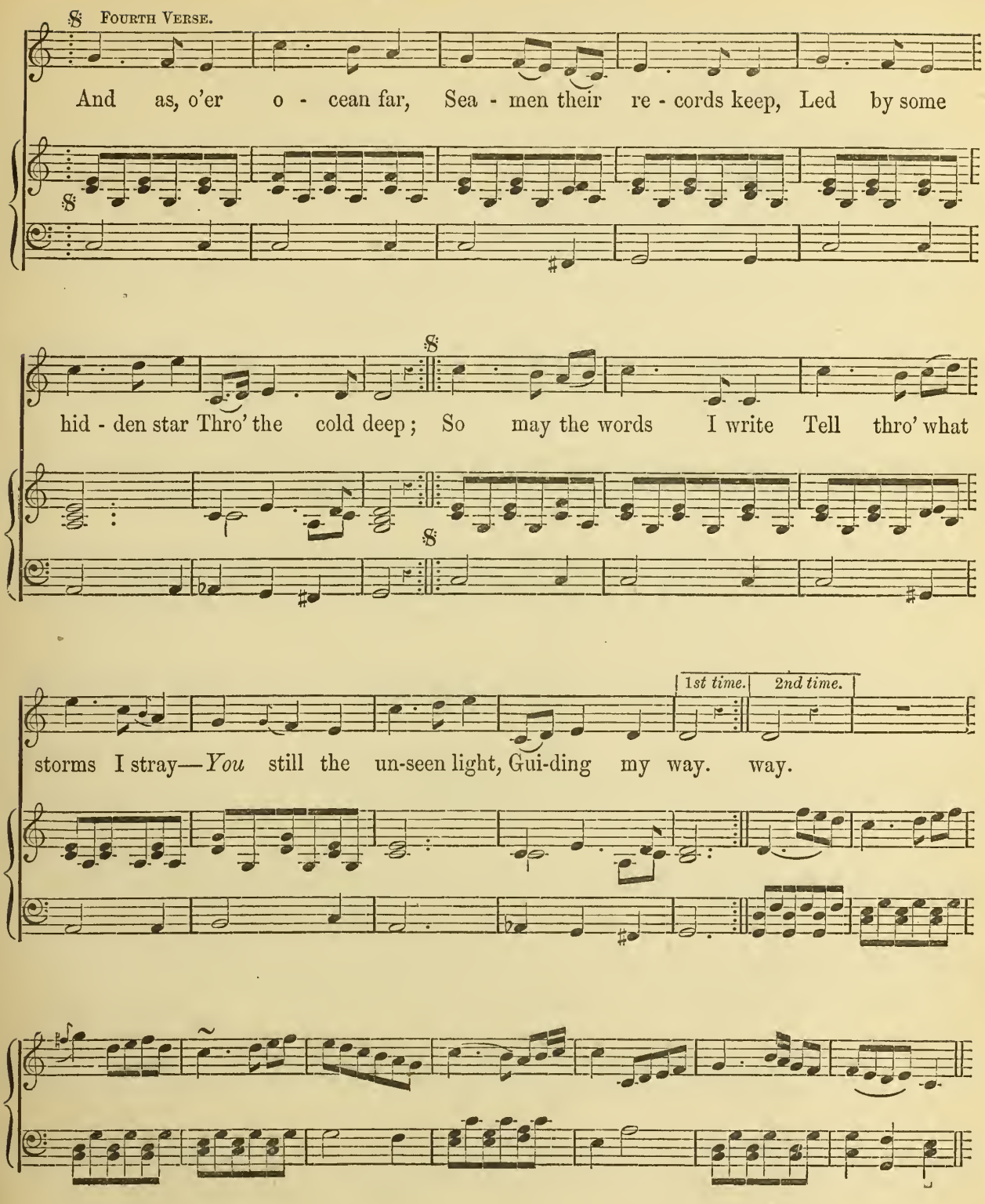
Harmonized for Two Voices.



* Written on returning a blank book.


1st time.
2nd time.
you require; But oh! each word I write Love turns to fire. fire.
you require; But oh! each word I write Love turns to fire. fire.
SECOND VERSE.
Yet let me keep the book; Oft shall my heart re-new, When on its
leaves I look, Dear thoughts of you. Like you it's fair and bright, like you, too
1st time.
2nd time.
bright and fair To let wild pas-sion write one wrong wish there. there.
F

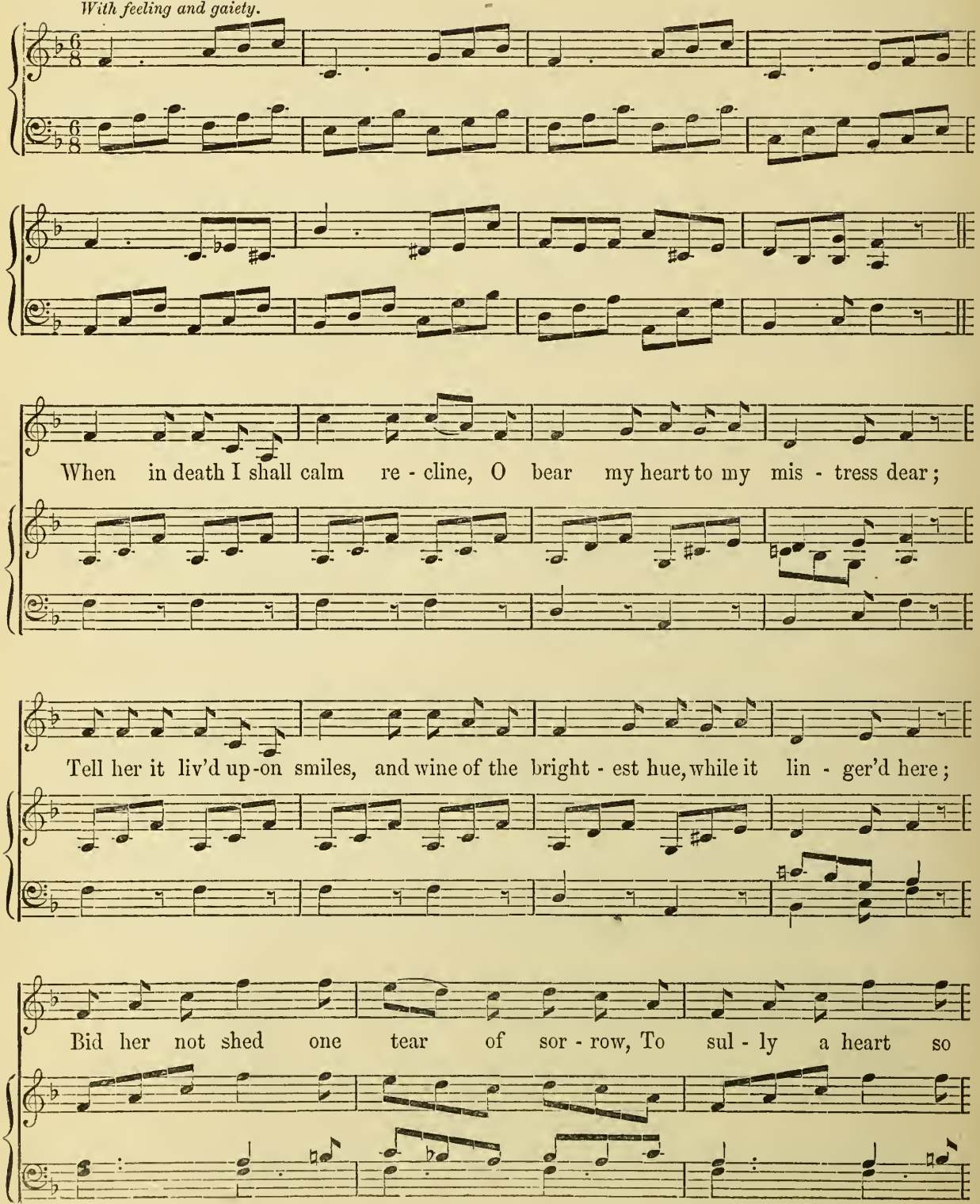

THIRD. VERSE.
Hap - ly, when from those eyes, Far, far a - way I roam, Should calm-er
thoughts arise Towr'ds you and home; Fan - - cy may trace some line Wor - thy those
1st time.
2nd time.
eyes to meet, Thoughts that not burn, but shine, Pure, calm, and sweet. sweet.

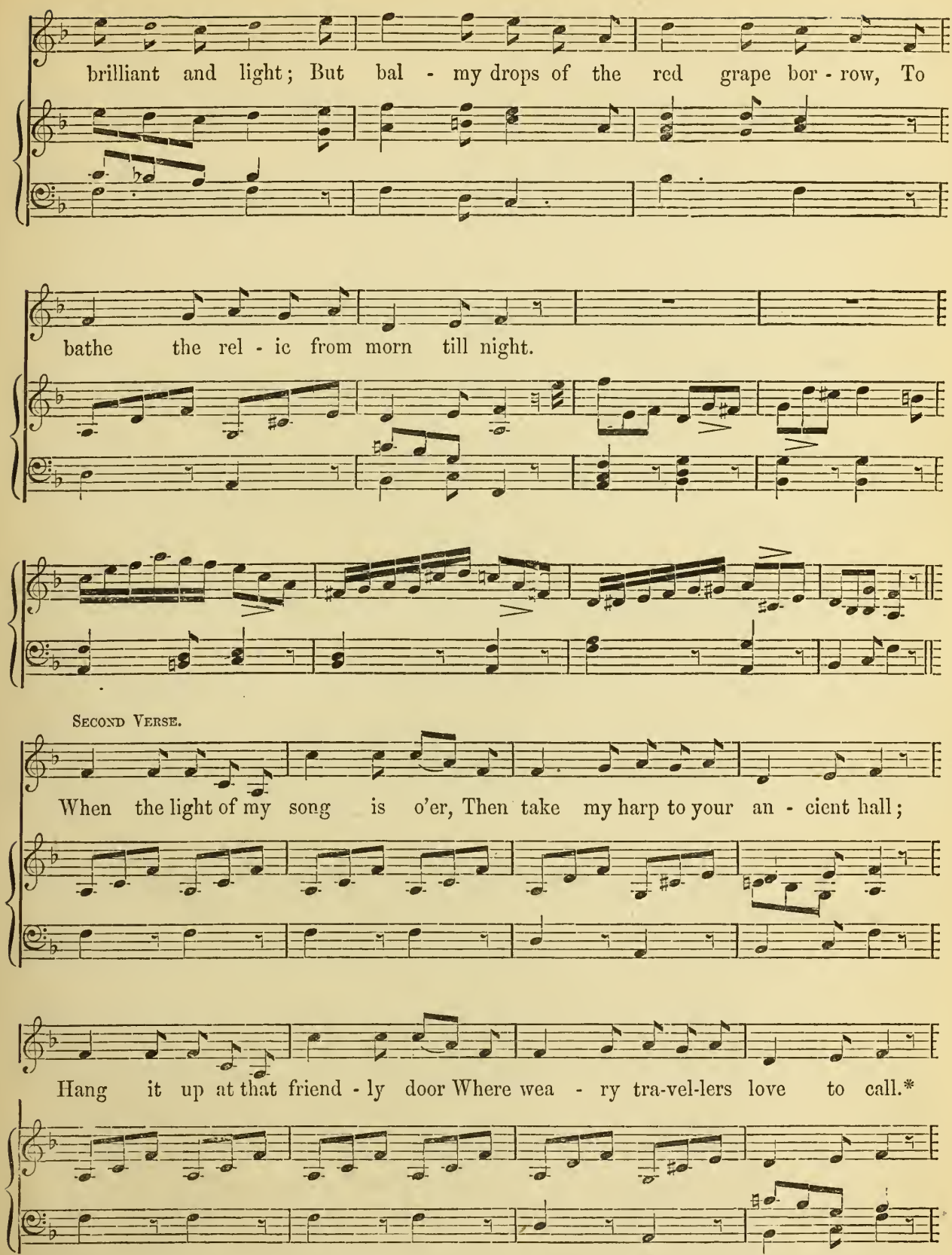

Fourth Verse.
And as, o'er o - cean far, Sea - men their re - cords keep, Led by some
hid - den star Thro' the cold deep; So may the words I write Tell thro' what
1st time.
2nd time.
storms I stray—*You* still the un-seen light, Gui-ding my way. way.

WHEN IN DEATH I SHALL CALM RECLINE.

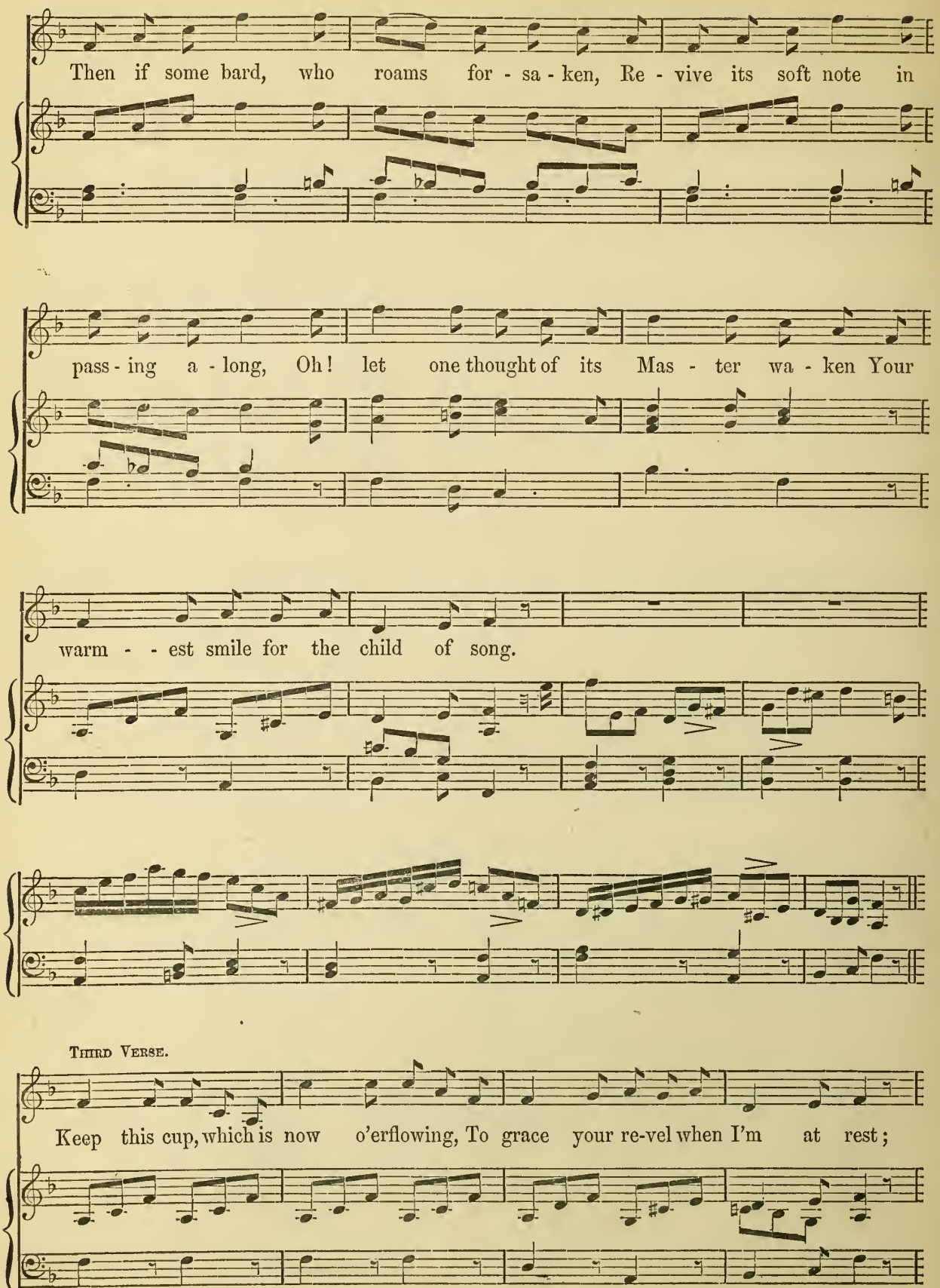
UNKNOWN.) (THE LEGACY.)

With feeling and gaiety.



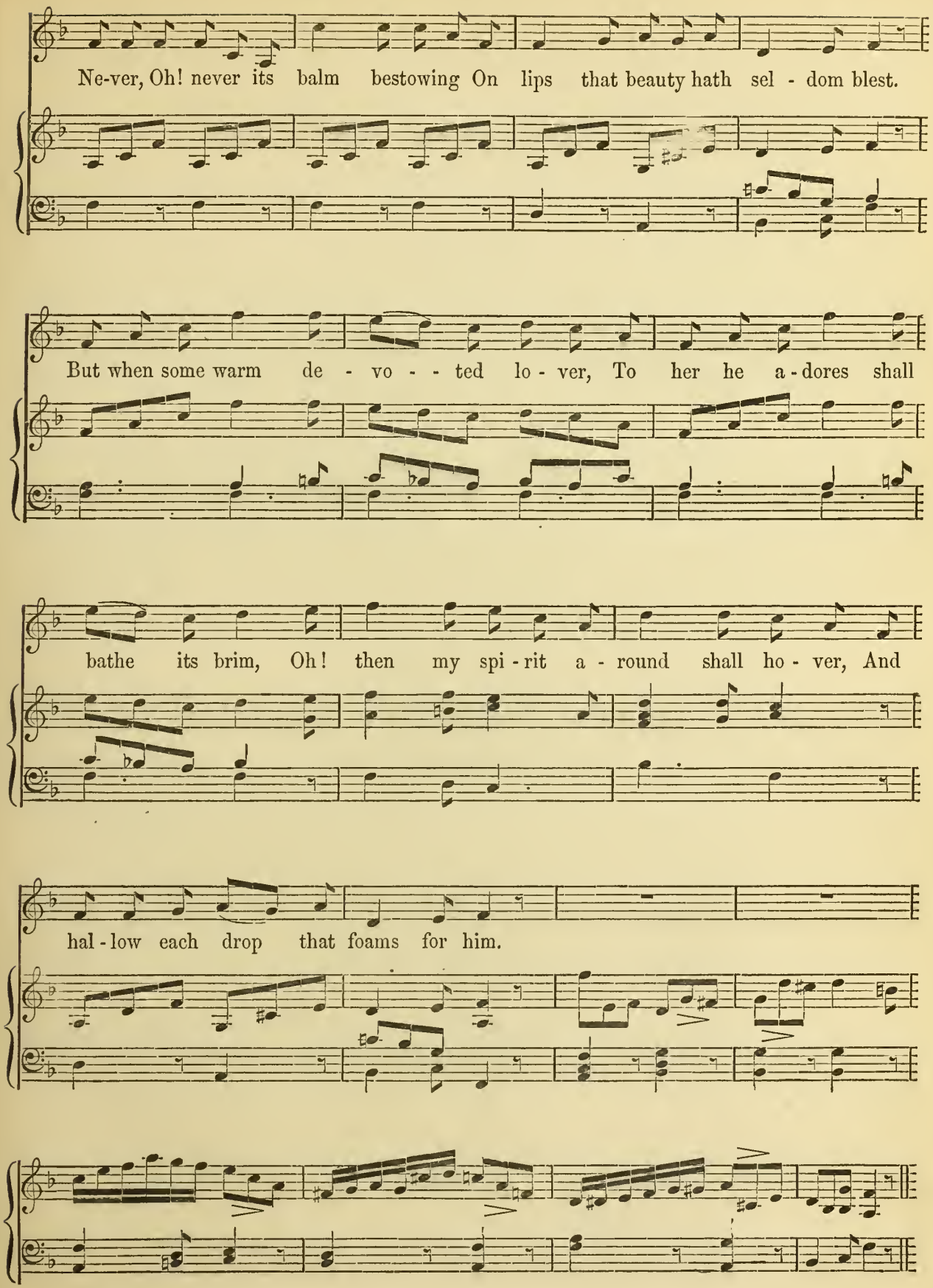


* "In every house was one or two harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed, the more they excelled in music."
O'Halloran.


Then if some bard, who roams for - sa - ken, Re - vive its soft note in
pass - ing a - long, Oh! let one thought of its Mas - ter wa - ken Your
warm - - est smile for the child of song.

THIRD VERSE.

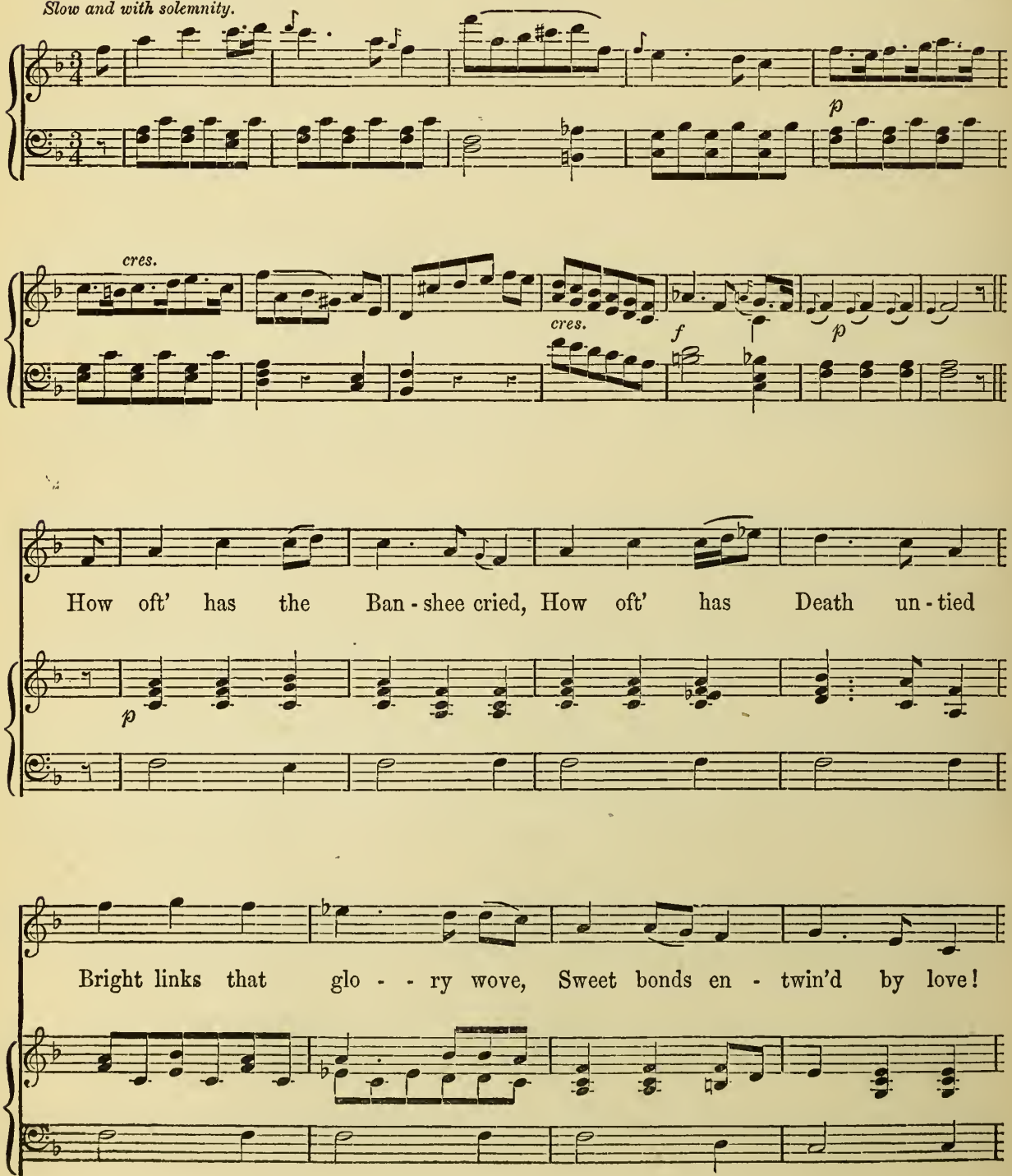
Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing, To grace your re-vel when I'm at rest;

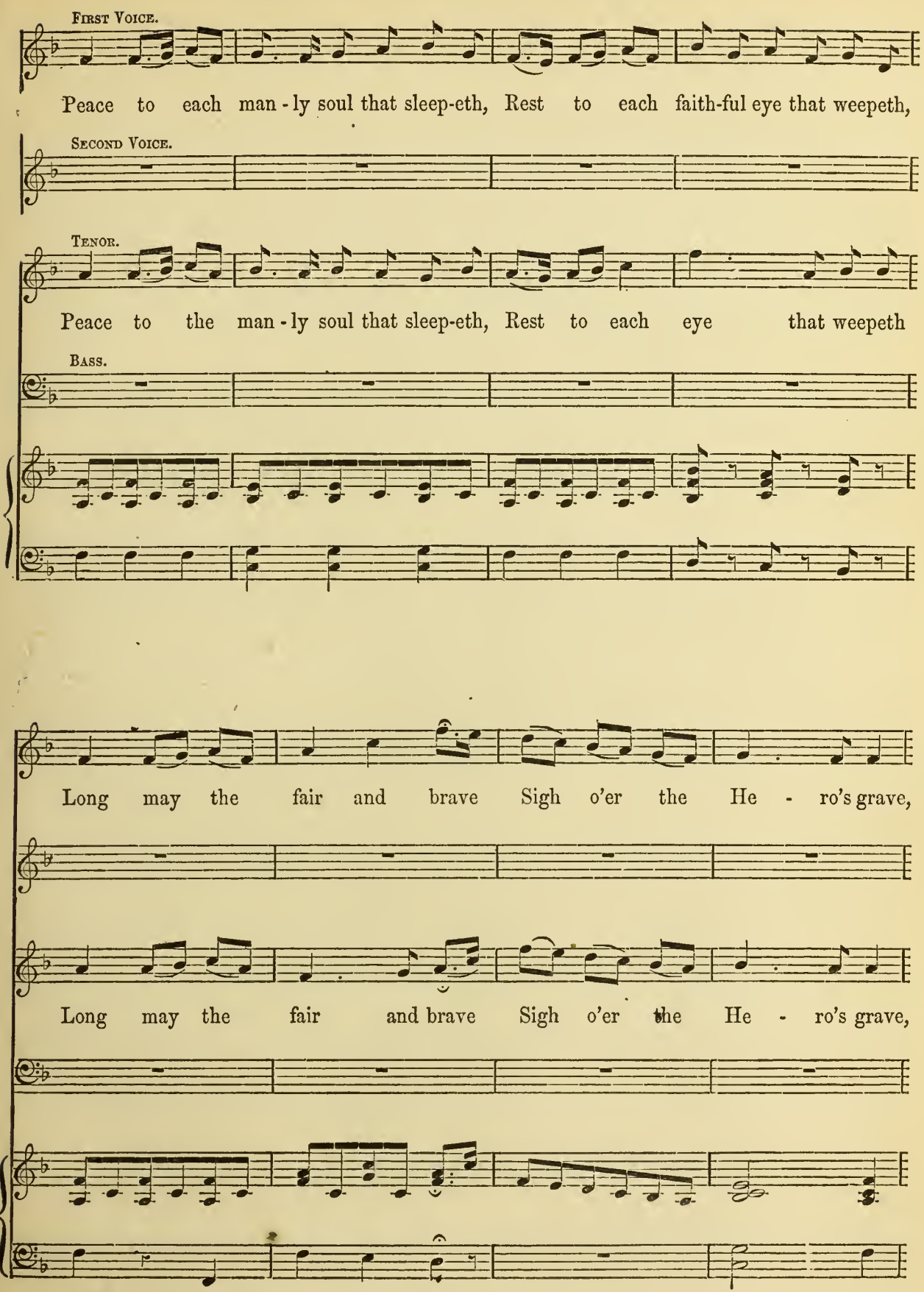

Ne-ver, Oh! never its balm bestowing On lips that beauty hath sel - dom blest.
But when some warm de - vo - - ted lo - ver, To her he a - dores shall
bathe its brim, Oh! then my spi - rit a - round shall ho - ver, And
hal - low each drop that foams for him.

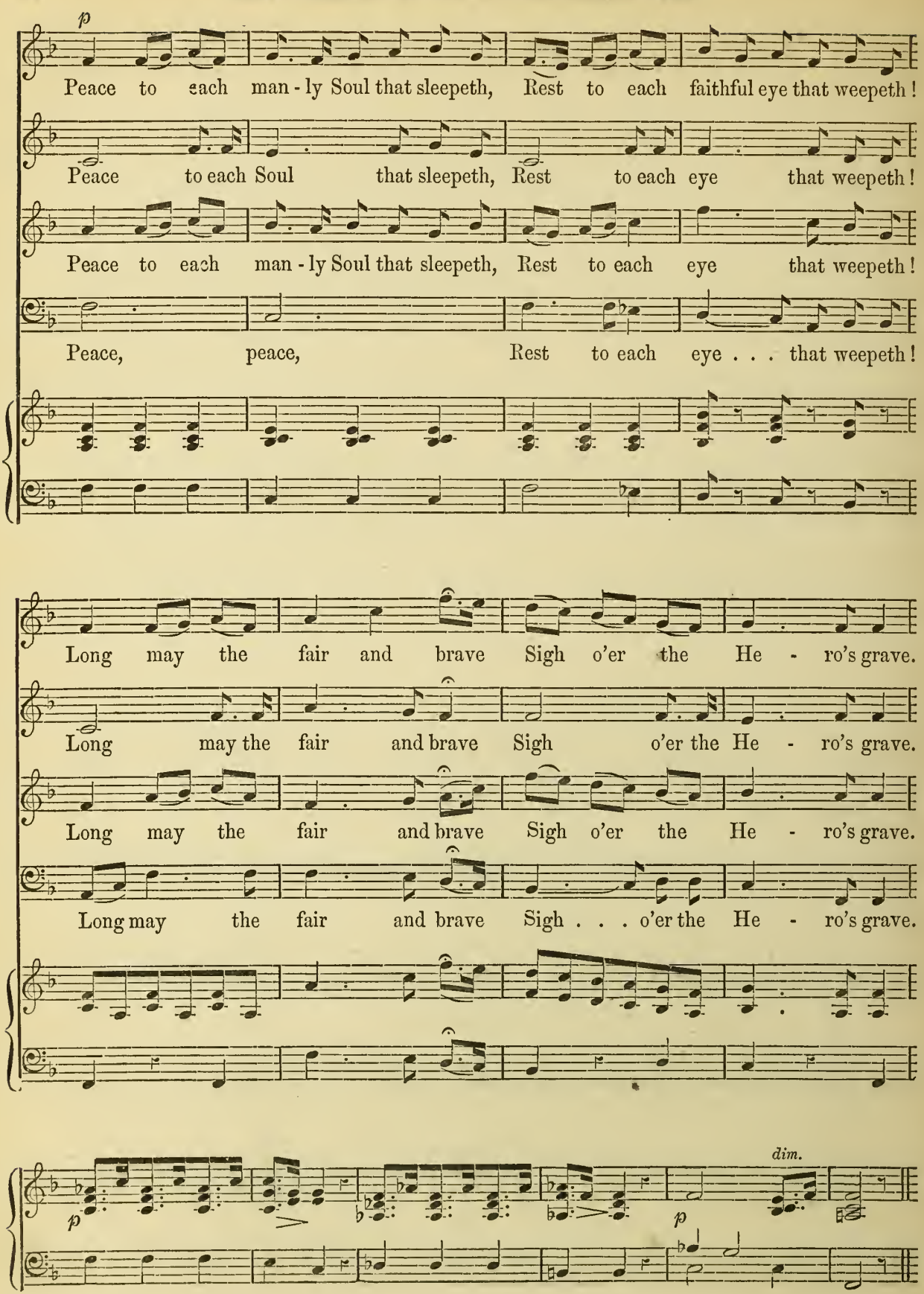
THE DIRGE.—HOW OFT HAS THE BANSHEE CRIED.

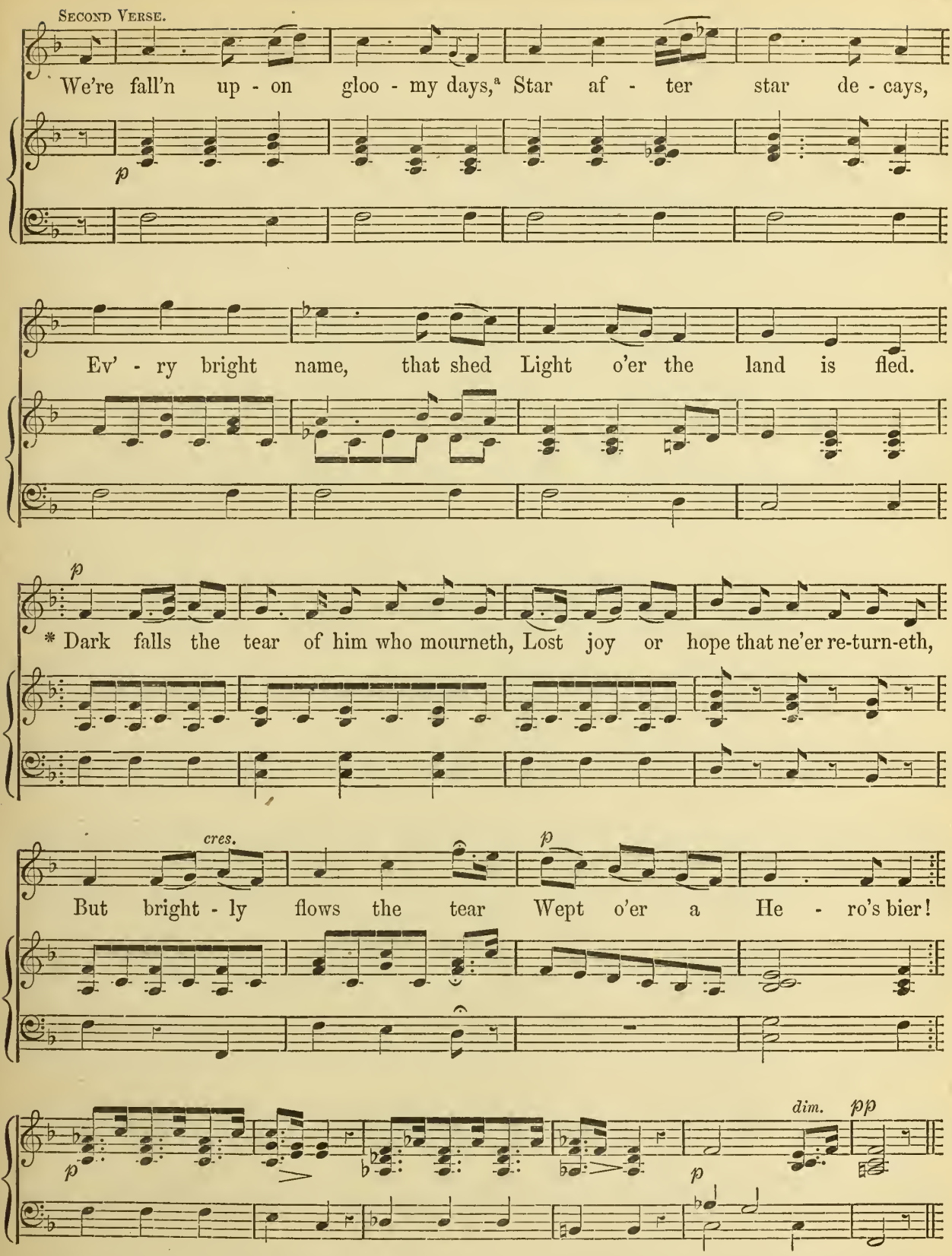
AIR—THE DEAR BLACK MAID. HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES.

Slow and with solemnity.



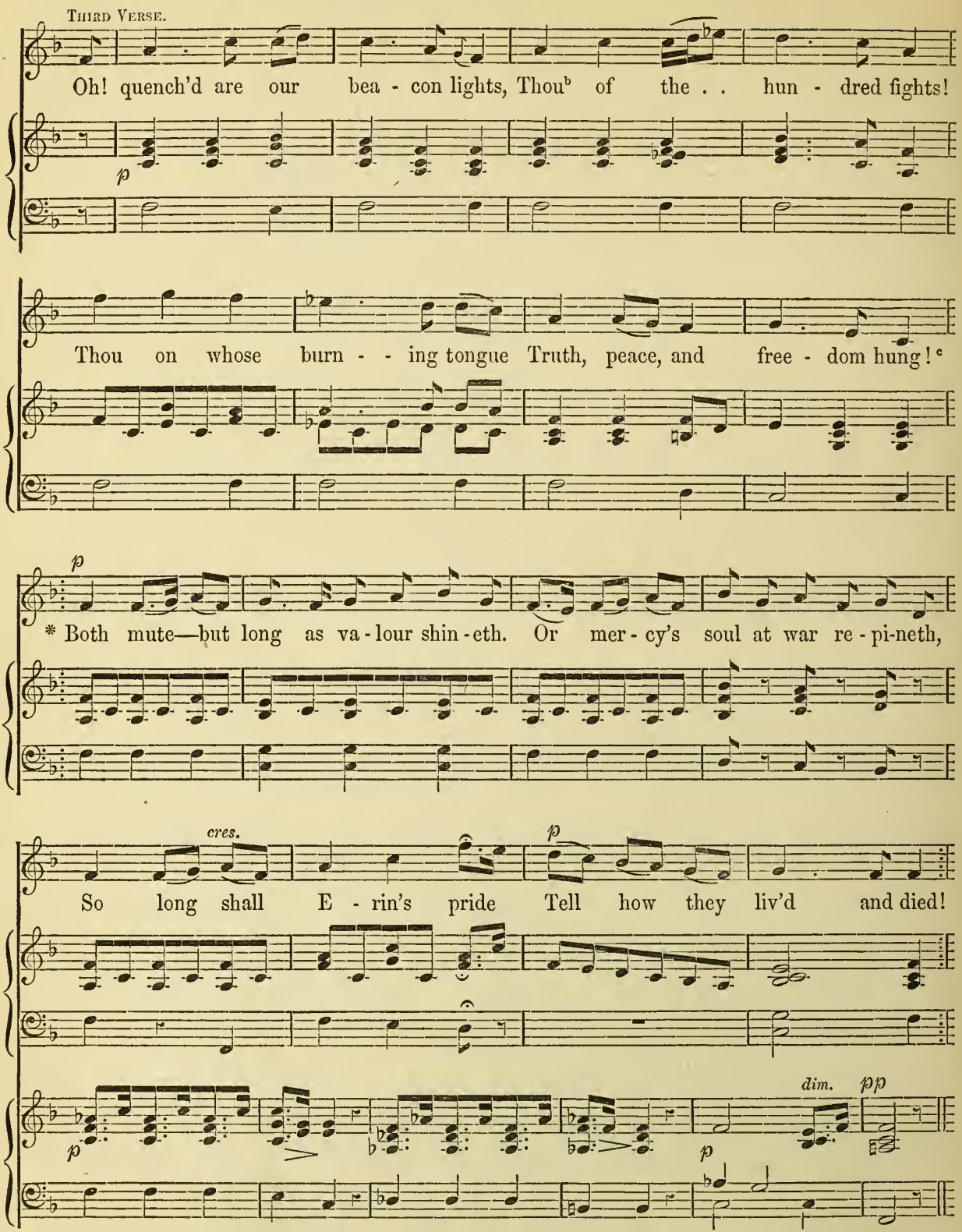

First Voice.
Peace to each man - ly soul that sleep-eth, Rest to each faith-ful eye that weepeth,
Second Voice.
Tenor.
Peace to the man - ly soul that sleep-eth, Rest to each eye that weepeth
Bass.
Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the He - ro's grave,
Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the He - ro's grave,


p
Peace to each man - ly Soul that sleepeth, Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth!
Peace to each Soul that sleepeth, Rest to each eye that weepeth!
Peace to each man - ly Soul that sleepeth, Rest to each eye that weepeth!
Peace, peace, Rest to each eye . . . that weepeth!
Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the He - ro's grave.
Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the He - ro's grave.
Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the He - ro's grave.
Long may the fair and brave Sigh . . . o'er the He - ro's grave.
p
dim.
p



[a] I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character, which it is my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude to the sad and ominous fatality, by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men, at a moment when she most requires all the aids of talent and integrity.

* For the harmonization see First Verse.



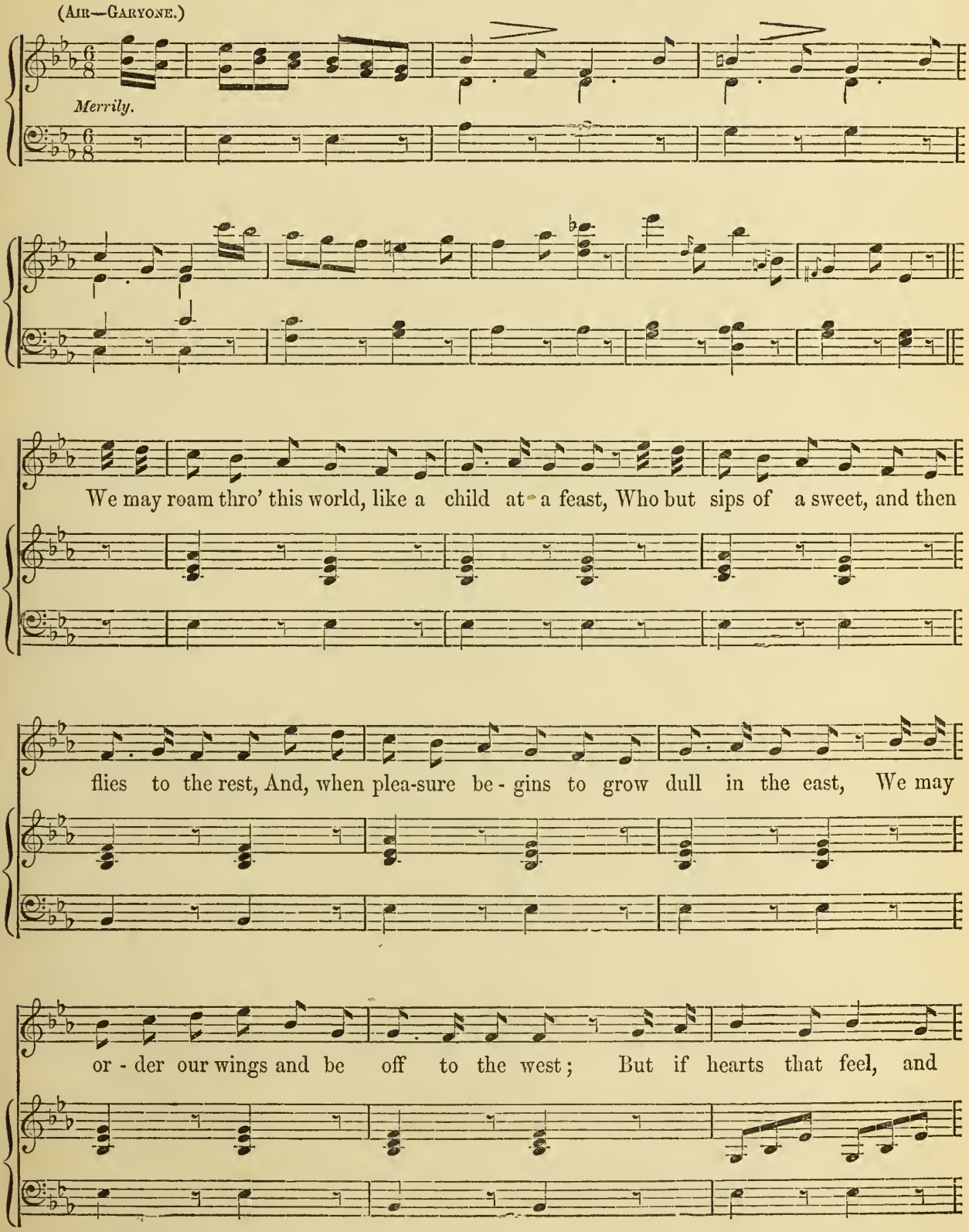
[b] This designation, which has been before applied to Lord Nelson, is the title given to a celebrated Irish Hero, in a Poem by O'Gnive, the bard of O'Niel, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey in the South of Ireland," page 433. "Con of the hundred Fights, s'eep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories."

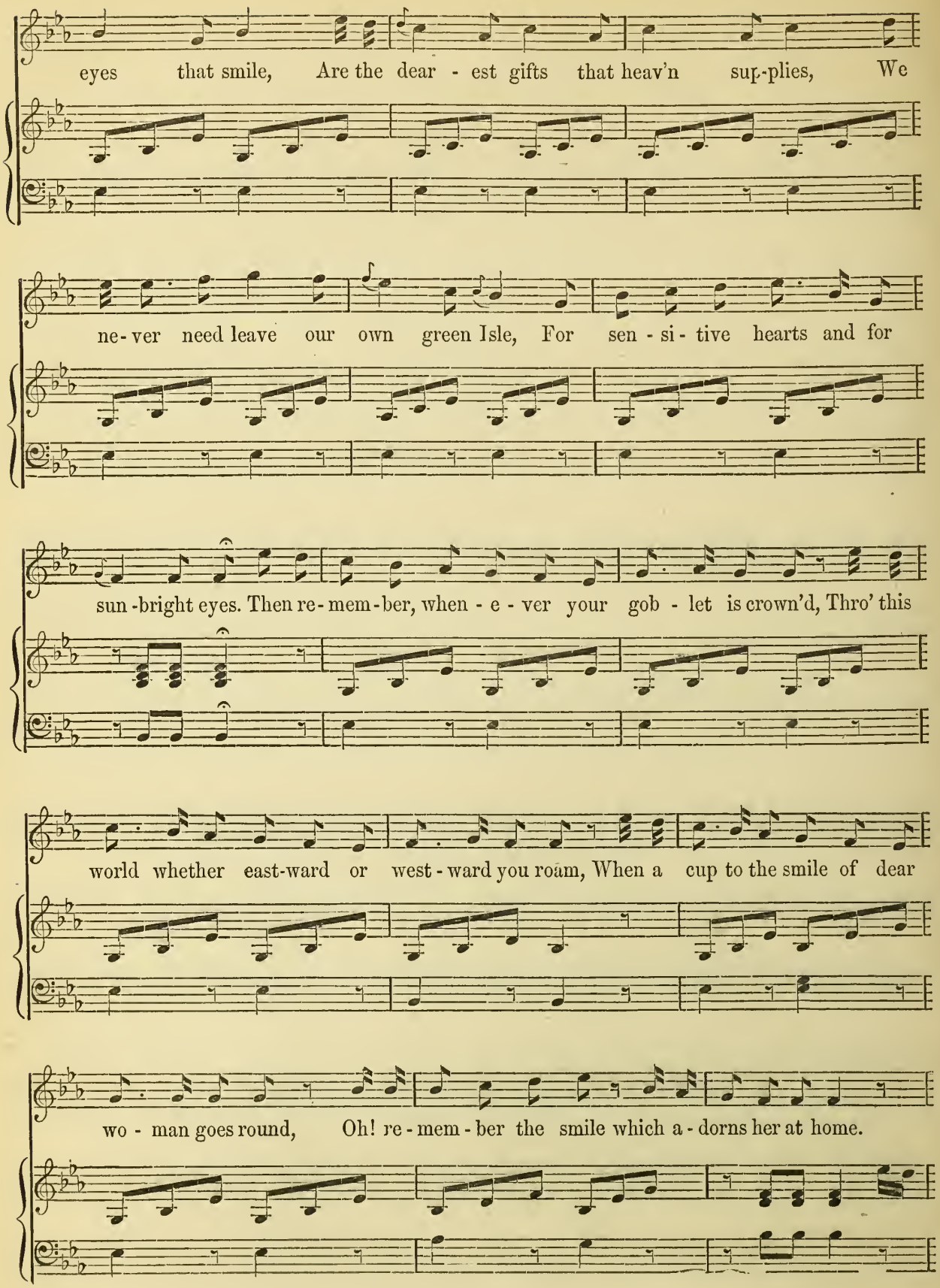
[c] "Fox, Romanorum ultimus."

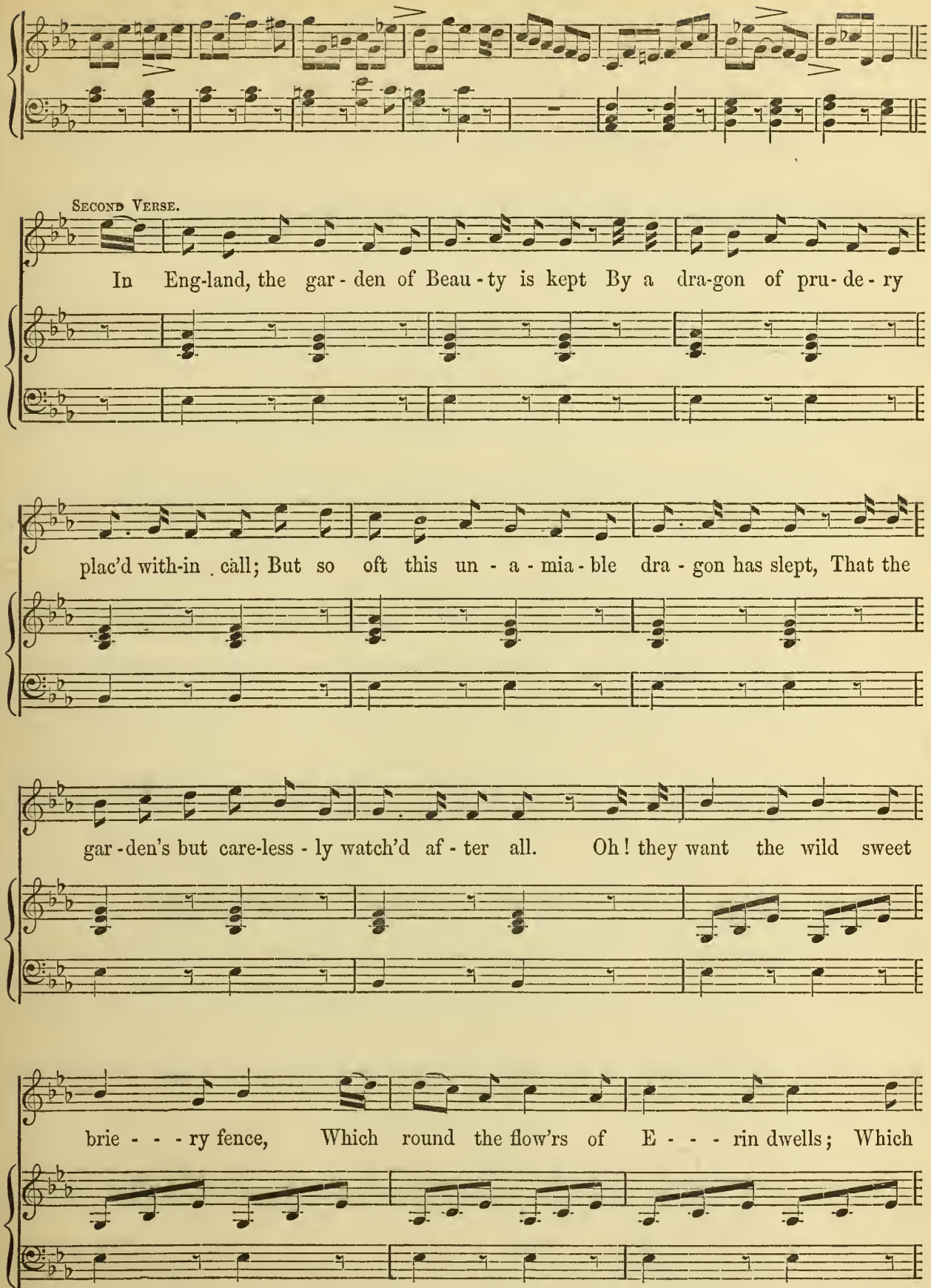
* For the harmonization see First Verse.

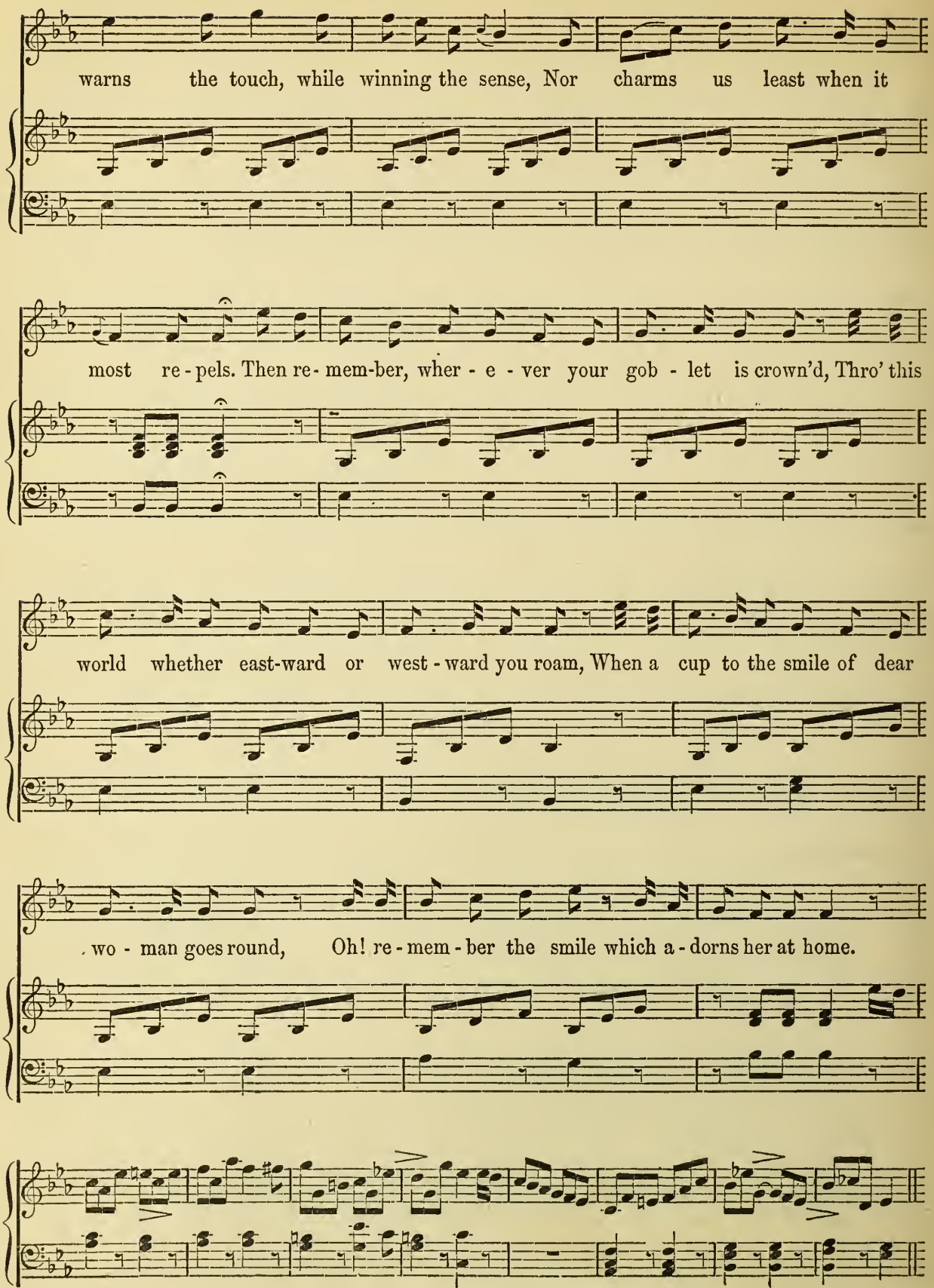
WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD.

(Air—Garyone.)

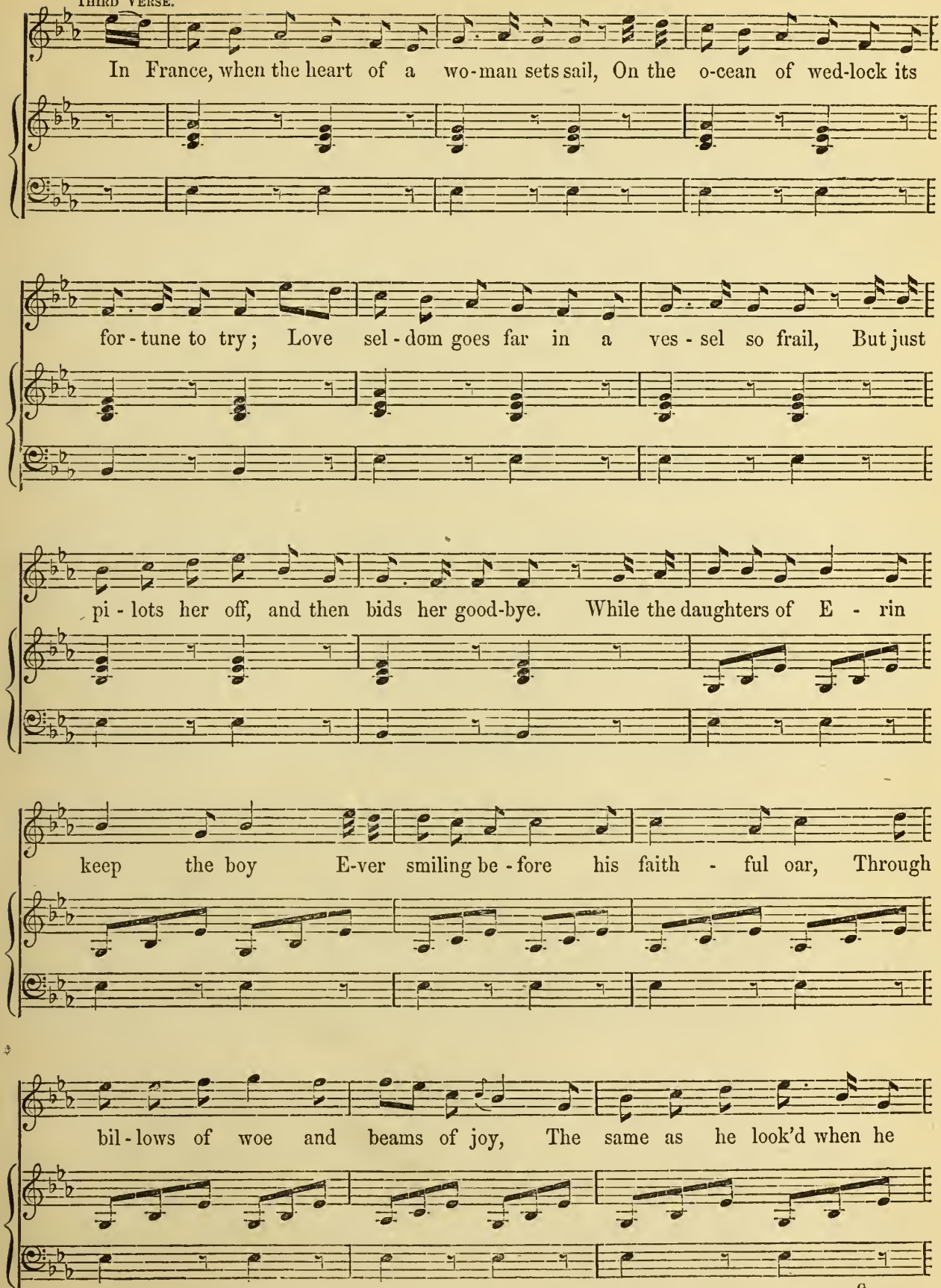


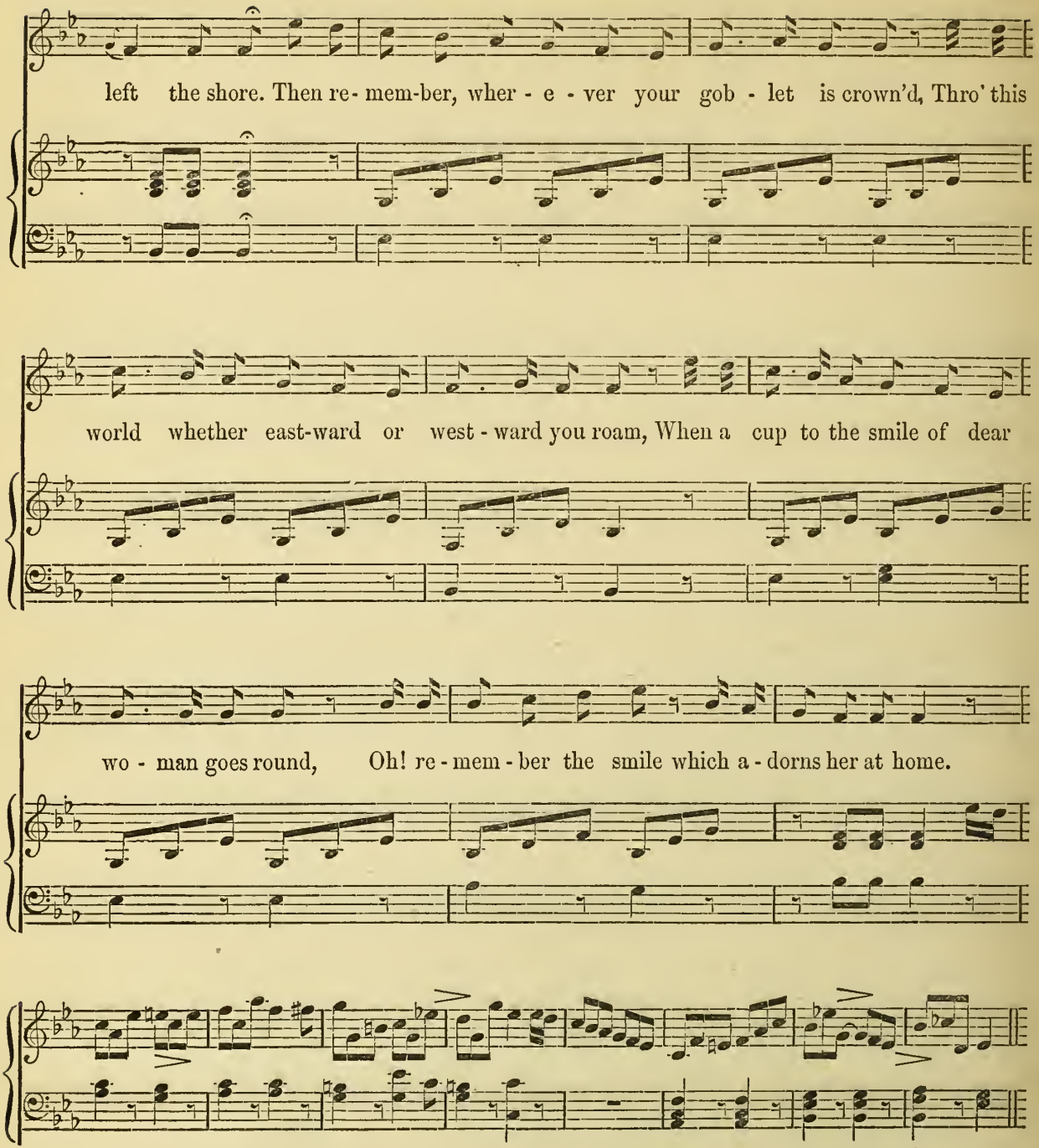

eyes that smile, Are the dear - est gifts that heav'n sup-plies, We
ne-ver need leave our own green Isle, For sen - si - tive hearts and for
sun-bright eyes. Then re-mem-ber, when - e - ver your gob - let is crown'd, Thro' this
world whether east-ward or west - ward you roam, When a cup to the smile of dear
wo - man goes round, Oh! re-mem-ber the smile which a-dorns her at home.


Second Verse.
In Eng-land, the gar - den of Beau - ty is kept By a dra-gon of pru - de - ry
plac'd with-in call; But so oft this un - a - mia - ble dra - gon has slept, That the
gar - den's but care-less - ly watch'd af - ter all. Oh! they want the wild sweet
brie - - - ry fence, Which round the flow'rs of E - - - rin dwells; Which


warns the touch, while winning the sense, Nor charms us least when it
most re-pels. Then re-mem-ber, wher-e-ver your gob-let is crown'd, Thro' this
world whether east-ward or west-ward you roam, When a cup to the smile of dear
. wo-man goes round, Oh! re-mem-ber the smile which a-dorns her at home.

Third Verse.

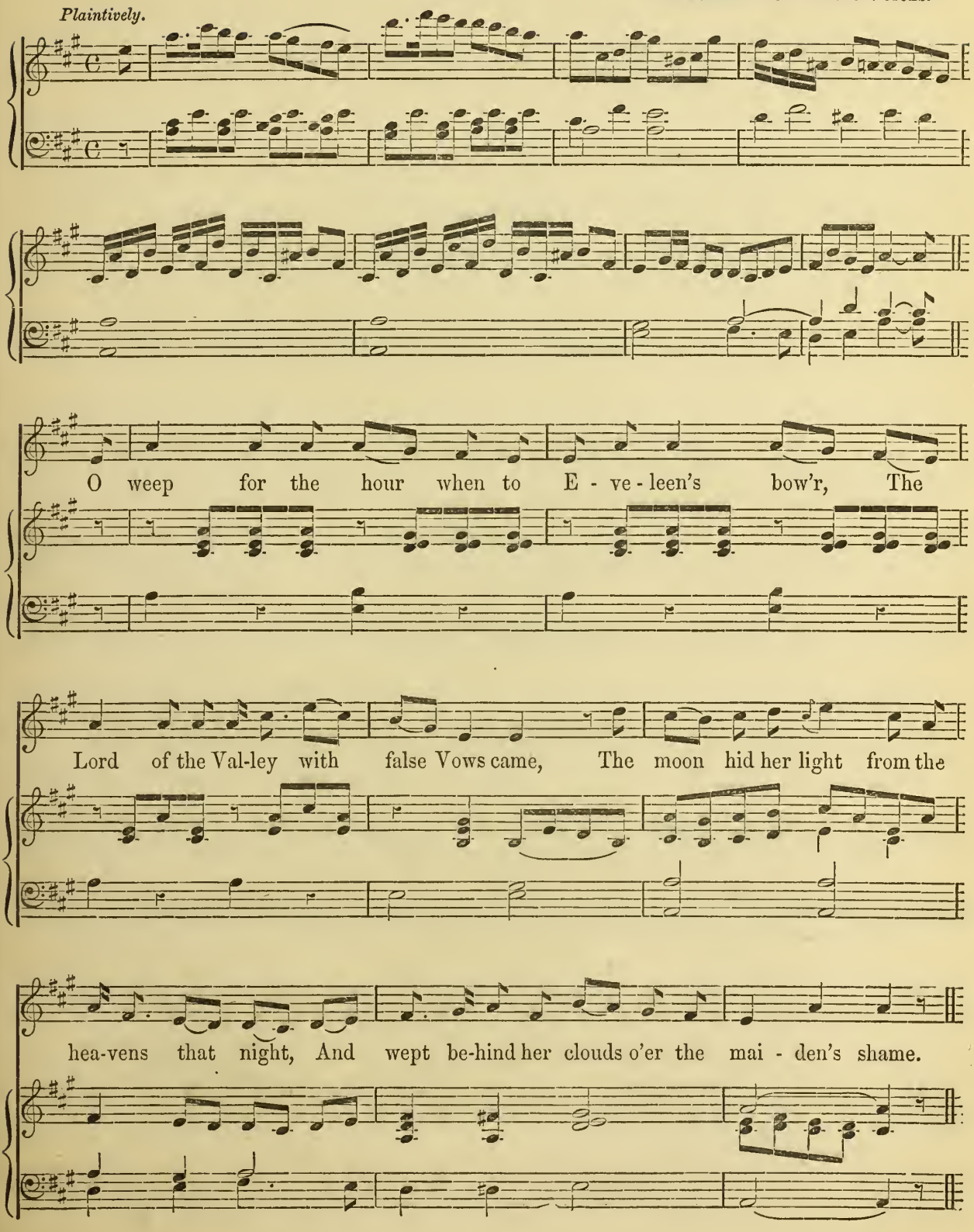

In France, when the heart of a wo-man sets sail, On the o-cean of wed-lock its
for-tune to try; Love sel-dom goes far in a ves-sel so frail, But just
pi-lots her off, and then bids her good-bye. While the daughters of E-rin
keep the boy E-ver smiling be-fore his faith-ful oar, Through
bil-lows of woe and beams of joy, The same as he look'd when he

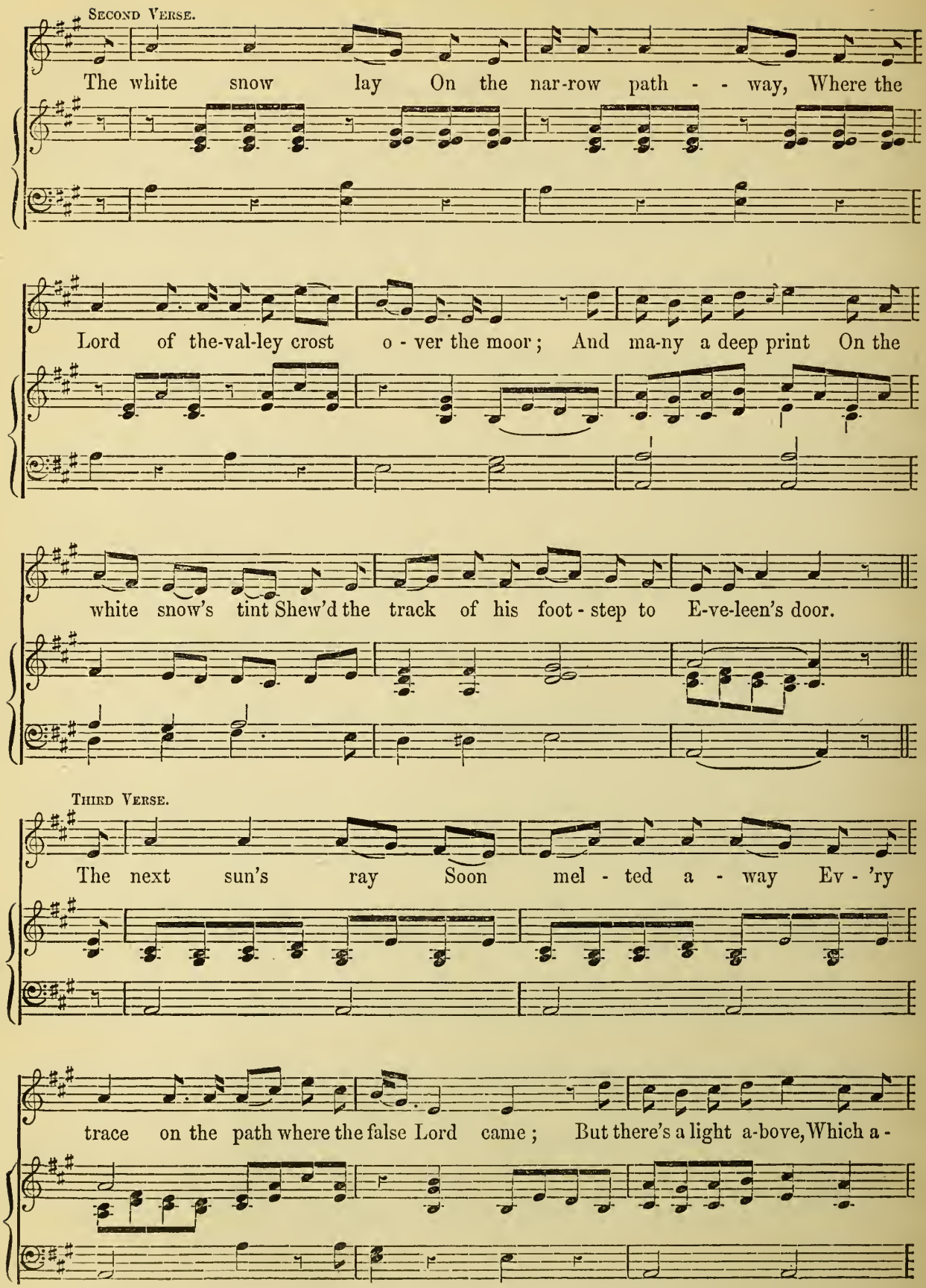

left the shore. Then re- mem-ber, wher - e - ver your gob - let is crown'd, Thro' this
world whether east-ward or west - ward you roam, When a cup to the smile of dear
wo - man goes round, Oh! re - mem - ber the smile which a - dorns her at home.

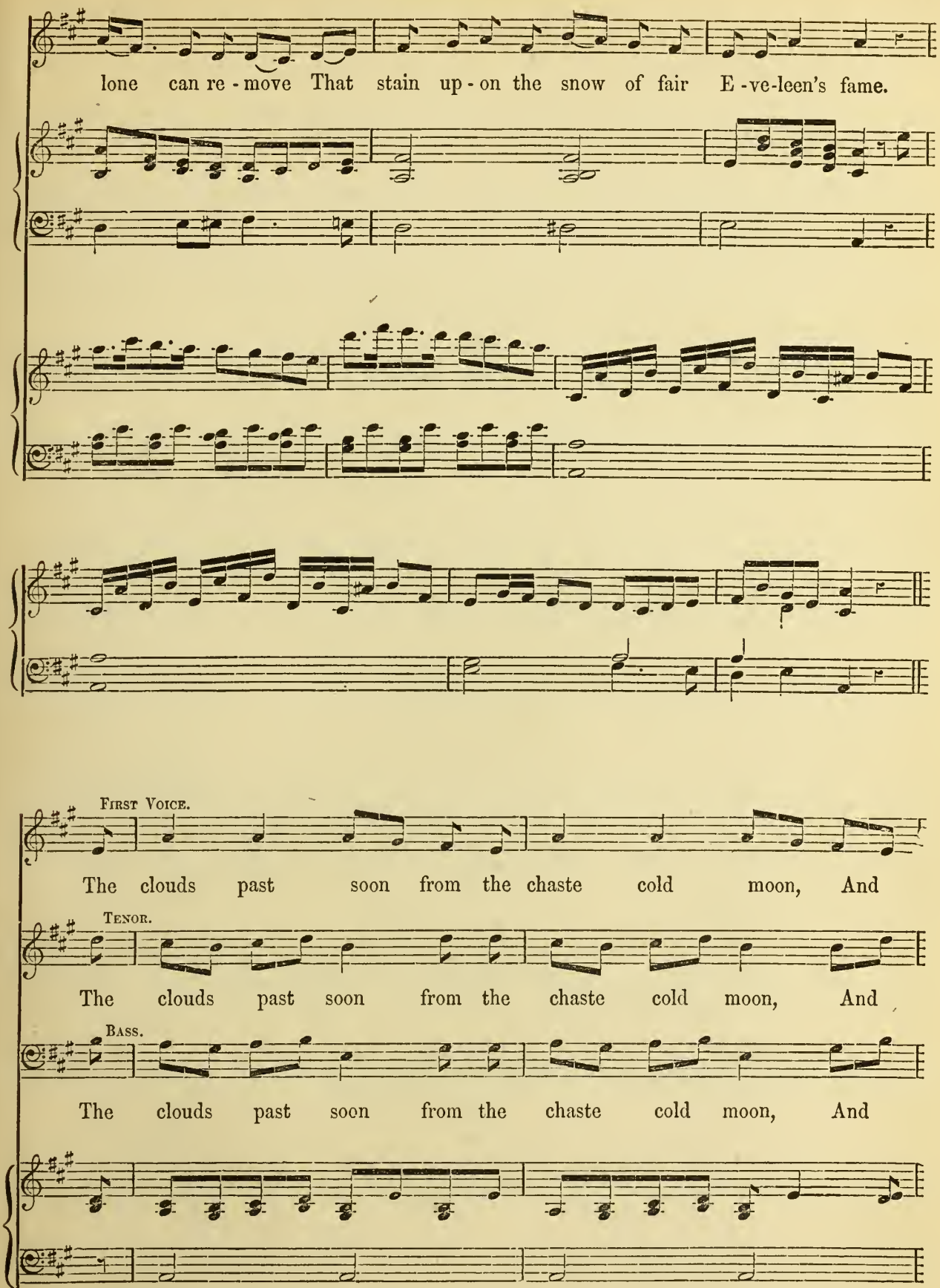
EVELEEN'S BOWER.

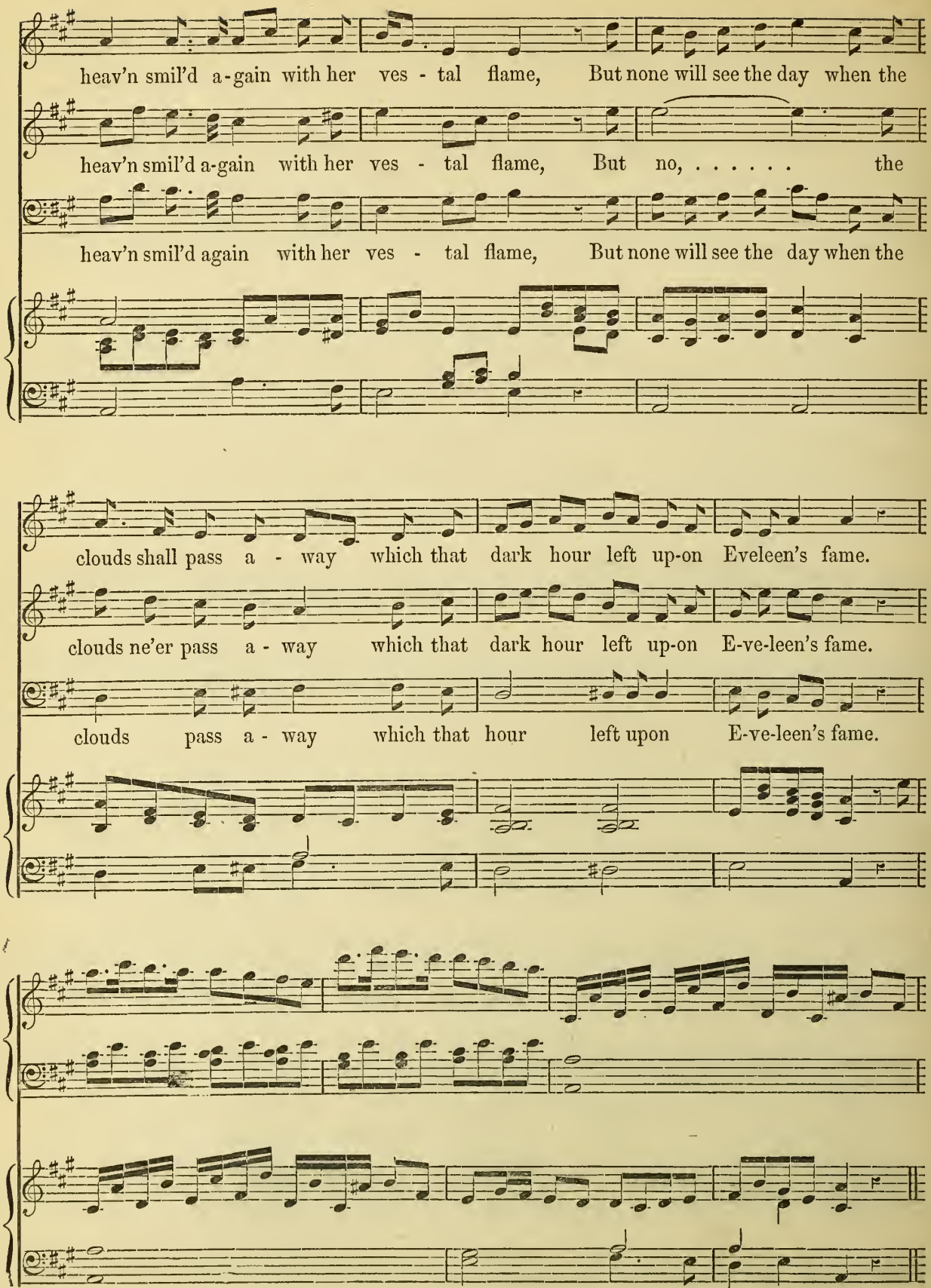
HARMONIZED FOR THREE VOICES.

Plaintively.



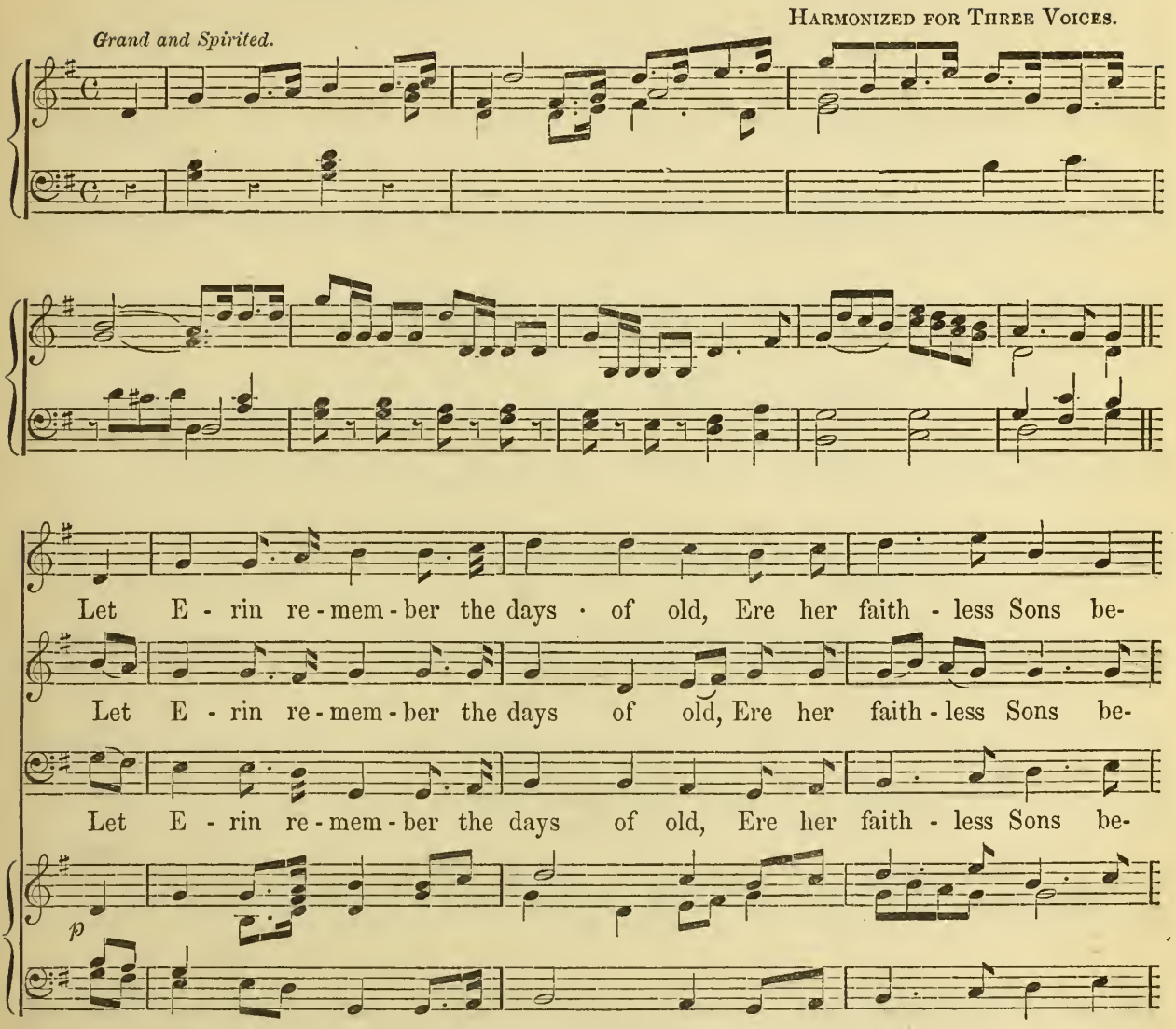

SECOND VERSE.
The white snow lay On the nar-row path - - way, Where the
Lord of the-val-ley crost o - ver the moor; And ma-ny a deep print On the
white snow's tint Shew'd the track of his foot - step to E-ve-leen's door.
THIRD VERSE.
The next sun's ray Soon mel - ted a - way Ev - 'ry
trace on the path where the false Lord came; But there's a light a-bove, Which a -


lone can re - move That stain up - on the snow of fair E - ve-leen's fame.
FIRST VOICE.
The clouds past soon from the chaste cold moon, And
TENOR.
The clouds past soon from the chaste cold moon, And
BASS.
The clouds past soon from the chaste cold moon, And


heav'n smil'd a-gain with her ves - tal flame, But none will see the day when the
heav'n smil'd a-gain with her ves - tal flame, But no, ... the
heav'n smil'd again with her ves - tal flame, But none will see the day when the
clouds shall pass a - way which that dark hour left up-on Eveleen's fame.
clouds ne'er pass a - way which that dark hour left up-on E-ve-leen's fame.
clouds pass a - way which that hour left upon E-ve-leen's fame.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

HARMONIZED FOR THREE VOICES.



* " This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch of Ireland in the 10th century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory."

WARNER'S HISTORY OF IRELAND, Vol. I. Book 9.

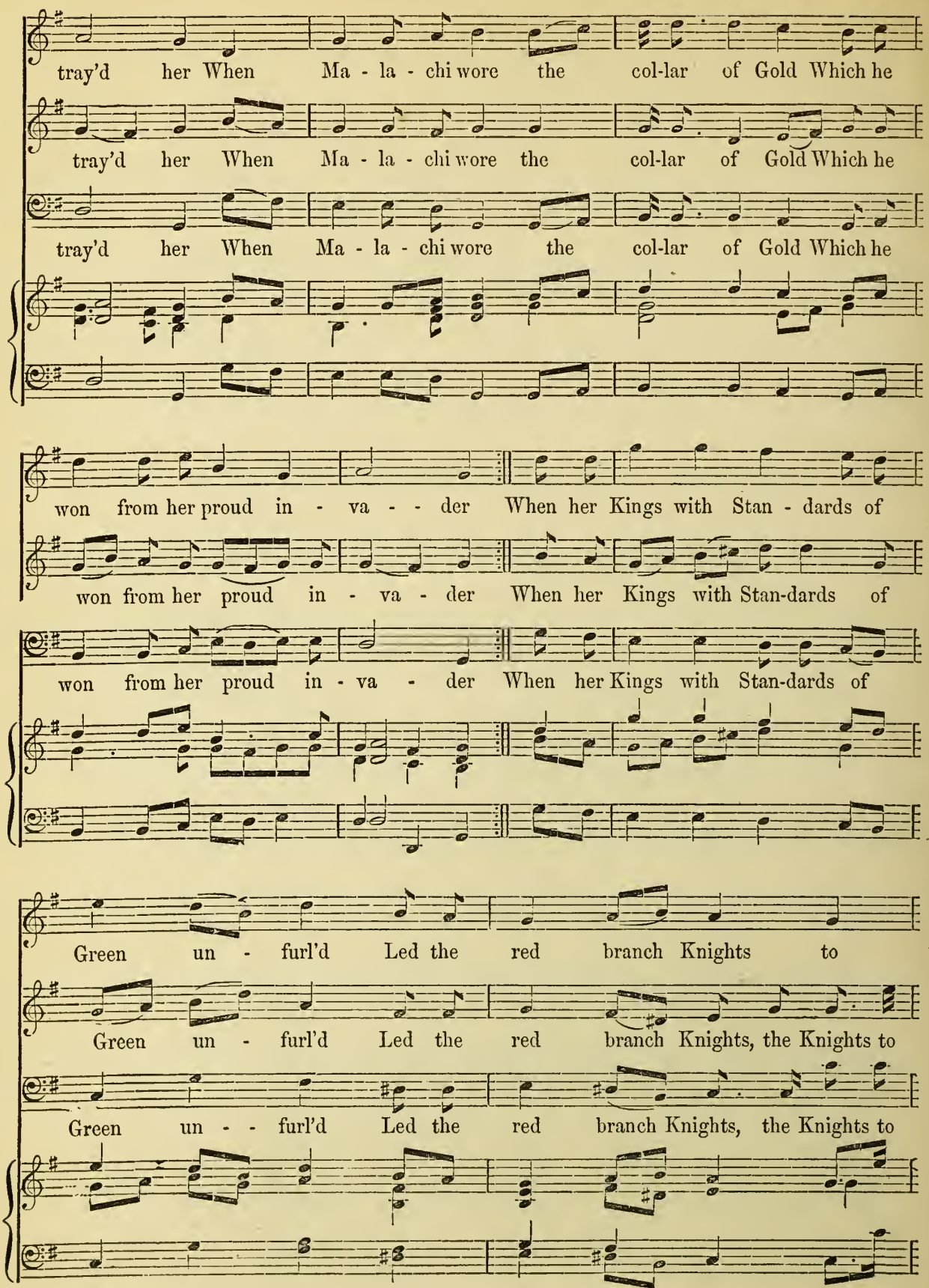
† " Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland; long before the birth of Christ we find an hereditary order of Chivalry in Ulster, called *curaidhe na Craoibheruadh*, or the knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania adjoining to the palace of the Ulster kings, called *Teagh na Craiobhe ruadh*, or the Academy of the Red Branch; and contiguous to which was a large Hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called *Bron-bheary*, or the house of the sorrowful soldier."

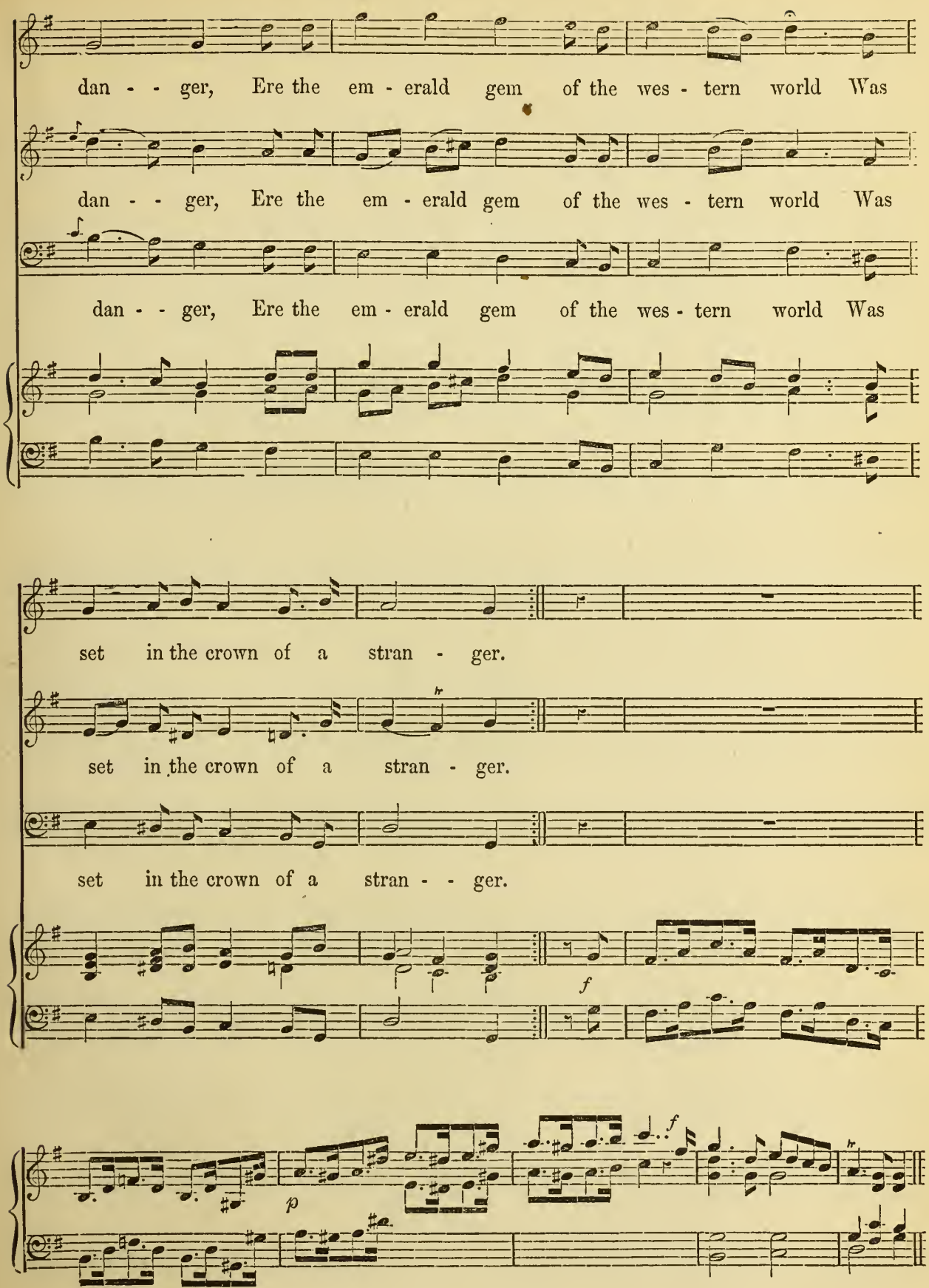
O'HALLORAN'S INTRODUCTION, &c. Part I. Chap. 5.

The inscription upon Connor's tomb (for the fac-simile of which I am indebted to Mr. Murphy, Chaplain of the late Lady Moira) has not, I believe, been noticed by any antiquarian or traveller.

‡ It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water. "*Piscatores aquæ illius turres ecclesiasticas, quæ more patriæ arctæ sunt et altæ, necnon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste, sereno tempore conspiciunt et extraneis transeuntibus reique causas admirantibus frequenter ostendunt.*

TOPOGR. HIB. DIST. 2. C. 9.


tray'd her When Ma - la - chi wore the col-lar of Gold Which he
tray'd her When Ma - la - chi wore the col-lar of Gold Which he
tray'd her When Ma - la - chi wore the col-lar of Gold Which he
won from her proud in - va - - der When her Kings with Stan - dards of
won from her proud in - va - der When her Kings with Stan-dards of
won from her proud in - va - der When her Kings with Stan-dards of
Green un - furl'd Led the red branch Knights to
Green un - furl'd Led the red branch Knights, the Knights to
Green un - - furl'd Led the red branch Knights, the Knights to


dan - - ger, Ere the em - erald gem of the wes - tern world Was
dan - - ger, Ere the em - erald gem of the wes - tern world Was
dan - - ger, Ere the em - erald gem of the wes - tern world Was
set in the crown of a stran - ger.
set in the crown of a stran - ger.
set in the crown of a stran - - ger.
f
p
f

SECOND VERSE.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fish- er-man strays, When the clear cold eve's de-

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fish- er-man strays, When the clear cold eve's de-

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fish- er-man strays, When the clear cold eve's de-

p

clin - - ing, He sees the round tow'rs of o - - ther days In the

clin - - ing, He sees the round tow'rs of o - - ther days In the

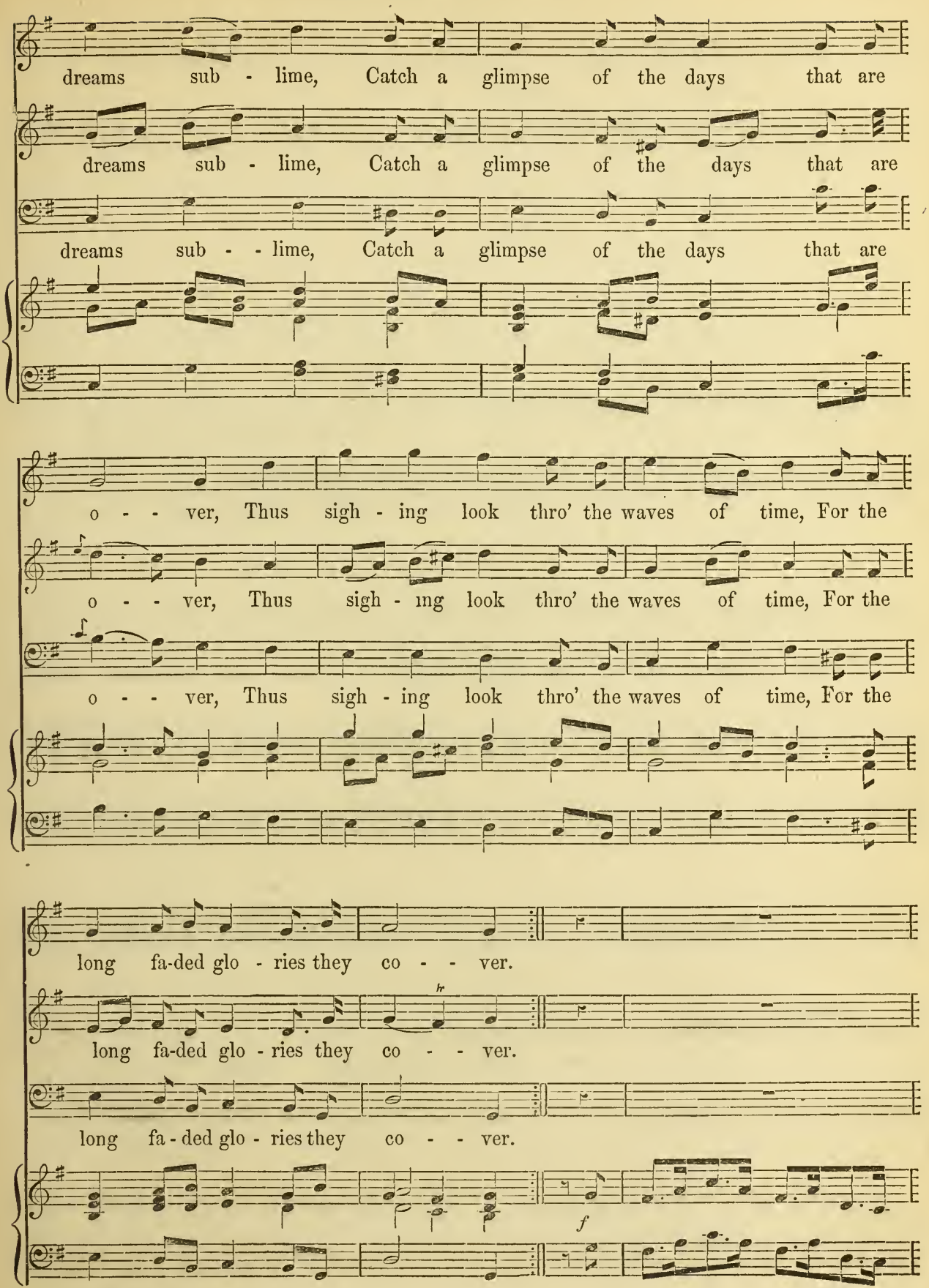
clin - - ing, He sees the round tow'rs of o - - ther days In the

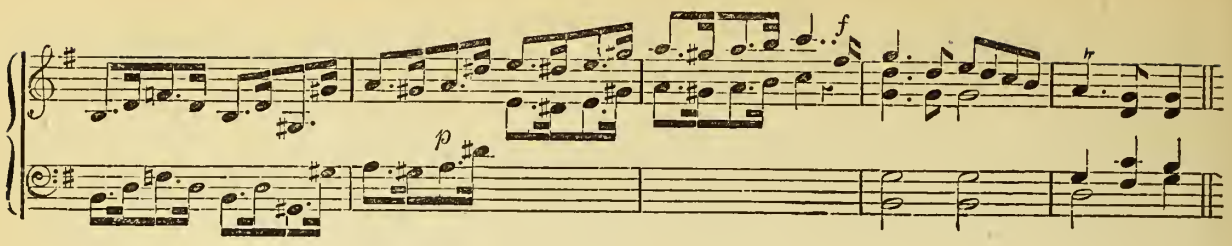
wave be - neath him shin - - ing. Thus shall mem' - ry of - ten in

tr

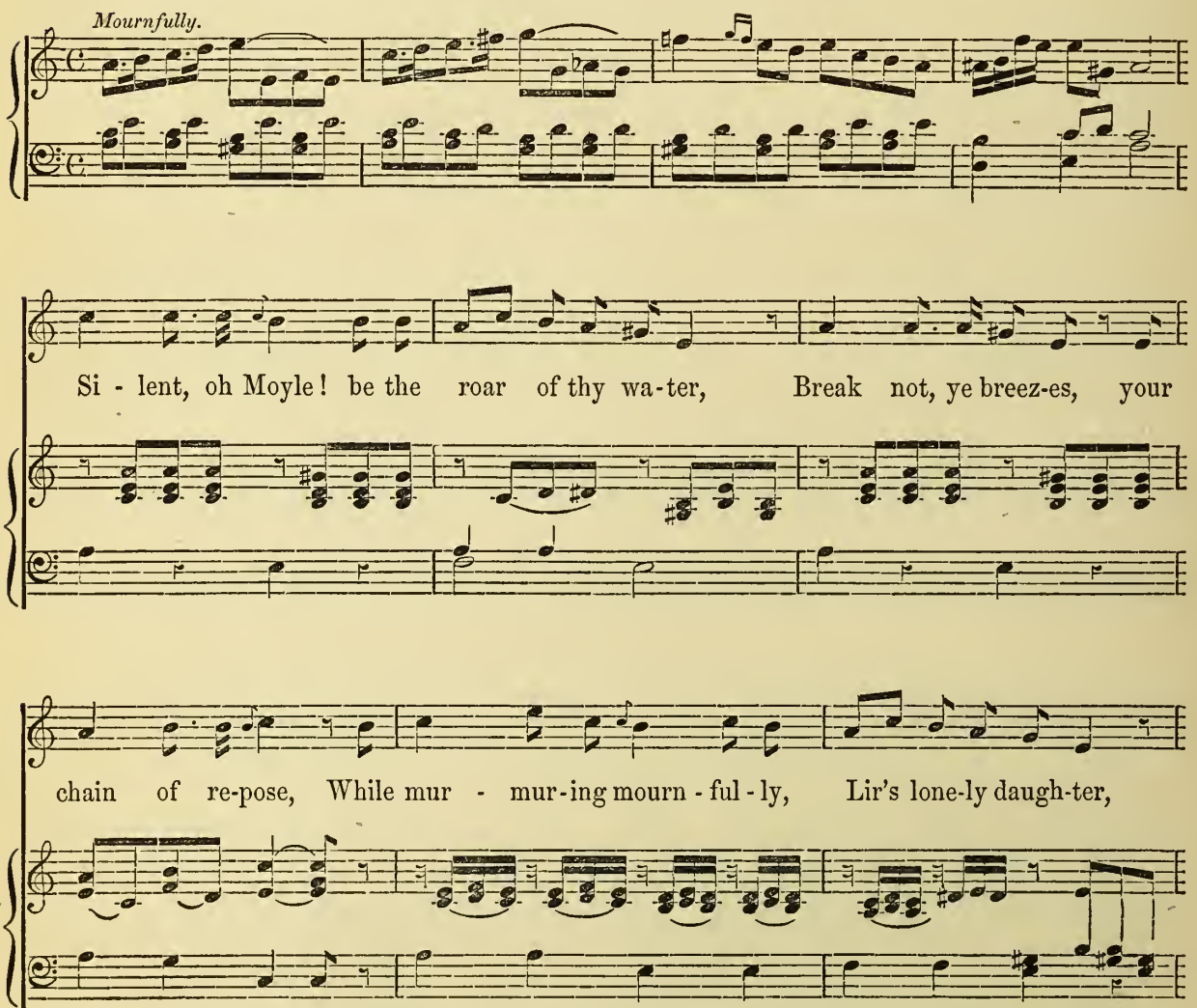
wave be - neath him shin - ing. Thus shall mem' - ry of - ten in

wave be - neath him shin - - ing, Thus shall mem' - ry of - ten in

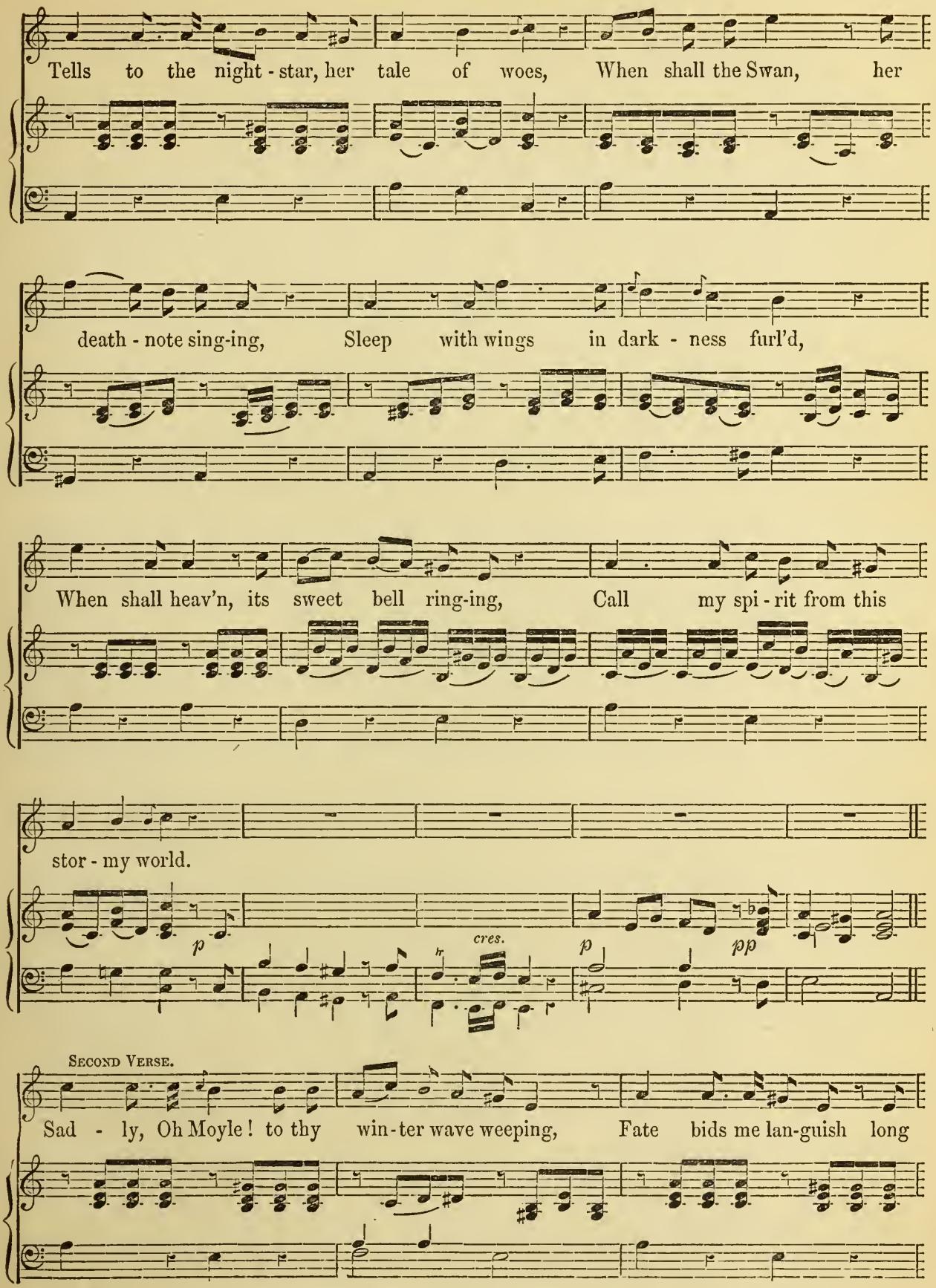

dreams sub - lime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are
dreams sub - lime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are
dreams sub - - lime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are
o - - ver, Thus sigh - ing look thro' the waves of time, For the
o - - ver, Thus sigh - ing look thro' the waves of time, For the
o - - ver, Thus sigh - ing look thro' the waves of time, For the
long fa-ded glo - ries they co - - ver.
long fa-ded glo - ries they co - - ver.
long fa - ded glo - ries they co - - ver.
f

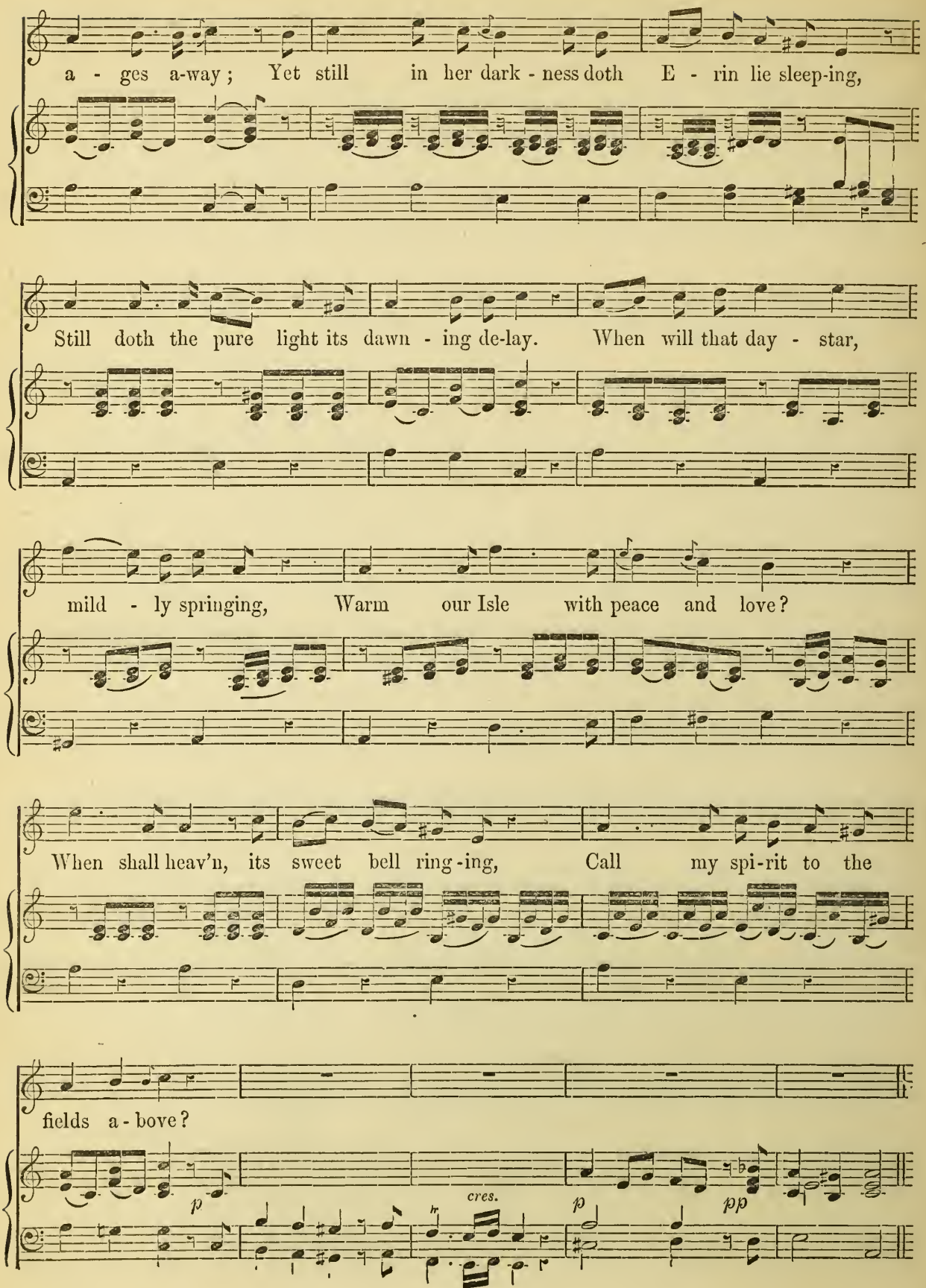


SILENT, OH MOYLE! BE THE ROAR OF THY WATER.*



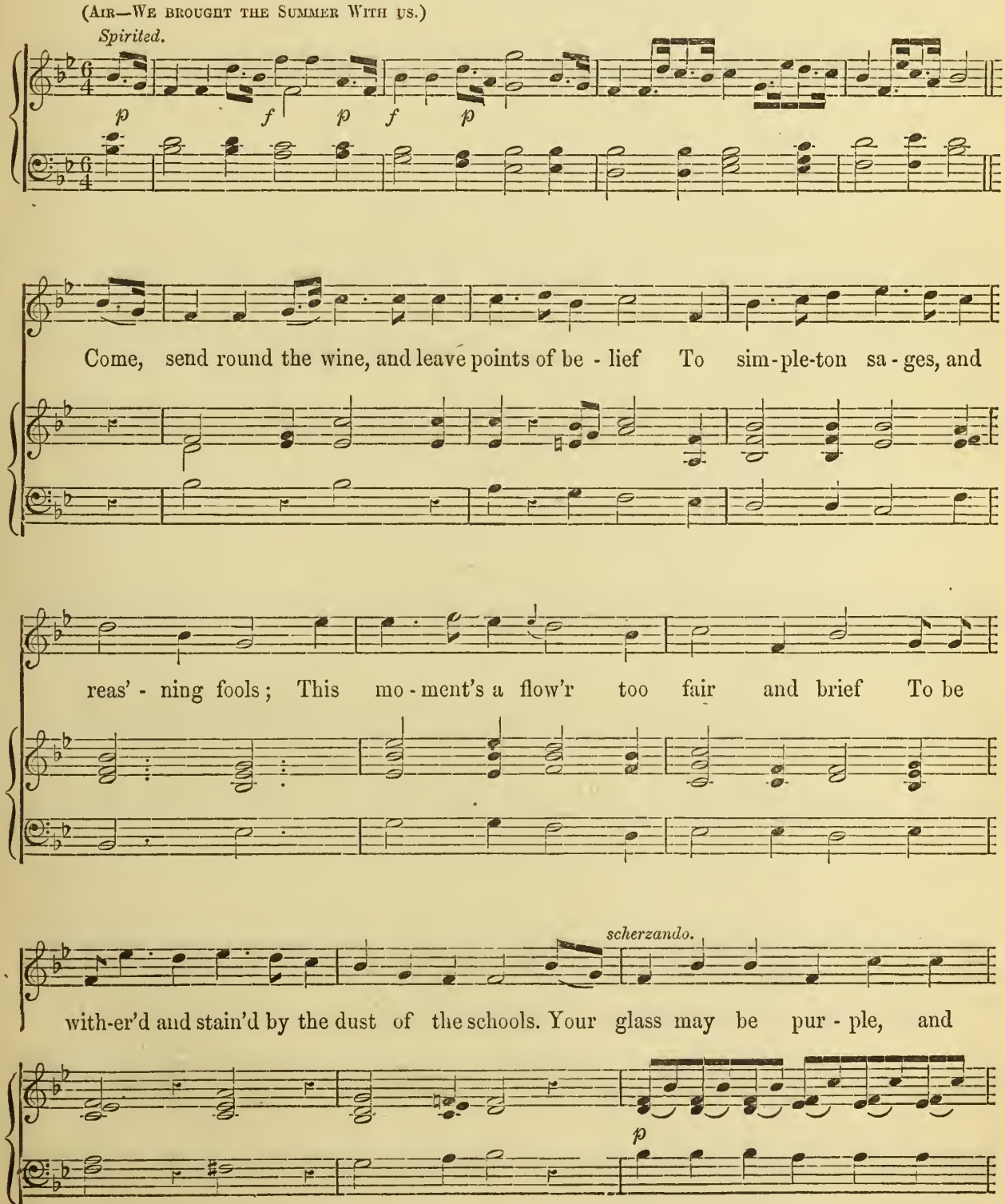
* To make this story intelligble in a song would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorized to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was by some supernatural power transformed into a Swan, and condemned to wander for many hundred years over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the Mass-bell was to be the signal of her release.—I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.

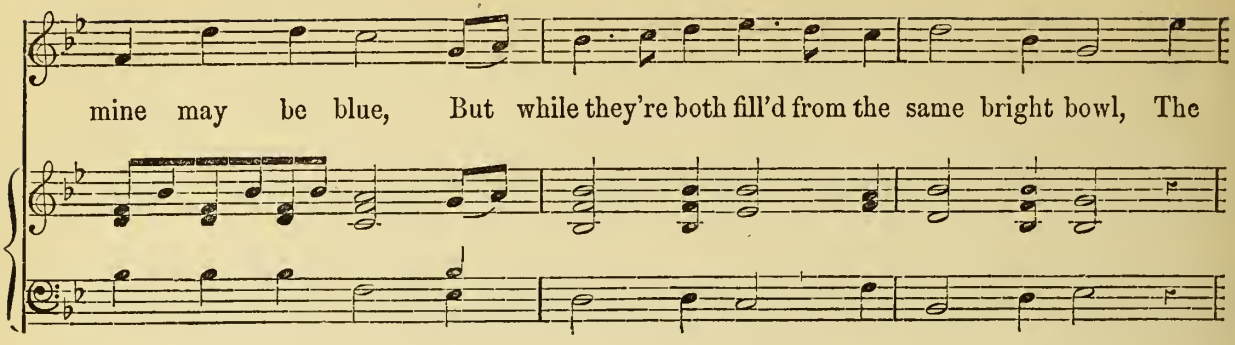

Tells to the night-star, her tale of woes, When shall the Swan, her
death-note sing-ing, Sleep with wings in dark-ness furl'd,
When shall heav'n, its sweet bell ring-ing, Call my spi-rit from this
stor-my world.
p
cres.
p
pp
SECOND VERSE.
Sad-ly, Oh Moyle! to thy win-ter wave weeping, Fate bids me lan-guish long

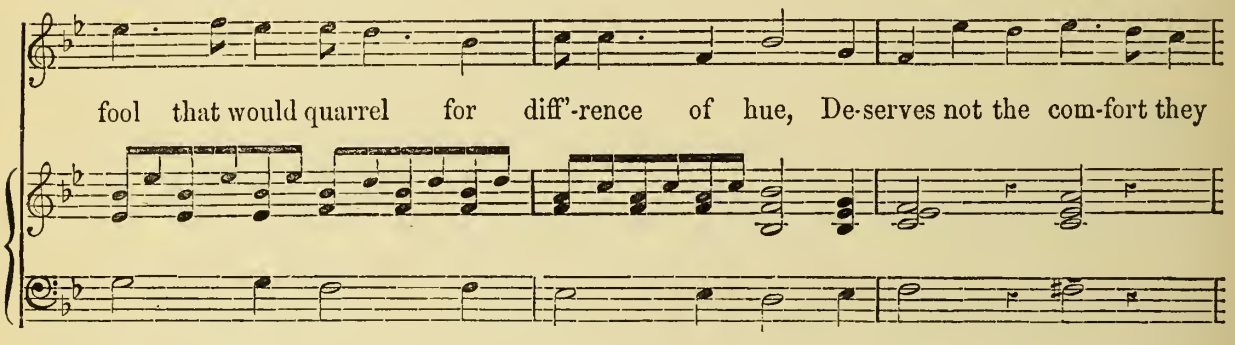

a - ges a-way; Yet still in her dark - ness doth E - rin lie sleep-ing,
Still doth the pure light its dawn - ing de-lay. When will that day - star,
mild - ly springing, Warm our Isle with peace and love?
When shall heav'n, its sweet bell ring-ing, Call my spi-rit to the
fields a - bove?
p
cres.
p
pp

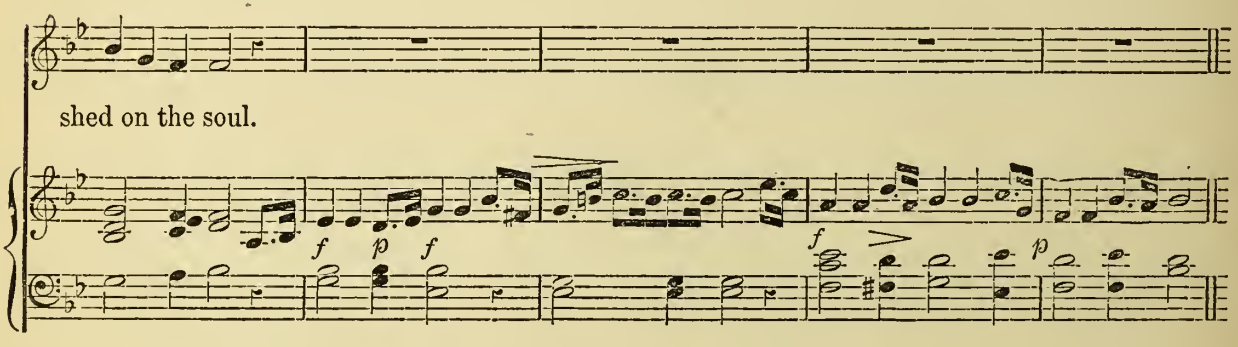
COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

(Air—We brought the Summer With us.)

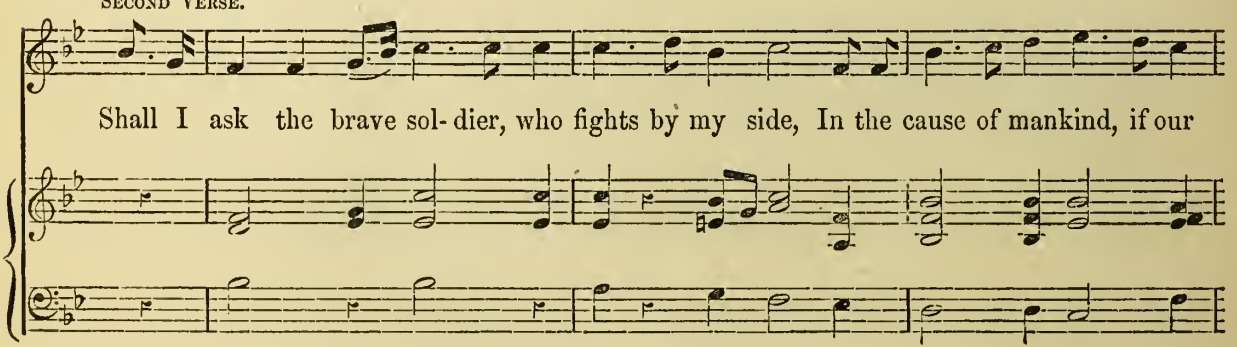


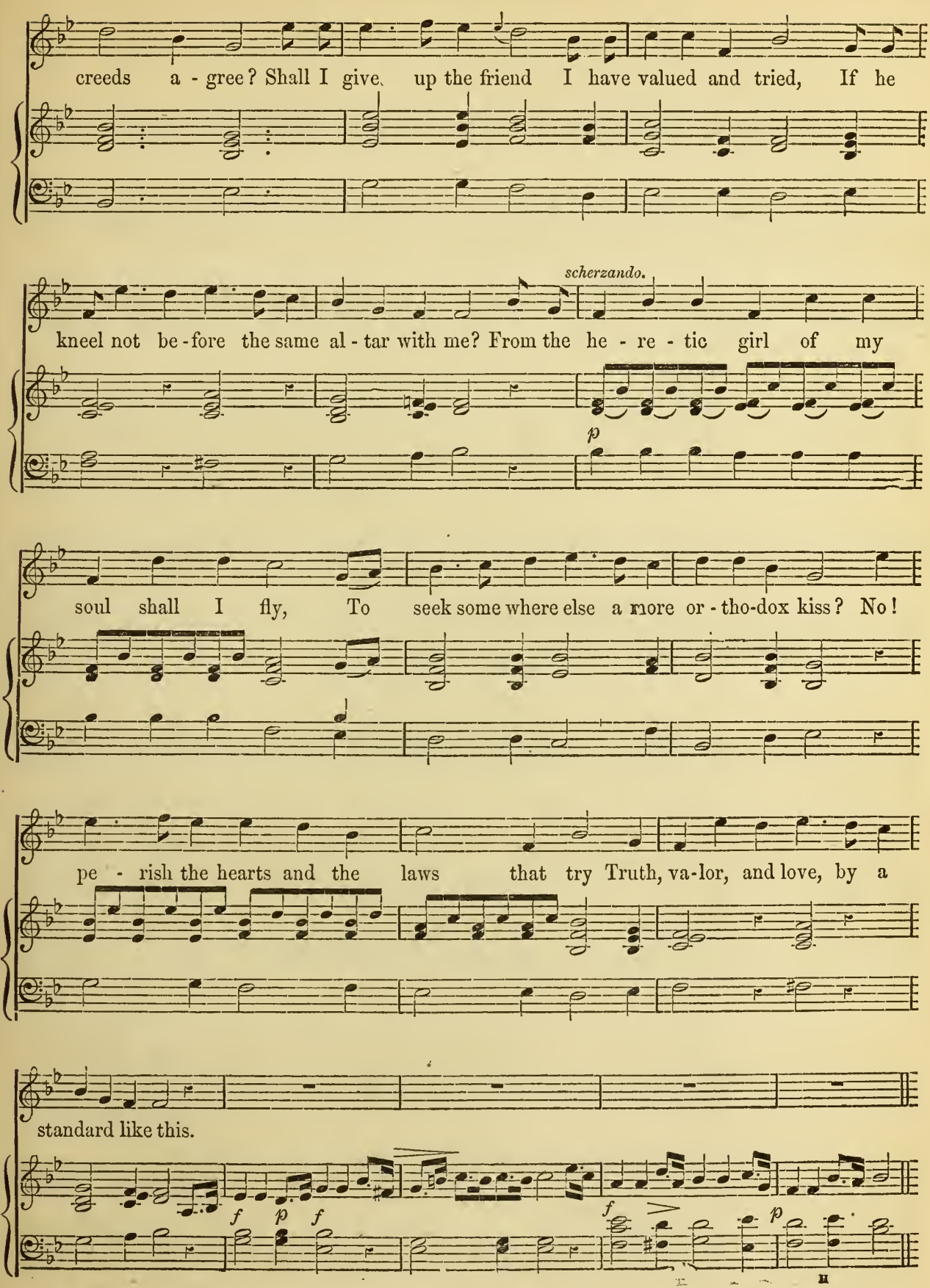






SECOND VERSE.

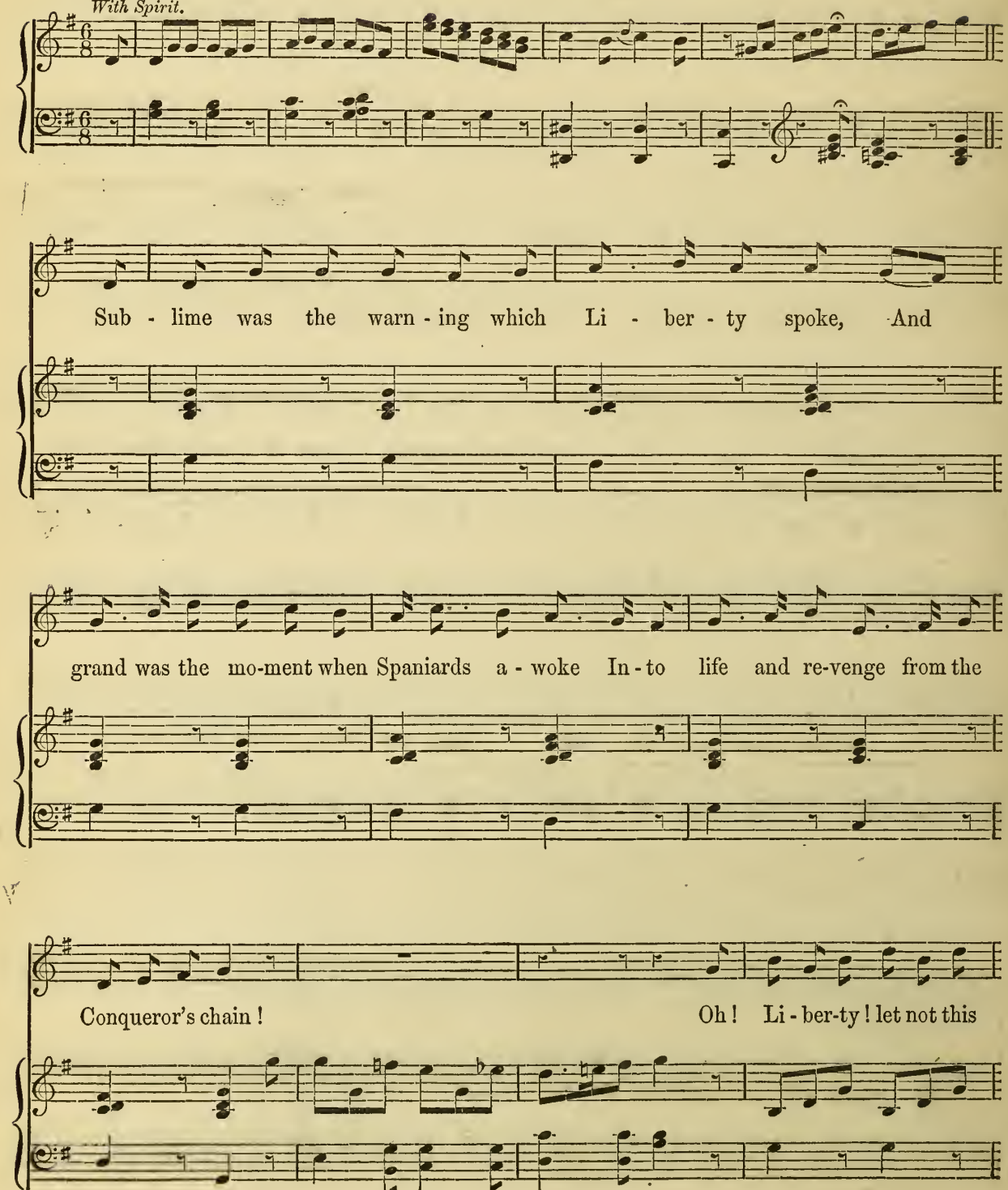


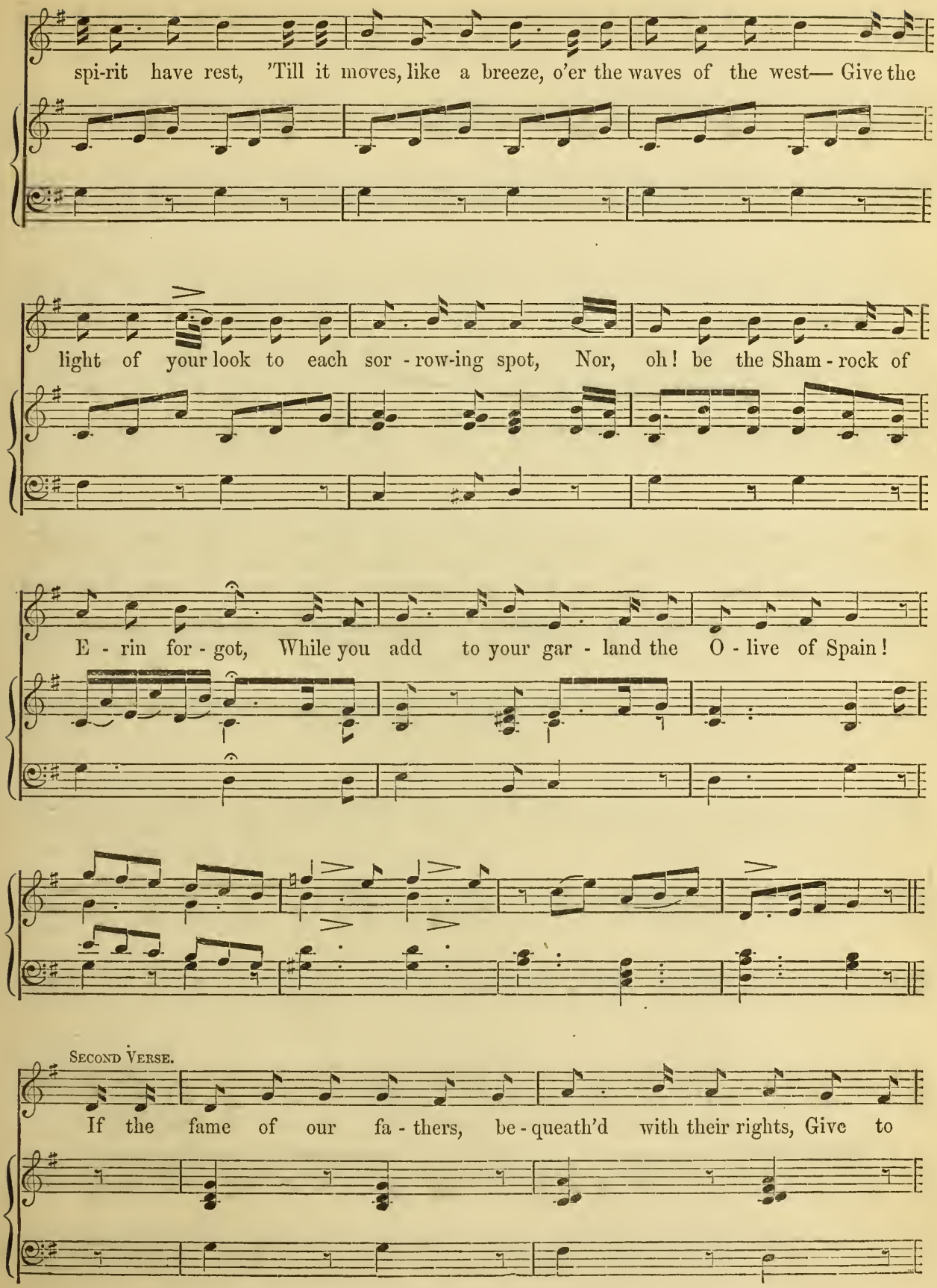

creeds a - gree? Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried, If he
scherzando.
kneel not be - fore the same al - tar with me? From the he - re - tic girl of my
p
soul shall I fly, To seek some where else a more or - tho-dox kiss? No!
pe - rish the hearts and the laws that try Truth, va-lor, and love, by a
standard like this.
f p f
f p

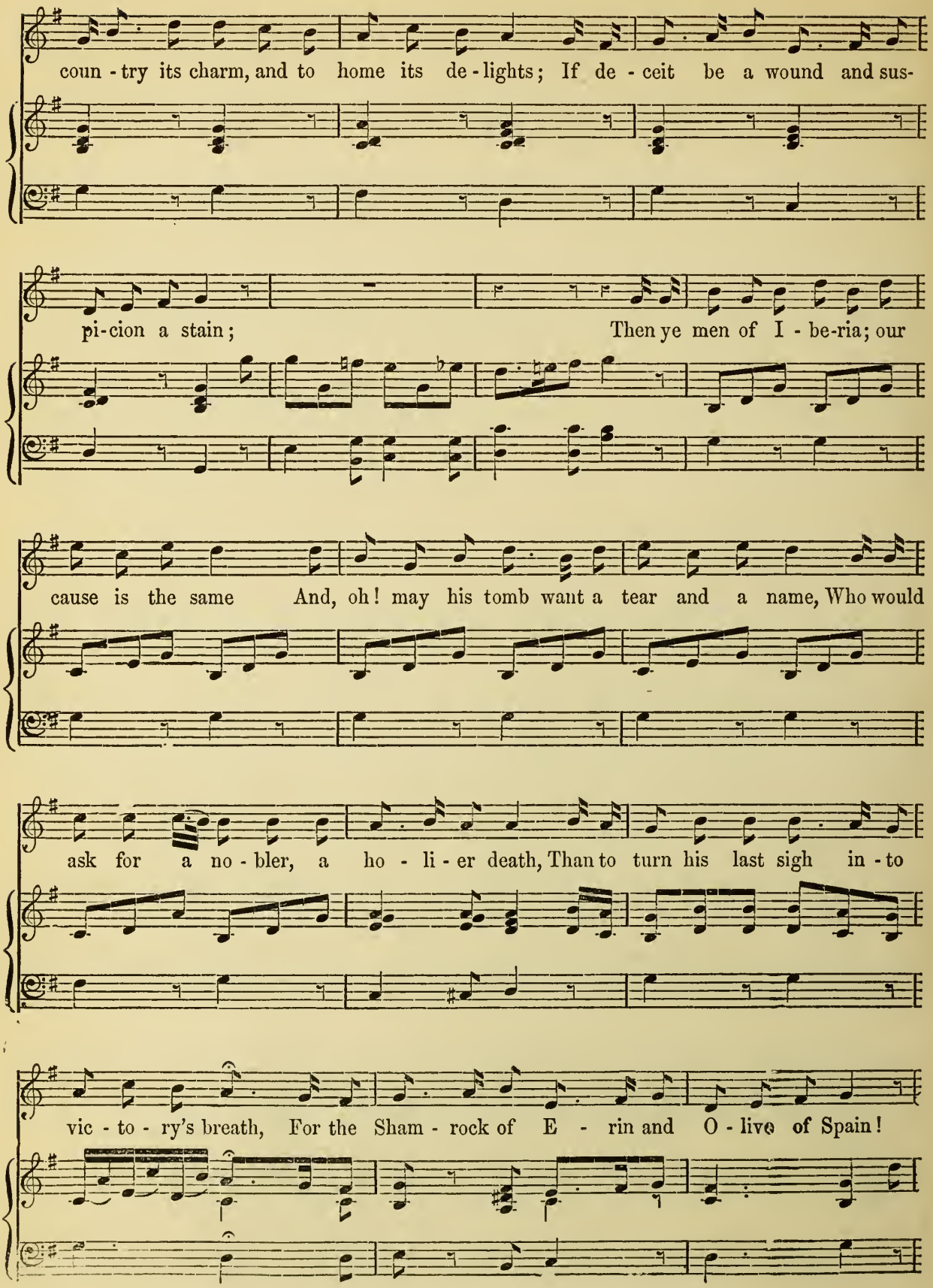
SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING WHICH LIBERTY SPOKE.

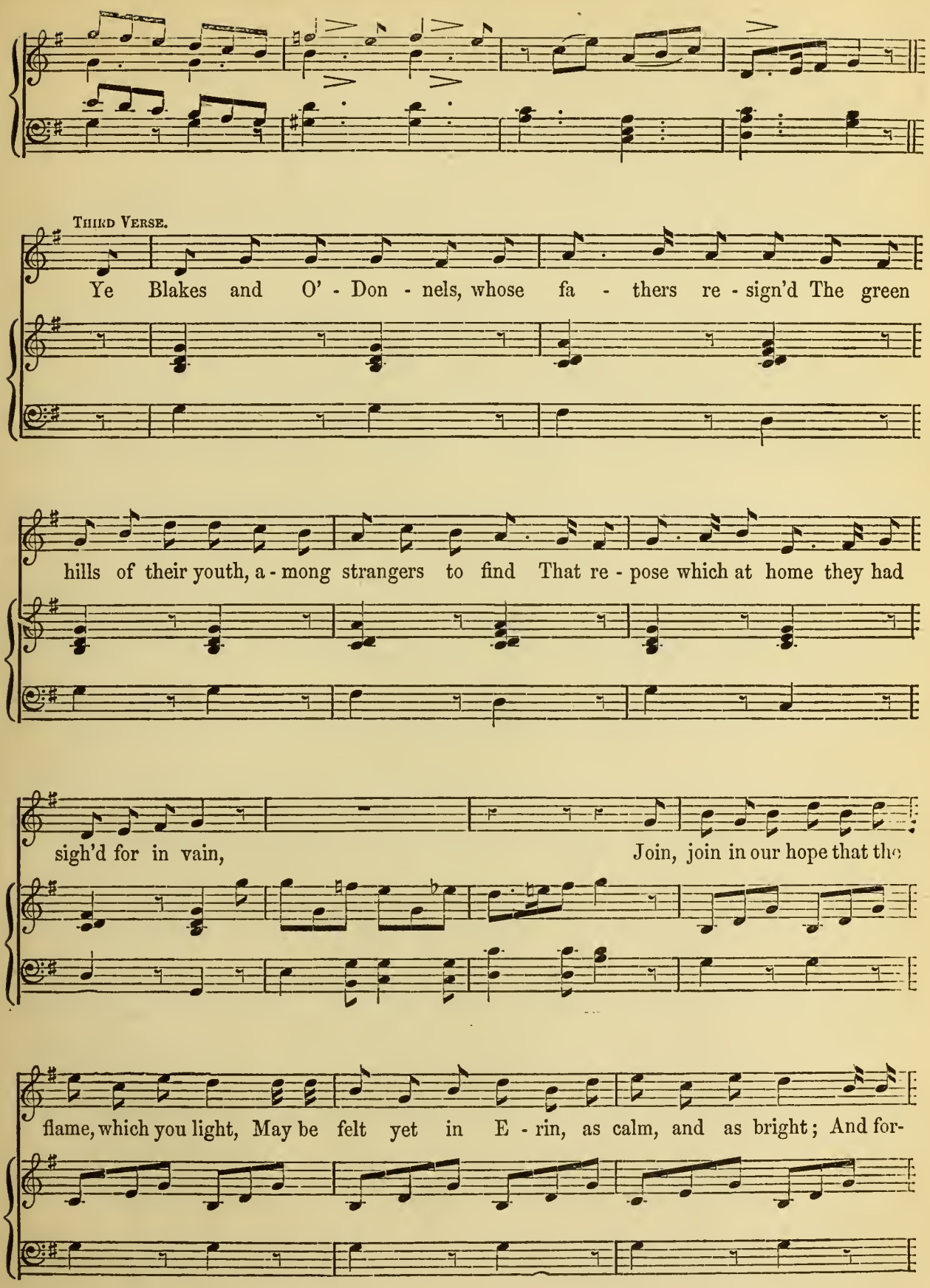
(AIR—THE BLACK JOKE.)

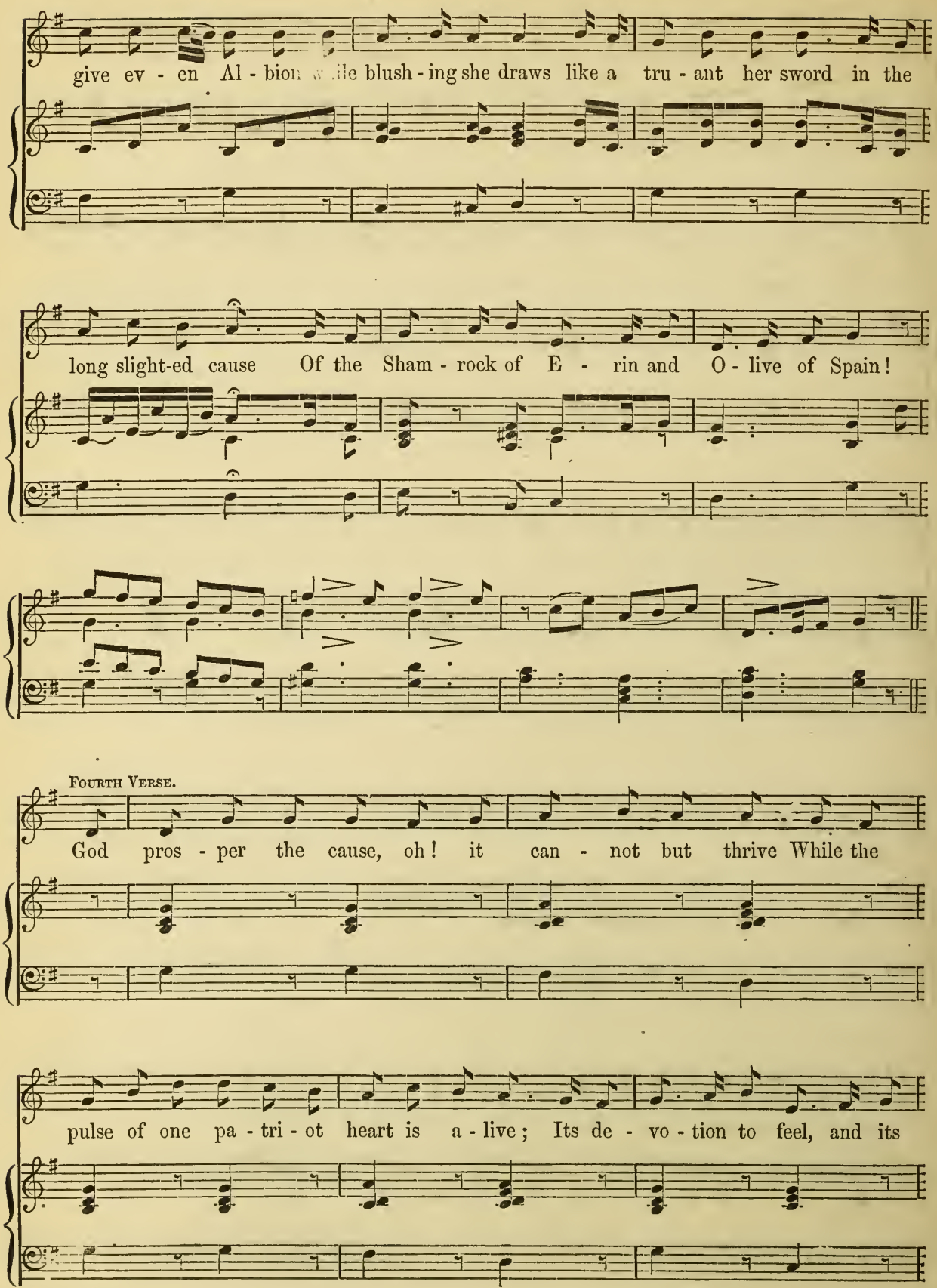
With Spirit.

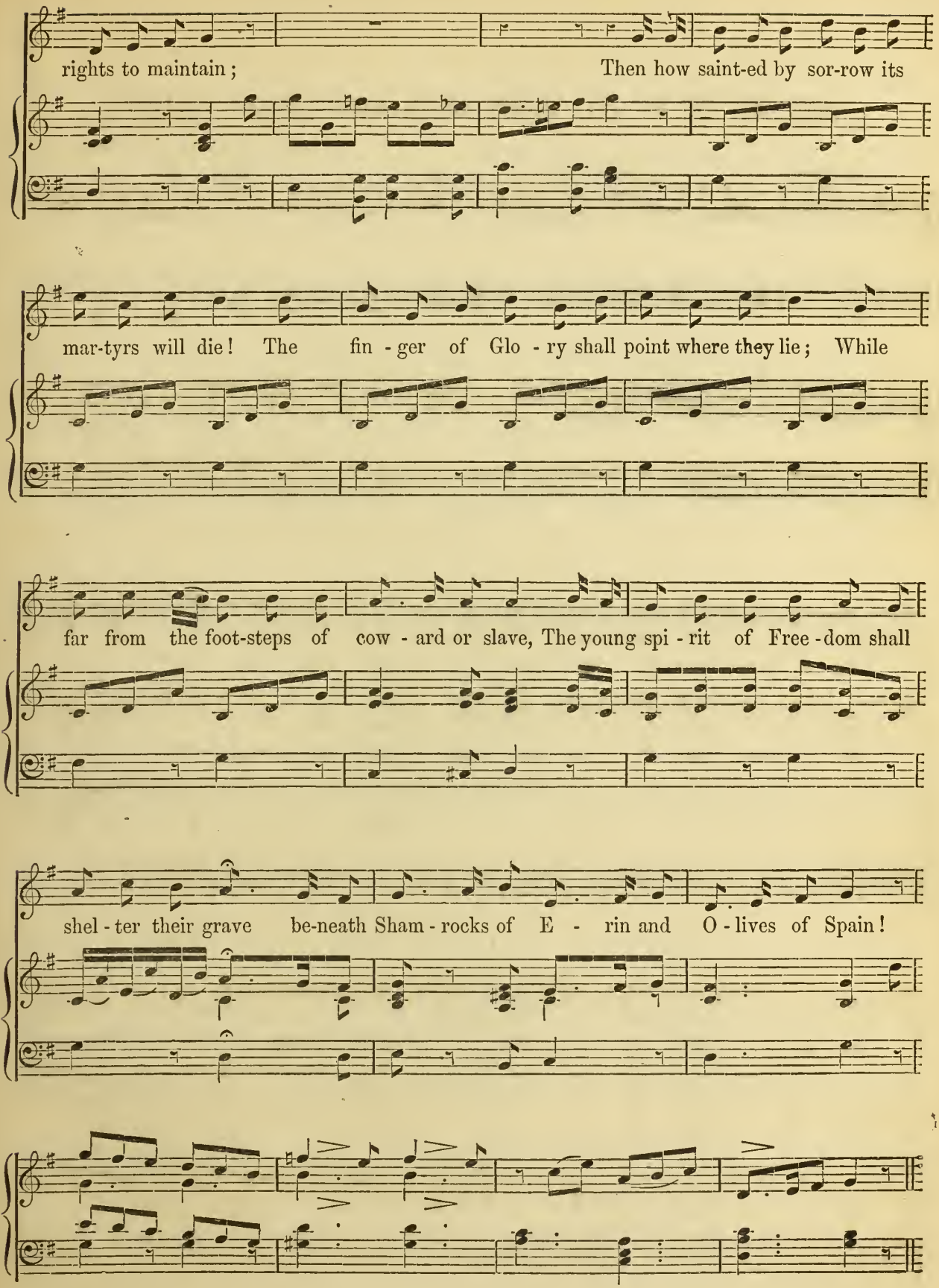



spi-rit have rest, 'Till it moves, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west— Give the
light of your look to each sor - row-ing spot, Nor, oh! be the Sham - rock of
E - rin for - got, While you add to your gar - land the O - live of Spain!
SECOND VERSE.
If the fame of our fa - thers, be - queath'd with their rights, Give to


coun - try its charm, and to home its de - lights; If de - ceit be a wound and sus-
pi - cion a stain; Then ye men of I - be-ria; our
cause is the same And, oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name, Who would
ask for a no - bler, a ho - li - er death, Than to turn his last sigh in - to
vic - to - ry's breath, For the Sham - rock of E - rin and O - live of Spain!

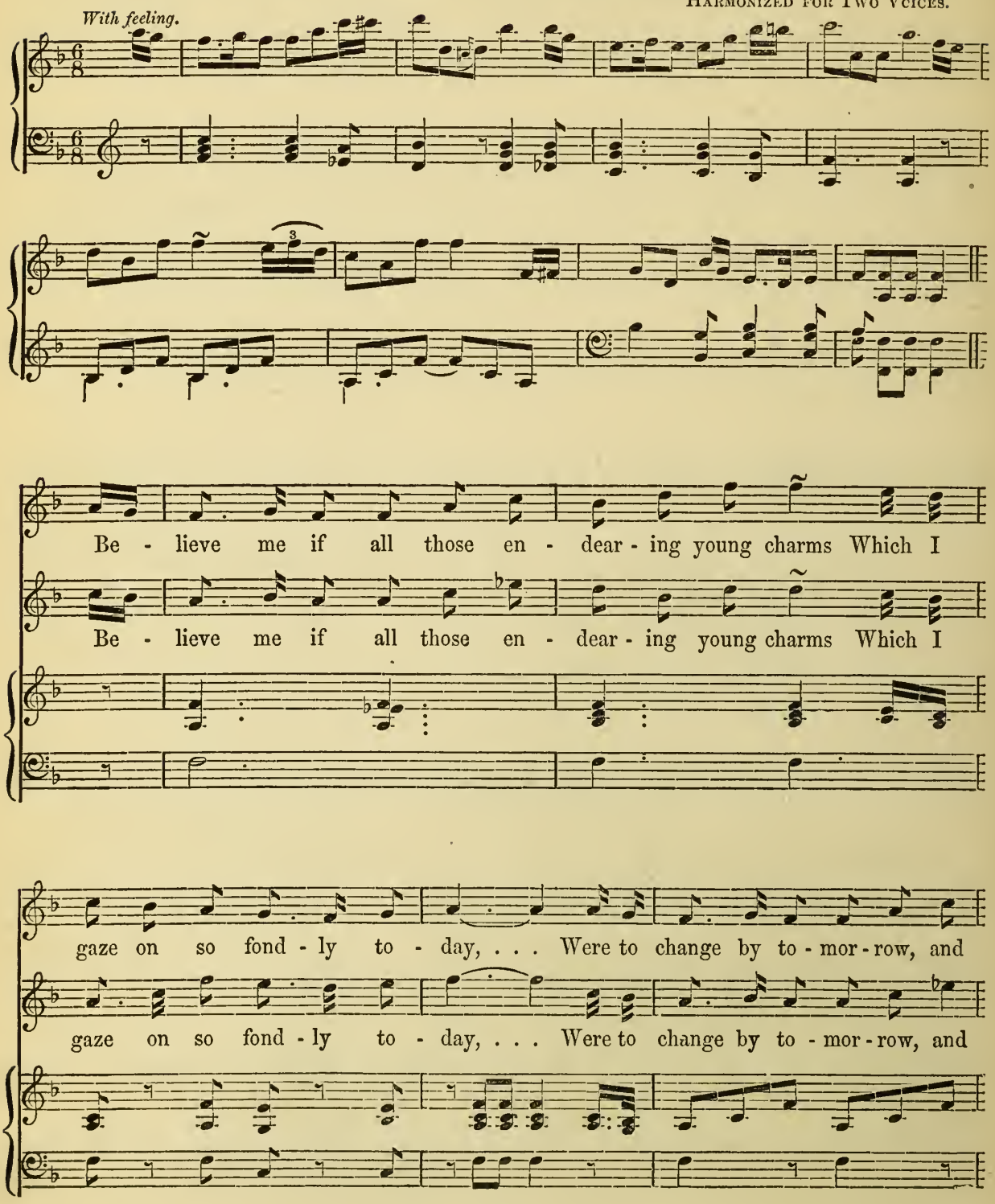

THIRD VERSE.
Ye Blakes and O' - Don - nels, whose fa - thers re - sign'd The green
hills of their youth, a - mong strangers to find That re - pose which at home they had
sigh'd for in vain, Join, join in our hope that the
flame, which you light, May be felt yet in E - rin, as calm, and as bright; And for-

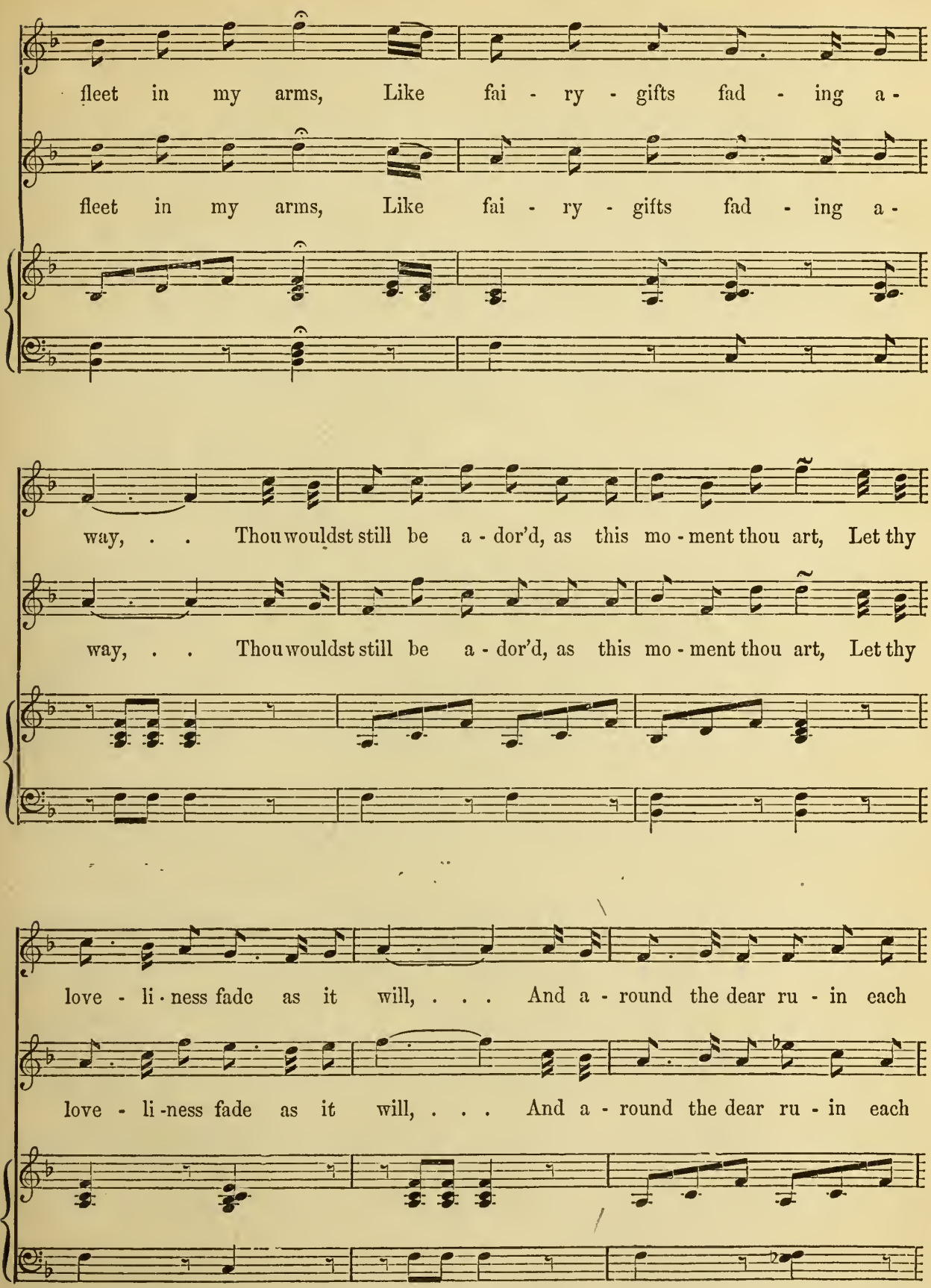

give ev - en Al - bion while blush - ing she draws like a tru - ant her sword in the
long slight-ed cause Of the Sham - rock of E - rin and O - live of Spain!
FOURTH VERSE.
God pros - per the cause, oh! it can - not but thrive While the
pulse of one pa - tri - ot heart is a - live; Its de - vo - tion to feel, and its

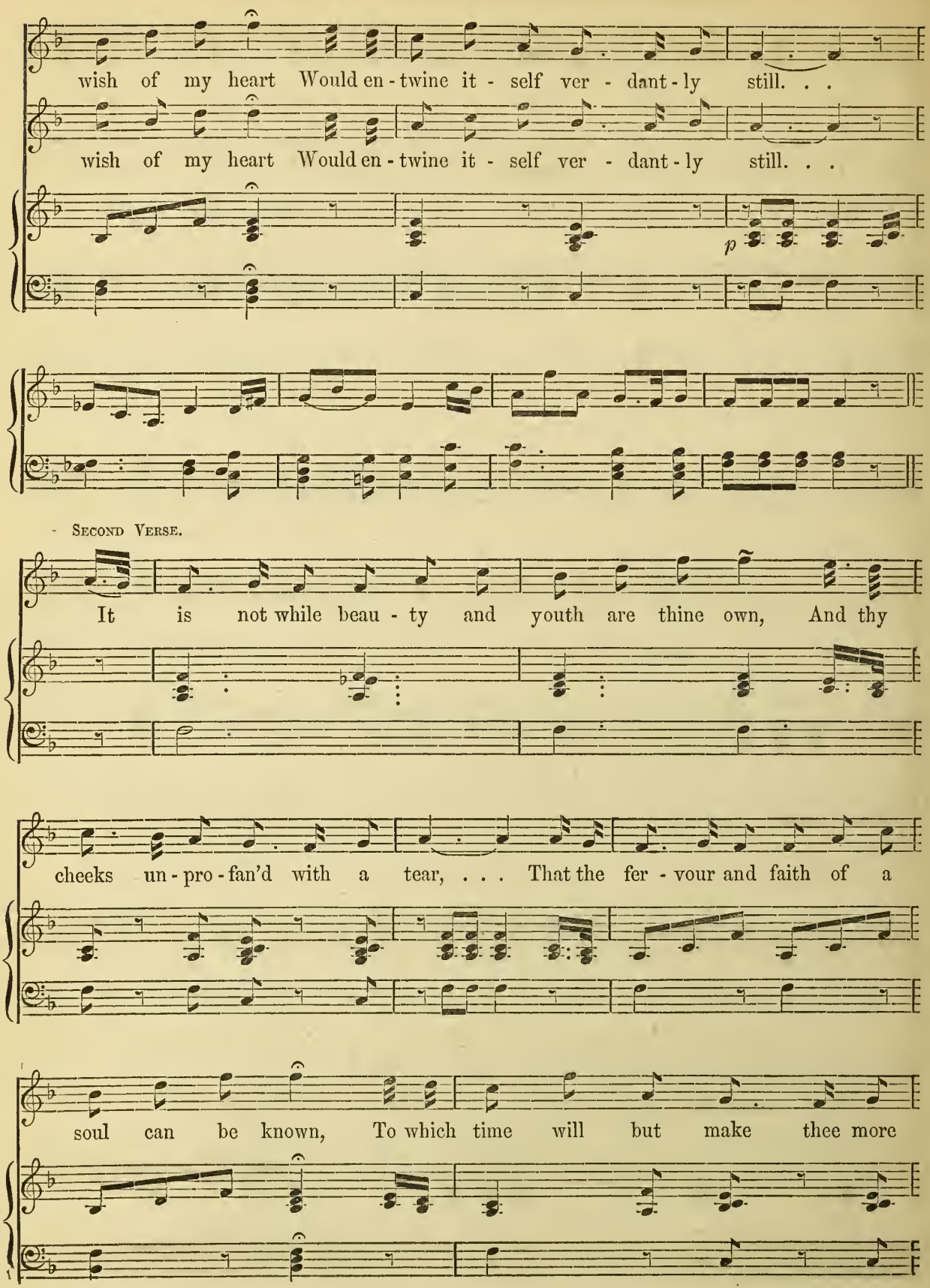

rights to maintain; Then how saint-ed by sor-row its
mar-tyrs will die! The fin - ger of Glo - ry shall point where they lie; While
far from the foot-steps of cow - ard or slave, The young spi - rit of Free - dom shall
shel - ter their grave be-neath Sham - rocks of E - rin and O - lives of Spain!

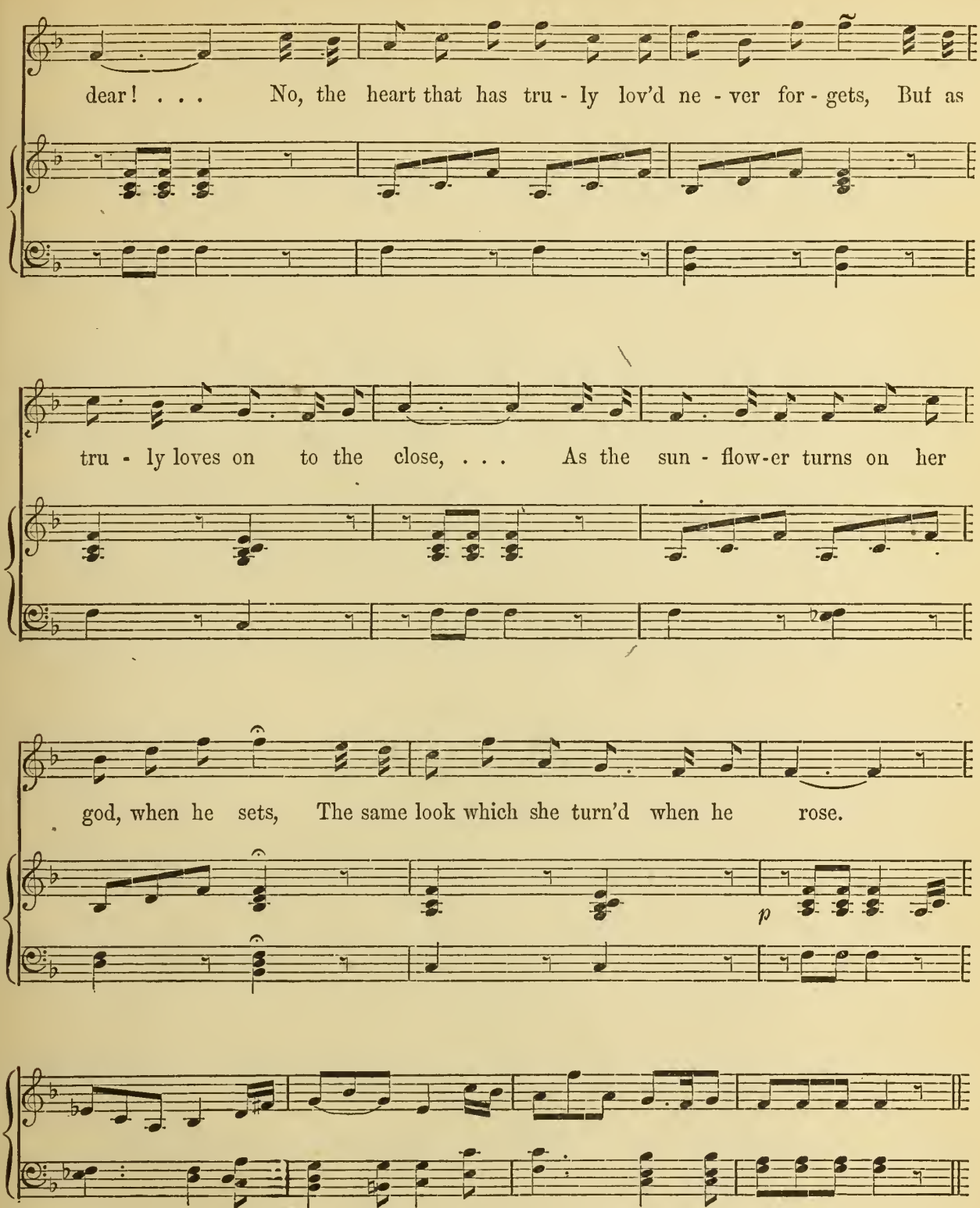
BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

HARMONIZED FOR TWO VOICES.



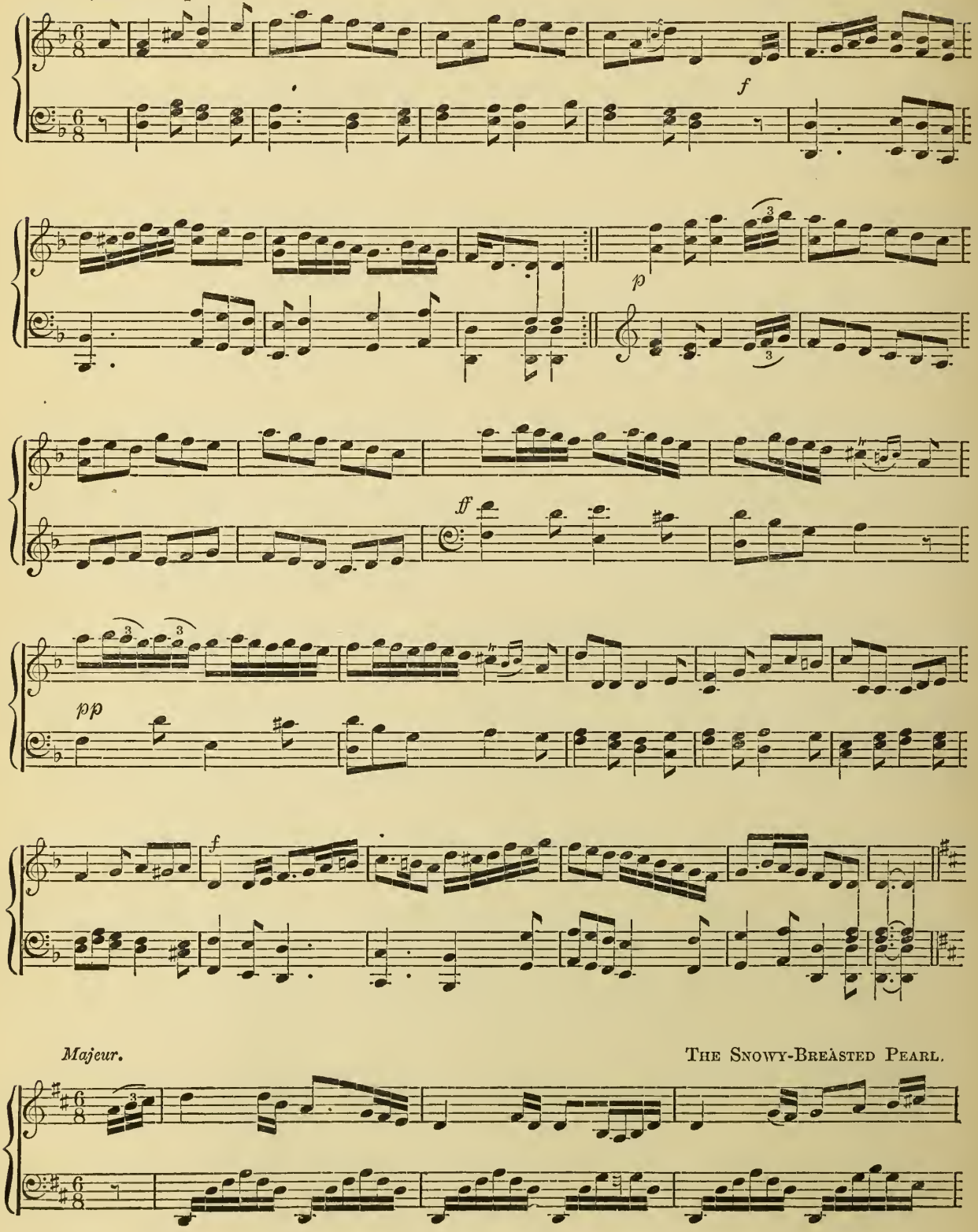

fleet in my arms, Like fai - ry - gifts fad - ing a -
fleet in my arms, Like fai - ry - gifts fad - ing a -
way, . . Thou wouldst still be a - dor'd, as this mo - ment thou art, Let thy
way, . . Thou wouldst still be a - dor'd, as this mo - ment thou art, Let thy
love - li - ness fade as it will, . . . And a - round the dear ru - in each
love - li - ness fade as it will, . . . And a - round the dear ru - in each


wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still. . .
wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still. . .
p
SECOND VERSE.
It is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy
cheeks un - pro - fan'd with a tear, . . . That the fer - vour and faith of a
soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more

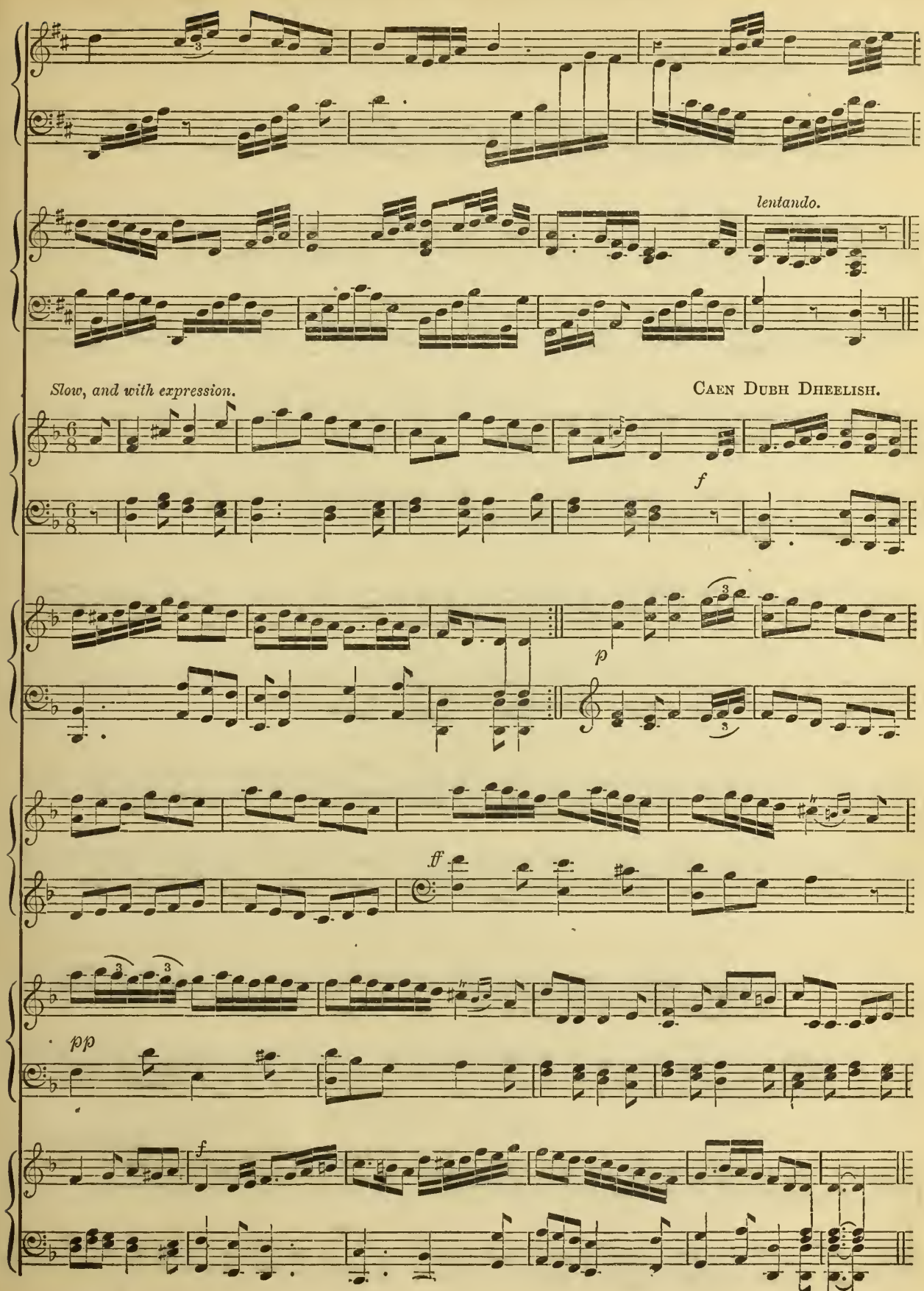

dear! . . . No, the heart that has tru - ly lov'd ne - ver for - gets, But as
tru - ly loves on to the close, . . . As the sun - flow-er turns on her
god, when he sets, The same look which she turn'd when he rose.
p

INTRODUCTORY MUSIC FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

Slow, and with expression. CAEN DUBH DHEELISH.

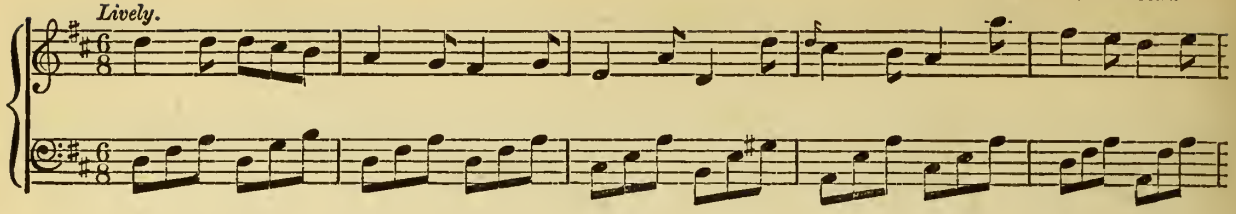


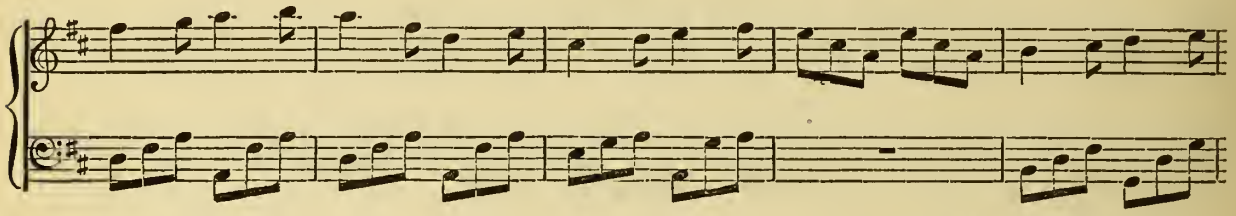
Majeur. THE SNOWY-BREASTED PEARL.

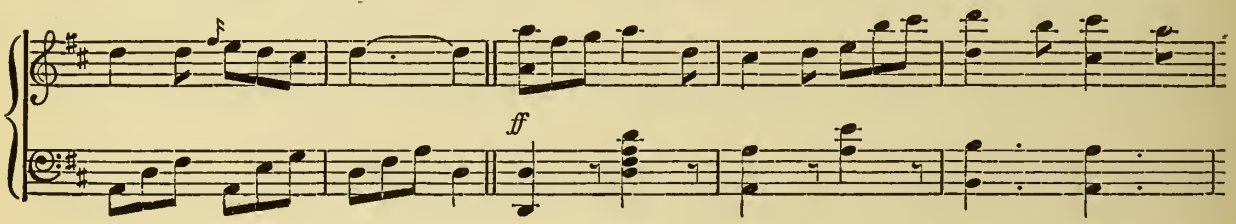

lentando.
Slow, and with expression.
CAEN DUBH DHEELISH.
f
p
ff
pp
f

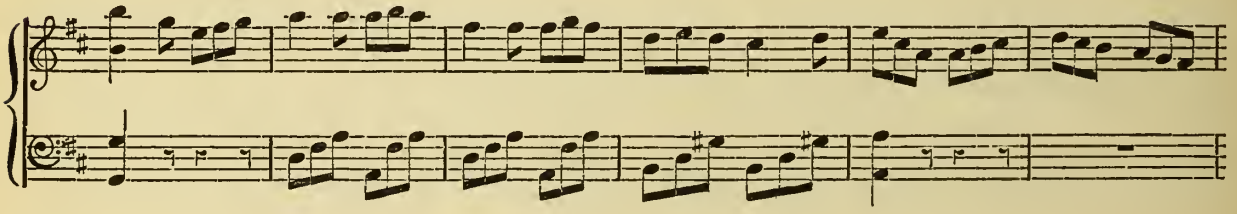
PLANXTY JOHNSTONE.

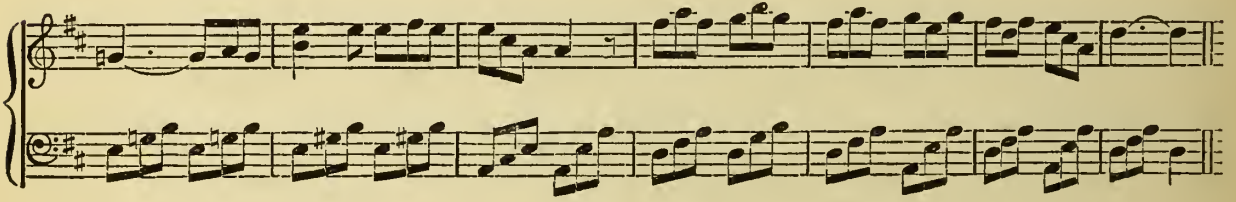
Lively.





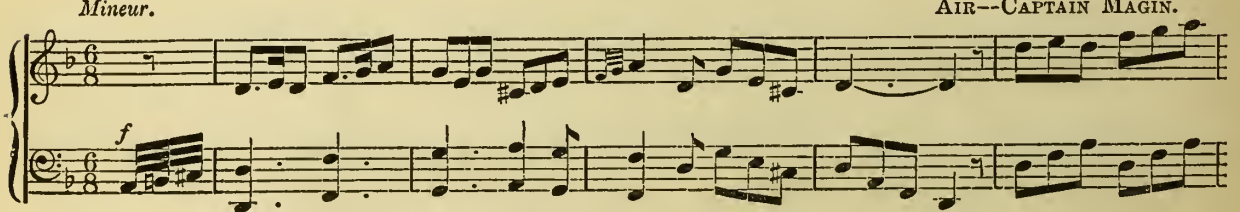


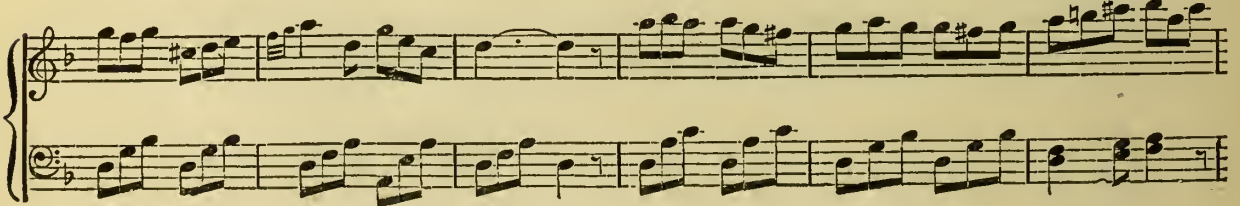


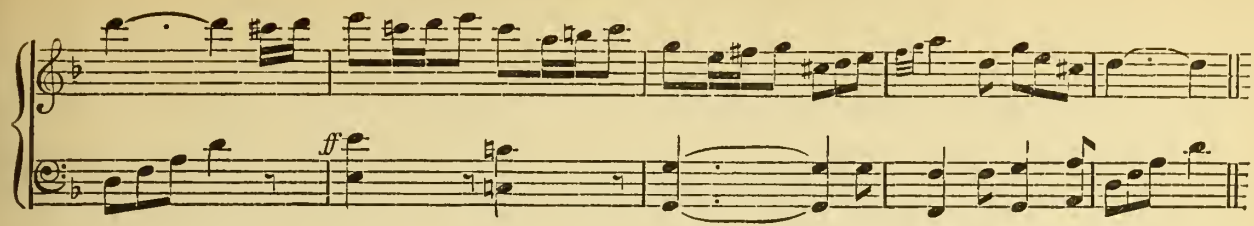


Mineur.

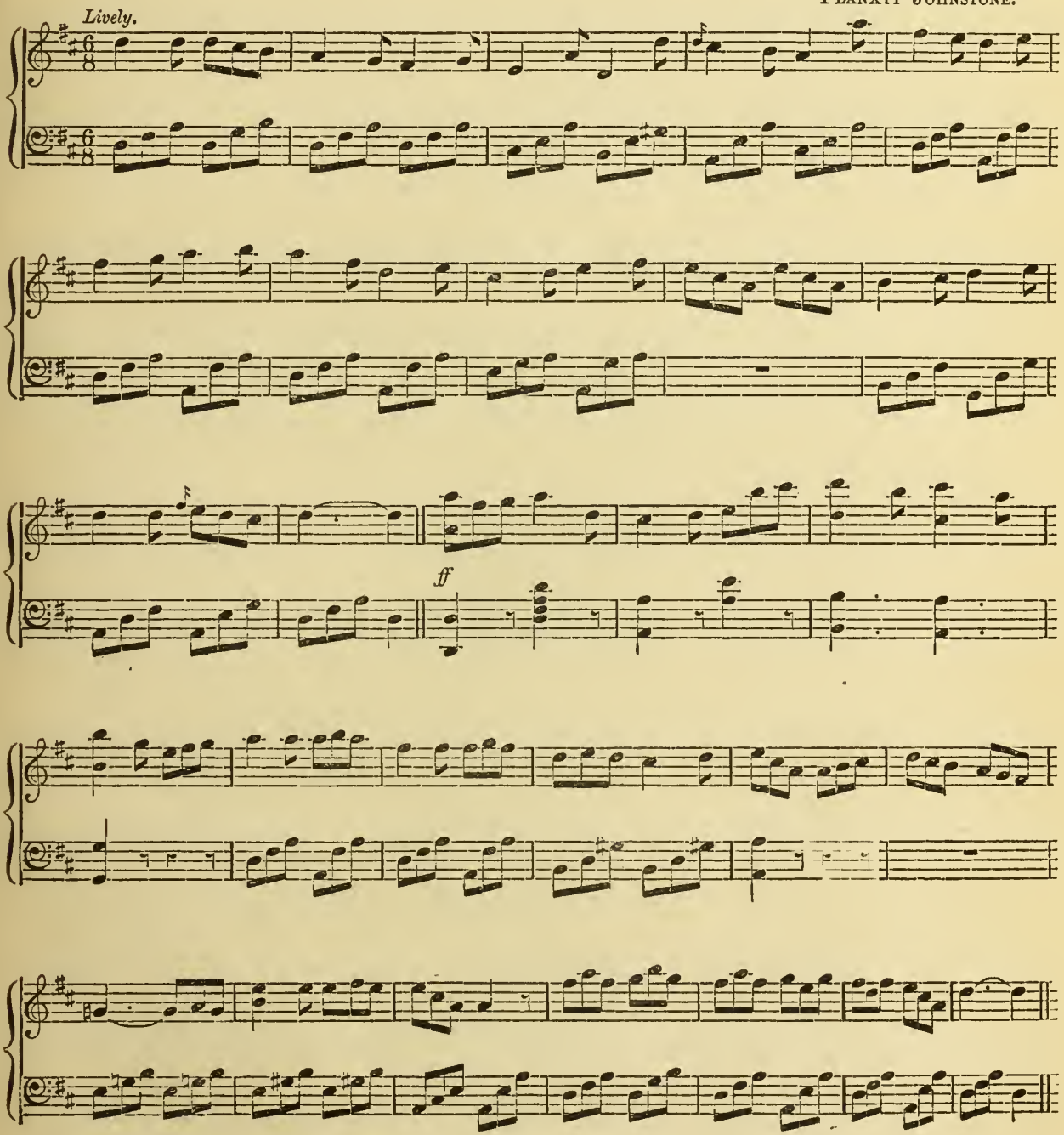
AIR--CAPTAIN MAGIN.







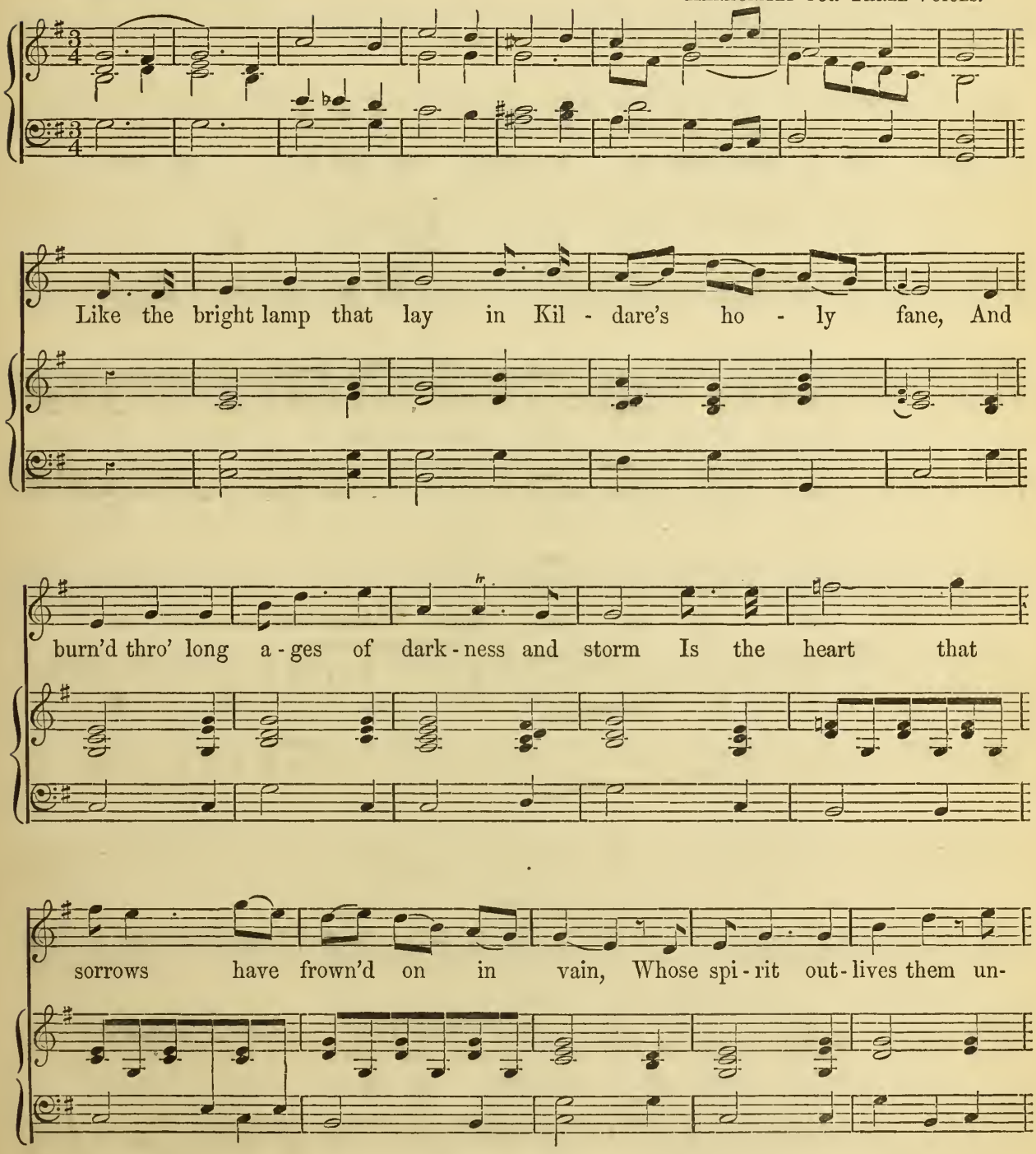
PLANXTY JOHNSTONE.



ERIN! OH ERIN!

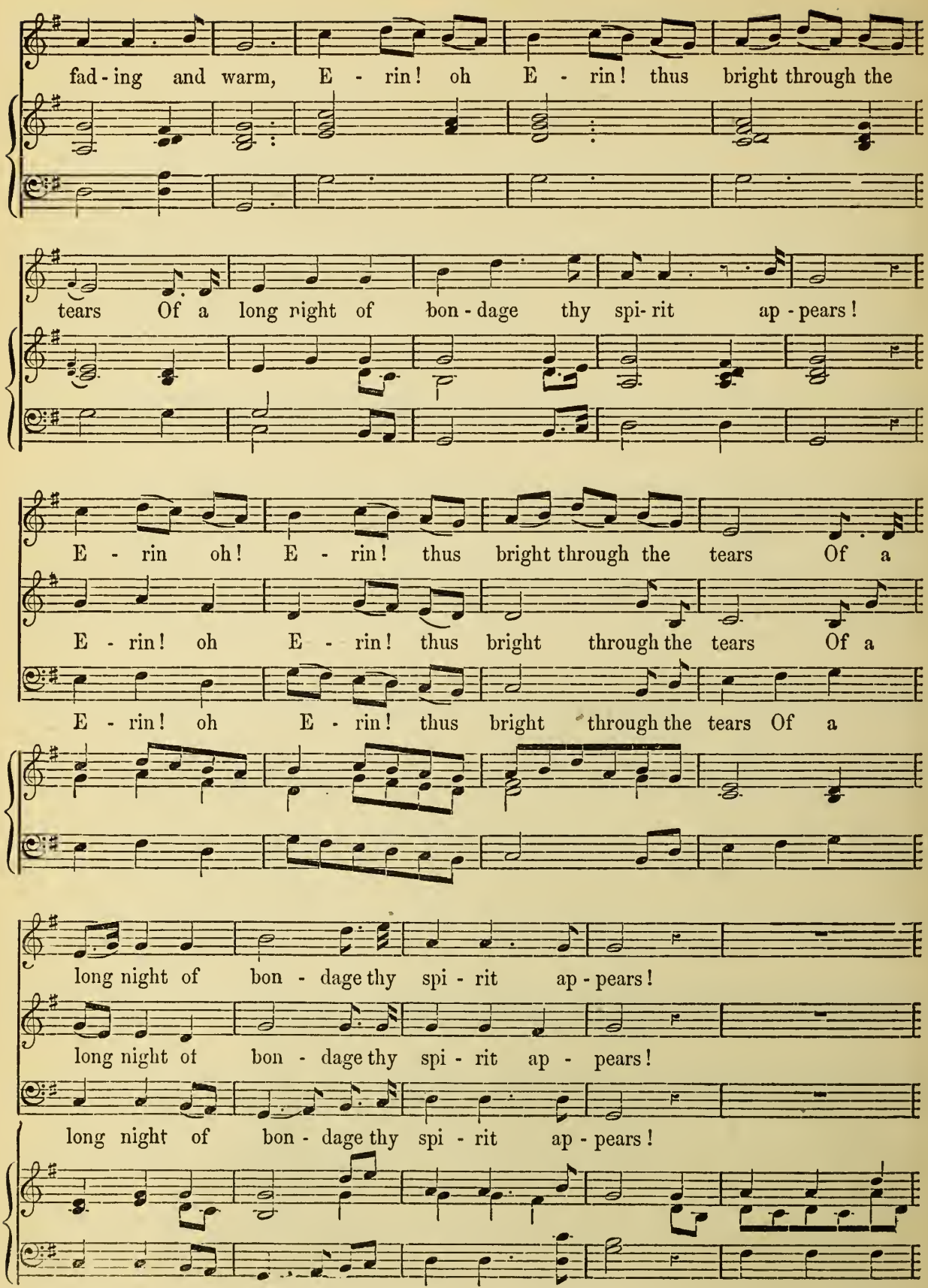
(Air—Thama ma Hulla.*)
With feeling and solemnity.

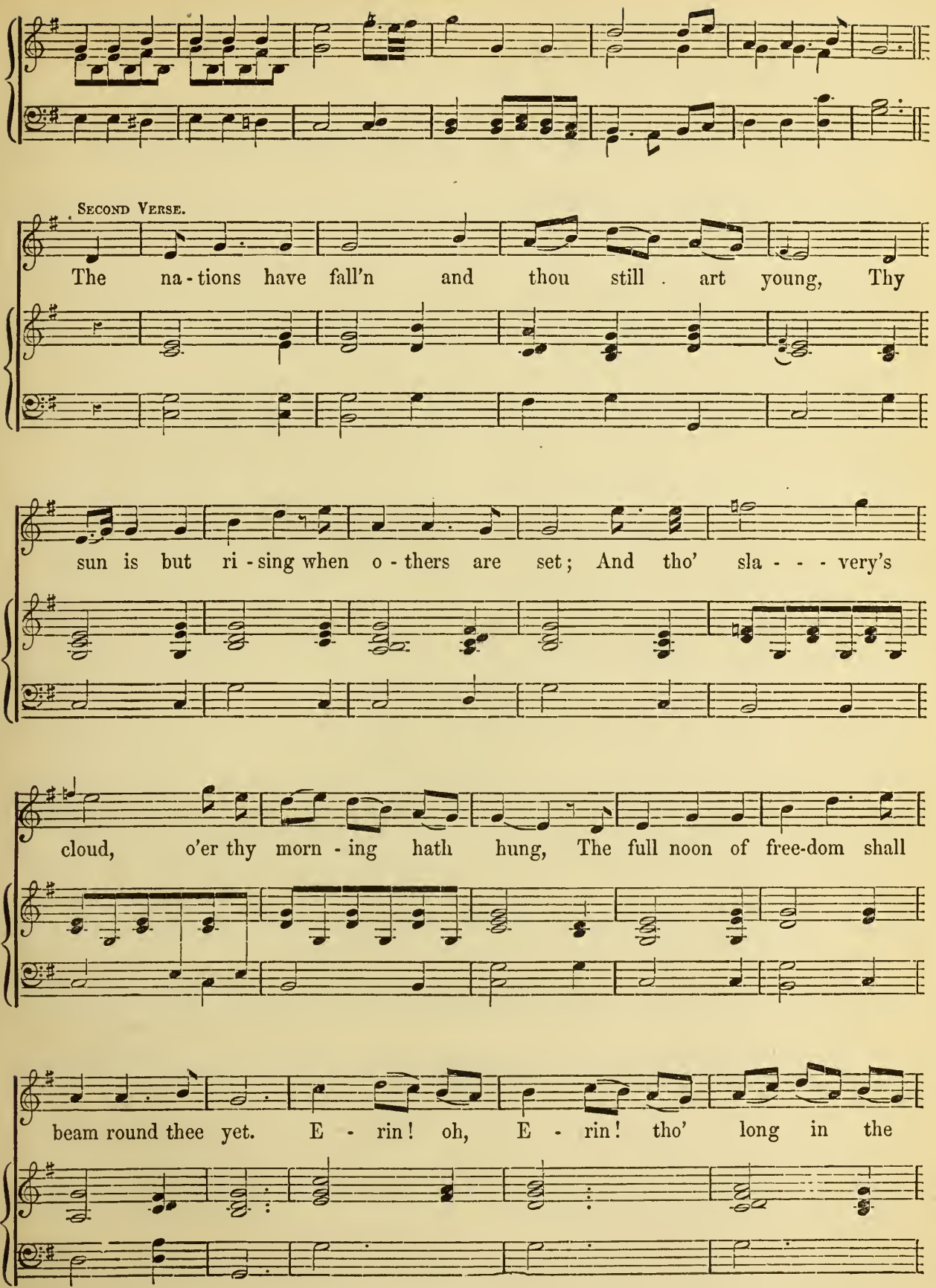
Harmonized for Three Voices.

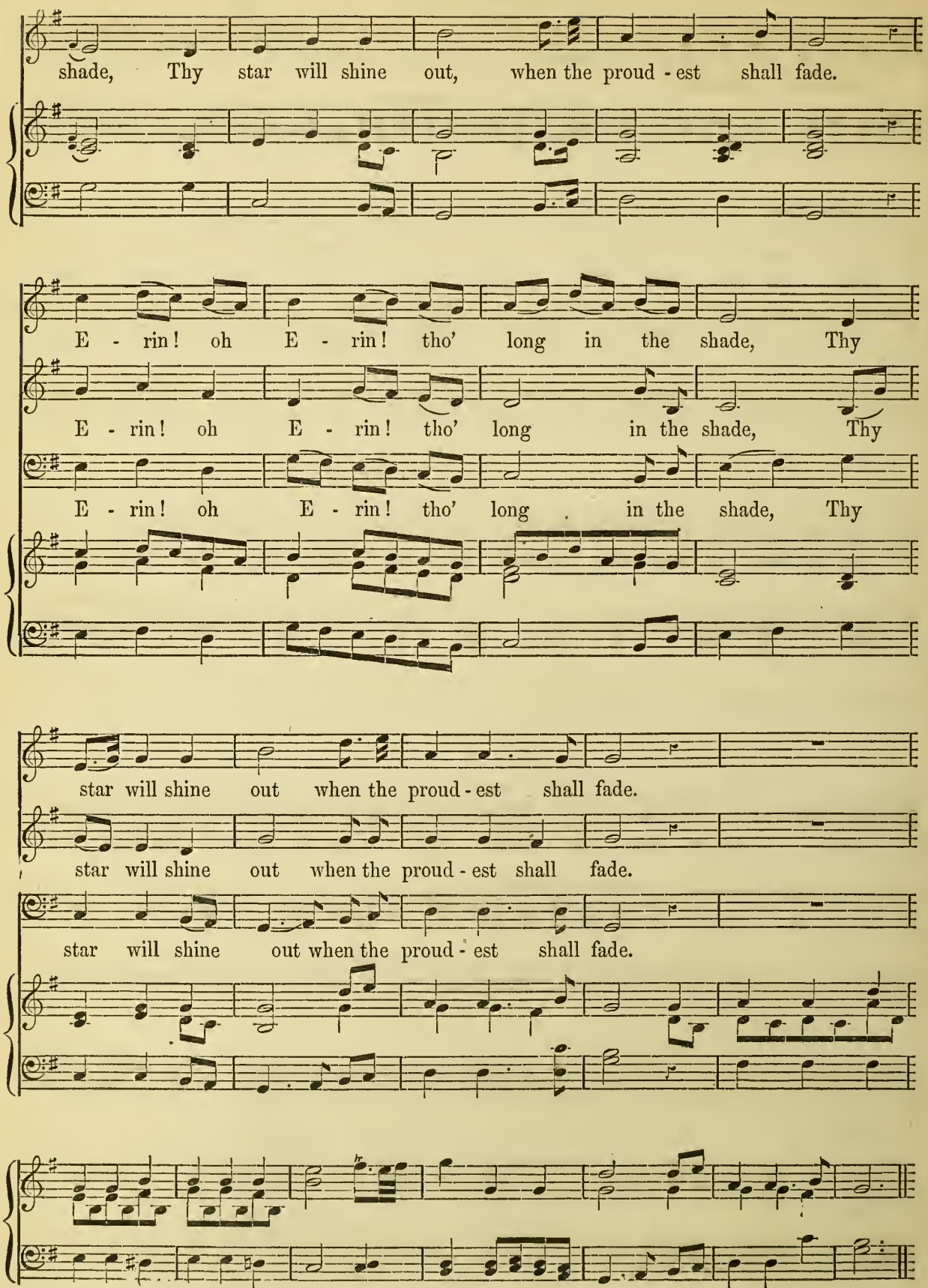


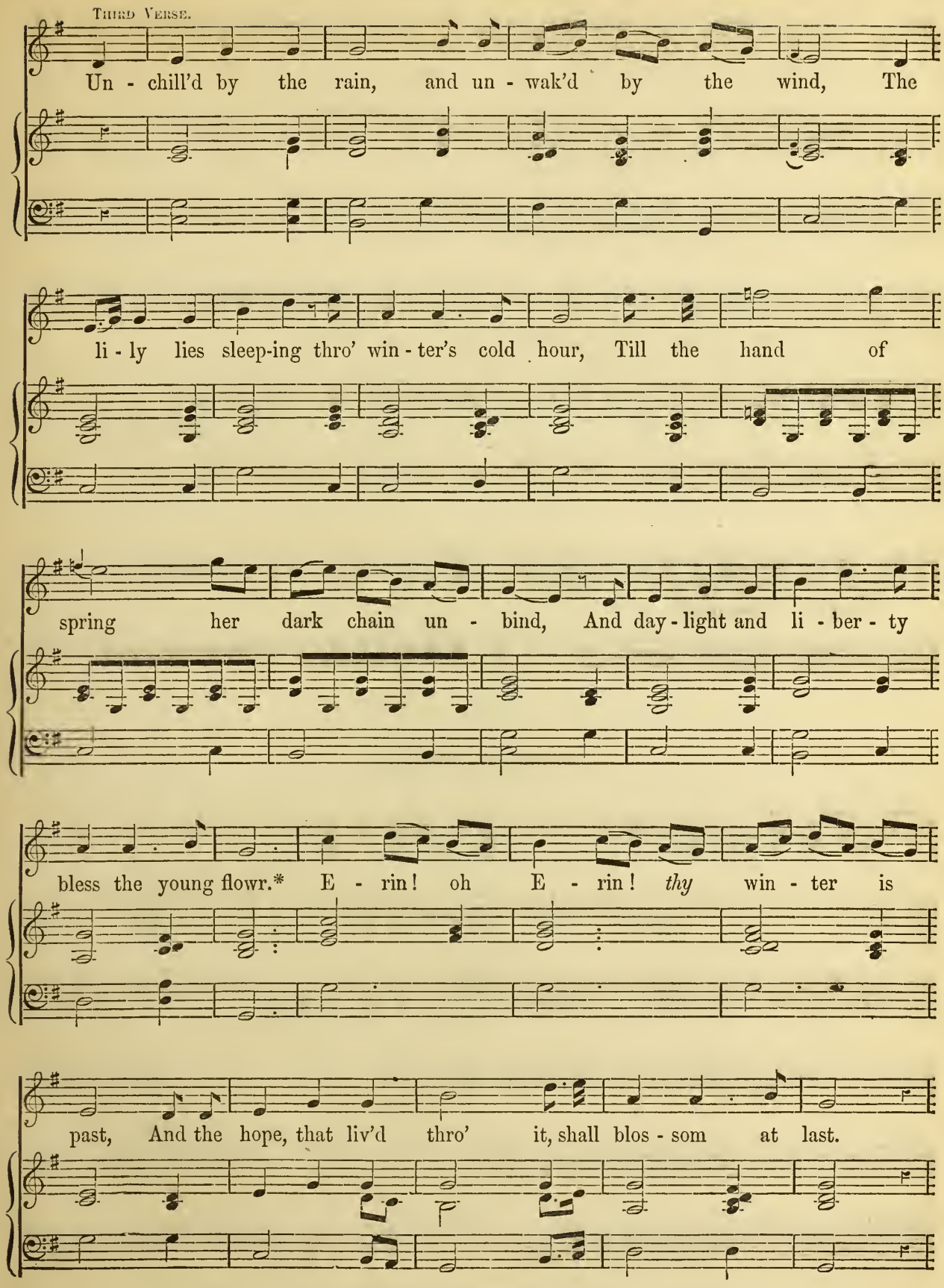
* There are various settings of this air; that which differs most from the set we have adopted, will be found at the end of this Number.

† The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions, "Apud Kildariam occurrit Ingis Sanctæ Brigidæ, quem inextinguibilem vocant; non quod extingui non possit, sed quod tam solicité moniales et sanctæ mulieres ignem, suppetente materia, fovent et nutriunt ut à tempore virginis per tot annorum curricula semper manserit inextinctus."—Girald. Camb. de Mirabil Hibern. Dist. 2, c. 34.

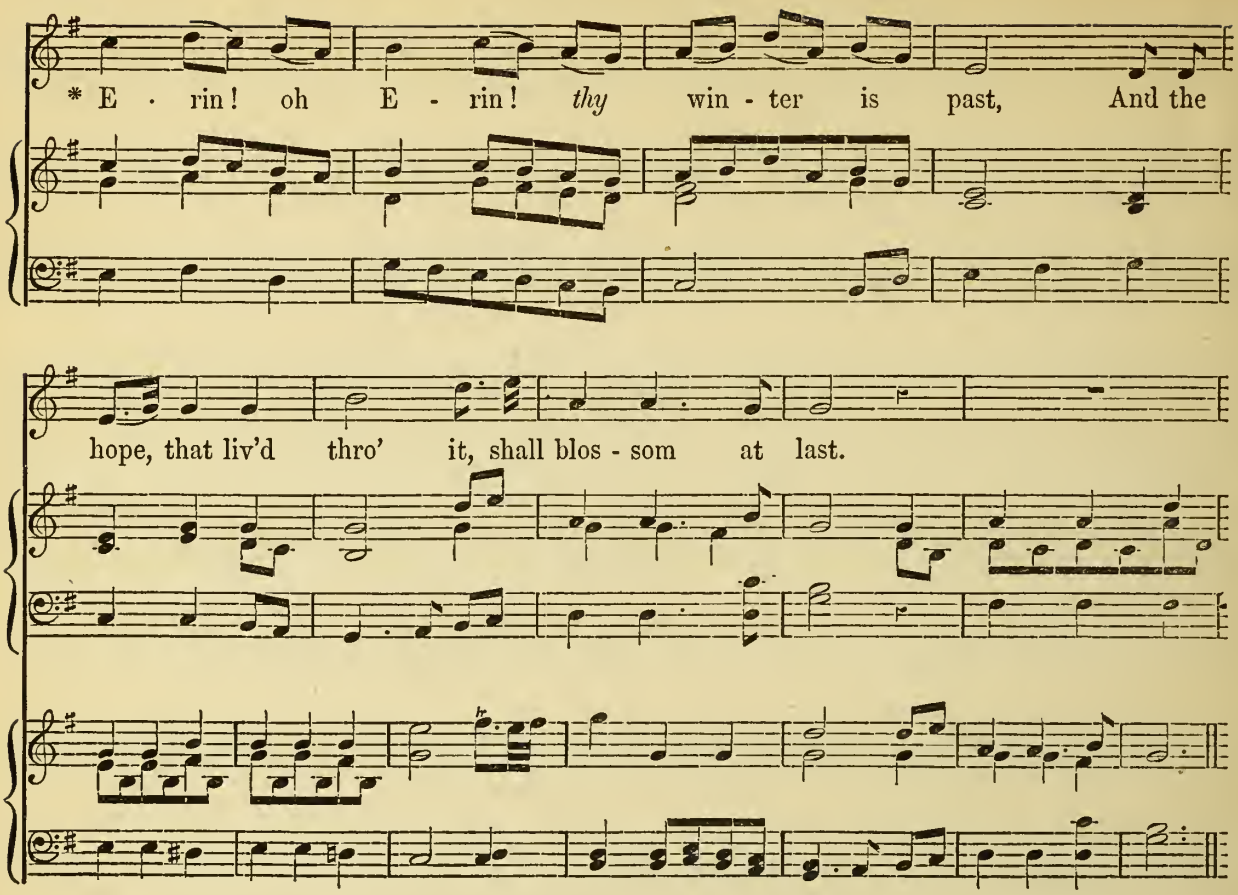

fad - ing and warm, E - rin! oh E - rin! thus bright through the
tears Of a long night of bon - dage thy spi- rit ap - pears!
E - rin oh! E - rin! thus bright through the tears Of a
E - rin! oh E - rin! thus bright through the tears Of a
E - rin! oh E - rin! thus bright through the tears Of a
long night of bon - dage thy spi - rit ap - pears!
long night ot bon - dage thy spi - rit ap - pears!
long night of bon - dage thy spi - rit ap - pears!


SECOND VERSE.
The na-tions have fall'n and thou still art young, Thy
sun is but ri-sing when o-thers are set; And tho' sla - - - very's
cloud, o'er thy morn-ing hath hung, The full noon of free-dom shall
beam round thee yet. E-rin! oh, E-rin! tho' long in the

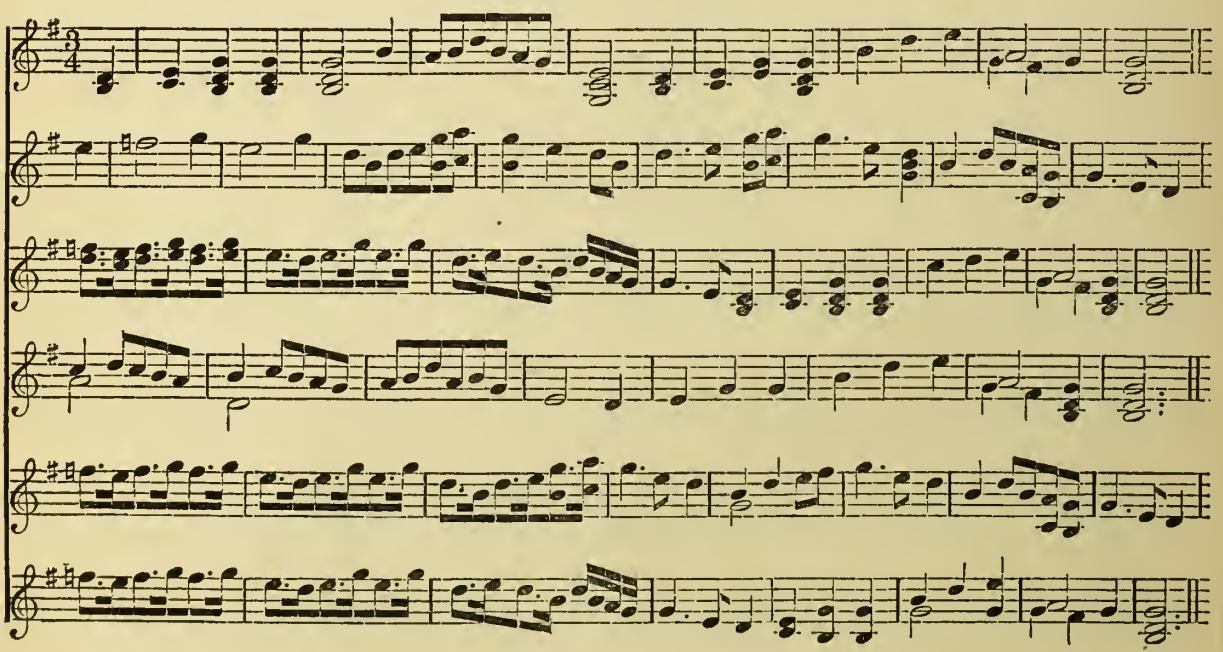

shade, Thy star will shine out, when the proud - est shall fade.
E - rin! oh E - rin! tho' long in the shade, Thy
E - rin! oh E - rin! tho' long in the shade, Thy
E - rin! oh E - rin! tho' long in the shade, Thy
star will shine out when the proud - est shall fade.
star will shine out when the proud - est shall fade.
star will shine out when the proud - est shall fade.



* Mrs. H. Tighe, in her exquisite lines on the lily, has applied this image to a still more important subject.

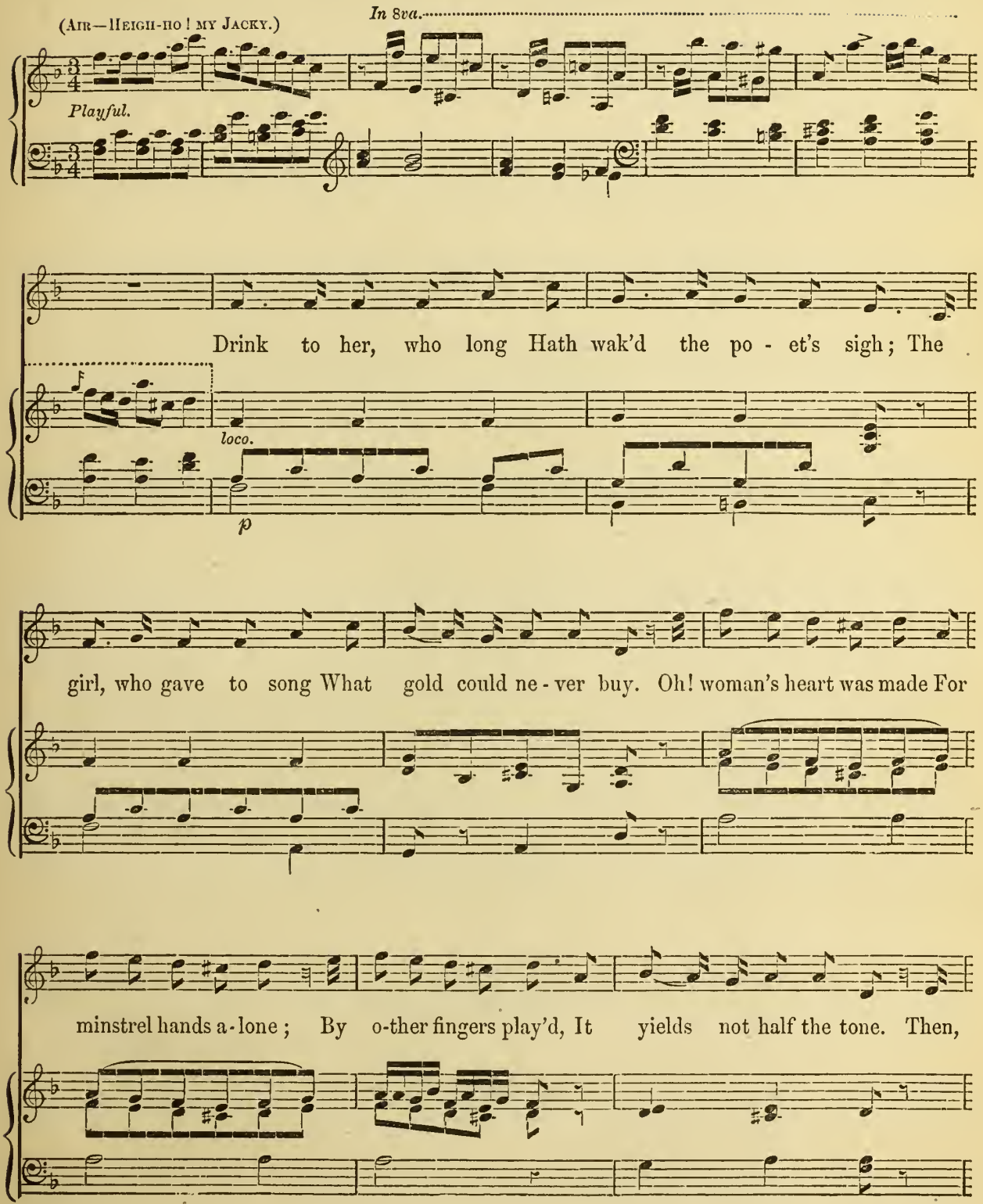


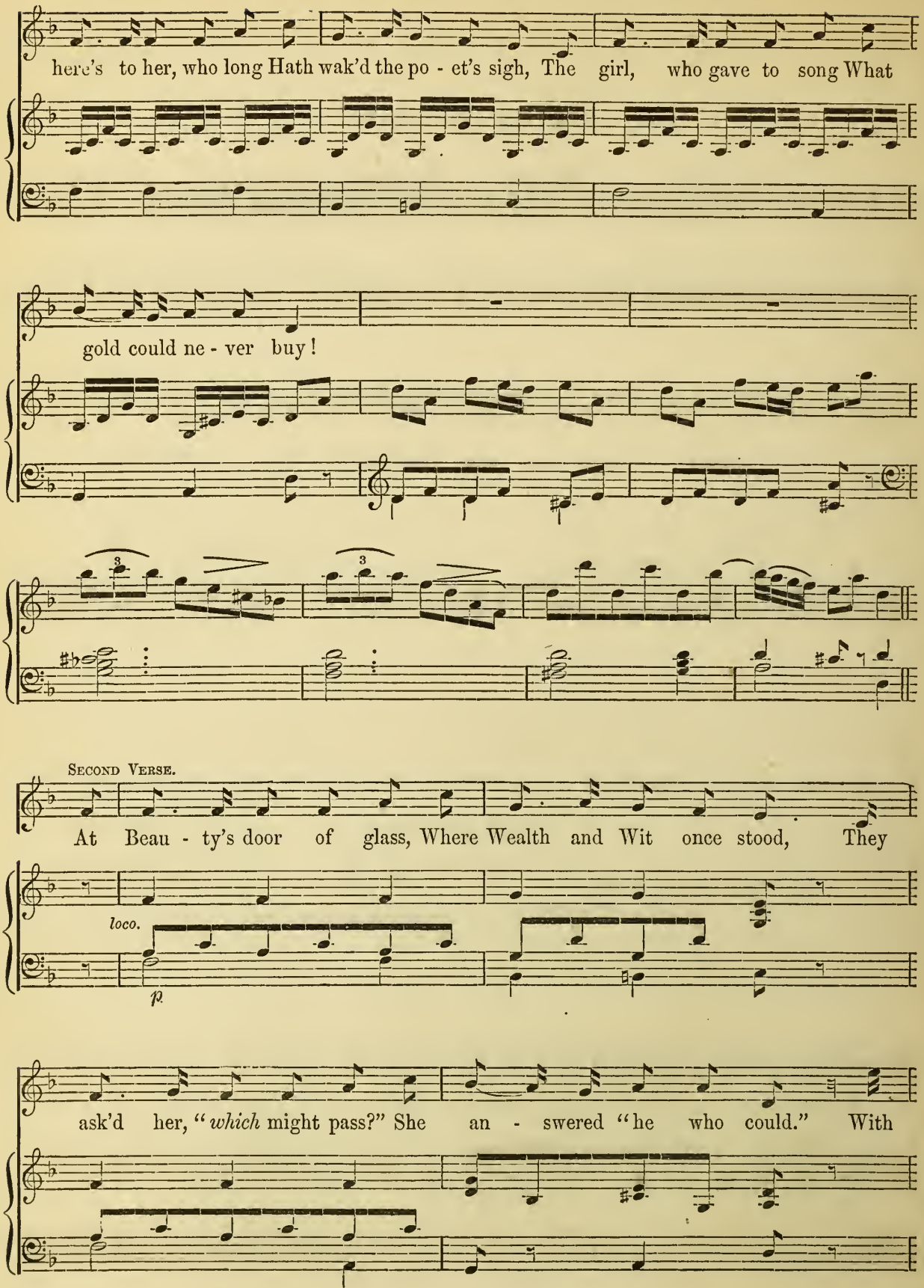
THAMAMA HULLA.

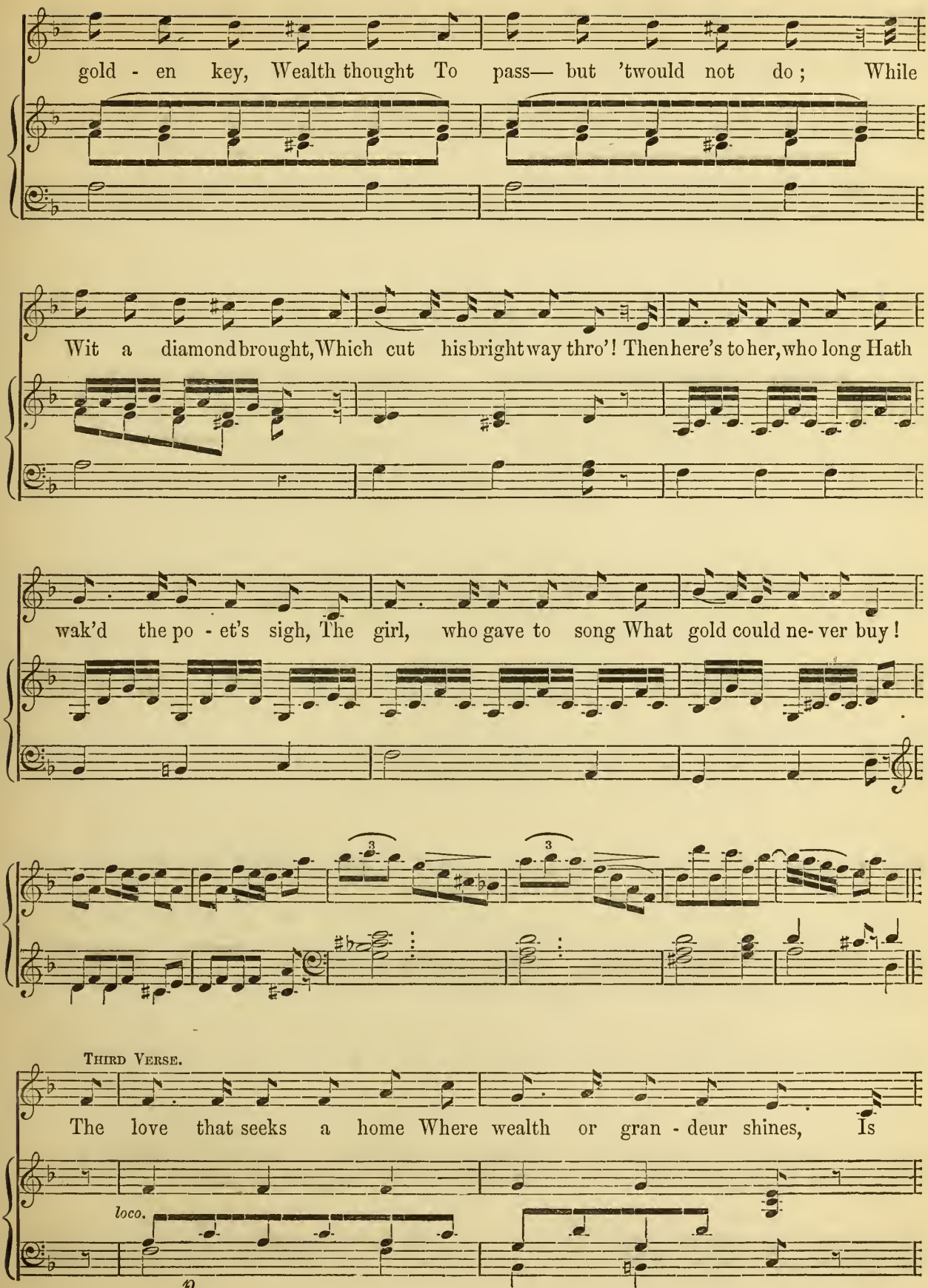


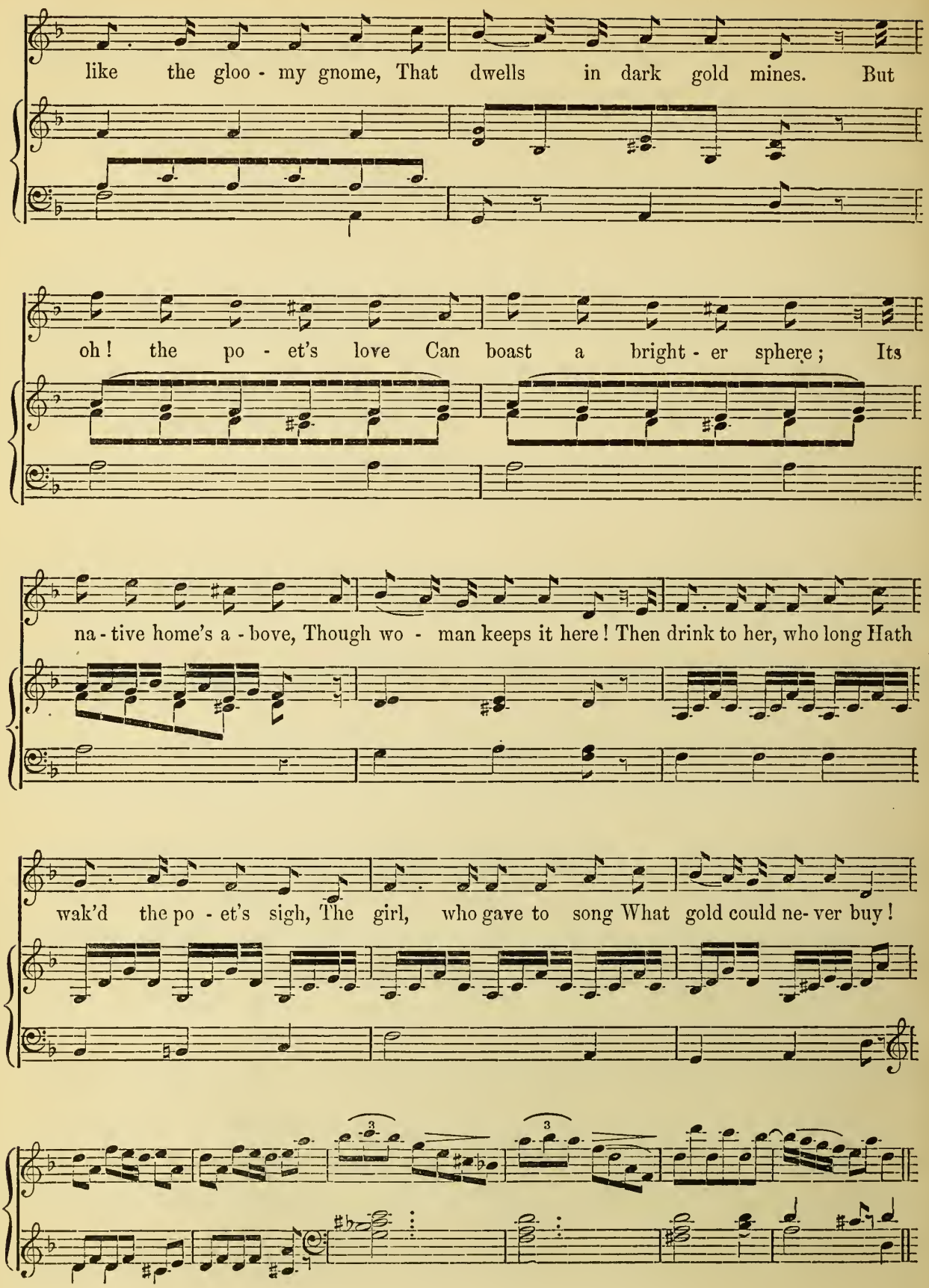
* For harmonization, see first verse

DRINK TO HER.


(Air—Heigh-ho! my Jacky.)
In 8va.
Playful.
Drink to her, who long Hath wak'd the po - et's sigh; The
loco.
p
girl, who gave to song What gold could ne - ver buy. Oh! woman's heart was made For
minstrel hands a - lone; By o-ther fingers play'd, It yields not half the tone. Then,


here's to her, who long Hath wak'd the po - et's sigh, The girl, who gave to song What
gold could ne - ver buy!
3
3
SECOND VERSE.
At Beau - ty's door of glass, Where Wealth and Wit once stood, They
loco.
p.
ask'd her, "*which* might pass?" She an - swered "he who could." With

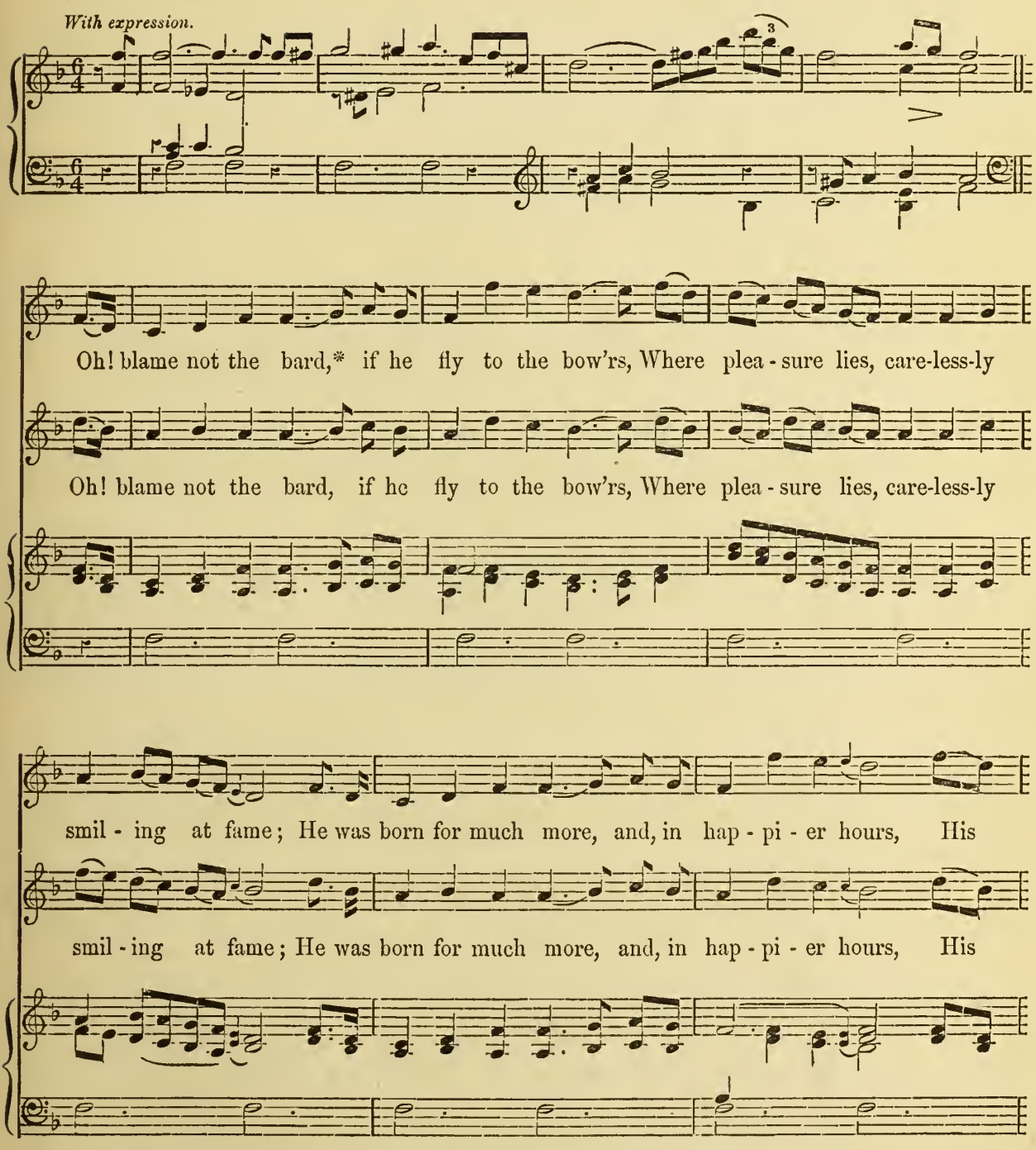

gold - en key, Wealth thought To pass— but 'twould not do; While
Wit a diamond brought, Which cut his bright way thro'! Then here's to her, who long Hath
wak'd the po - et's sigh, The girl, who gave to song What gold could ne- ver buy!
THIRD VERSE.
The love that seeks a home Where wealth or gran - deur shines, Is
loco.
p


like the gloo - my gnome, That dwells in dark gold mines. But
oh! the po - et's love Can boast a bright - er sphere; Its
na - tive home's a - bove, Though wo - man keeps it here! Then drink to her, who long Hath
wak'd the po - et's sigh, The girl, who gave to song What gold could ne- ver buy!

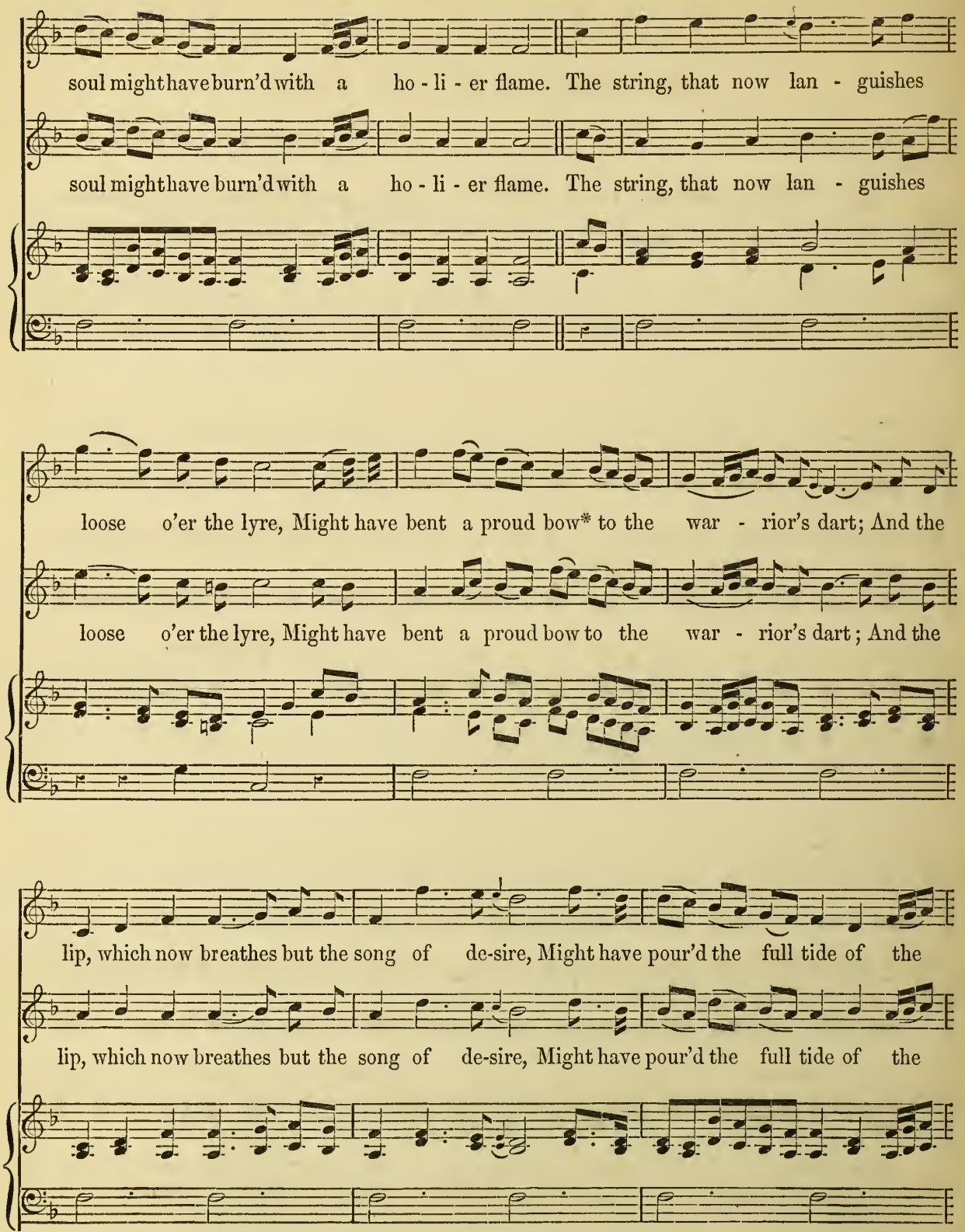
OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.

(Air—Kitty Tyrrel.) Harmonized for Two Voices

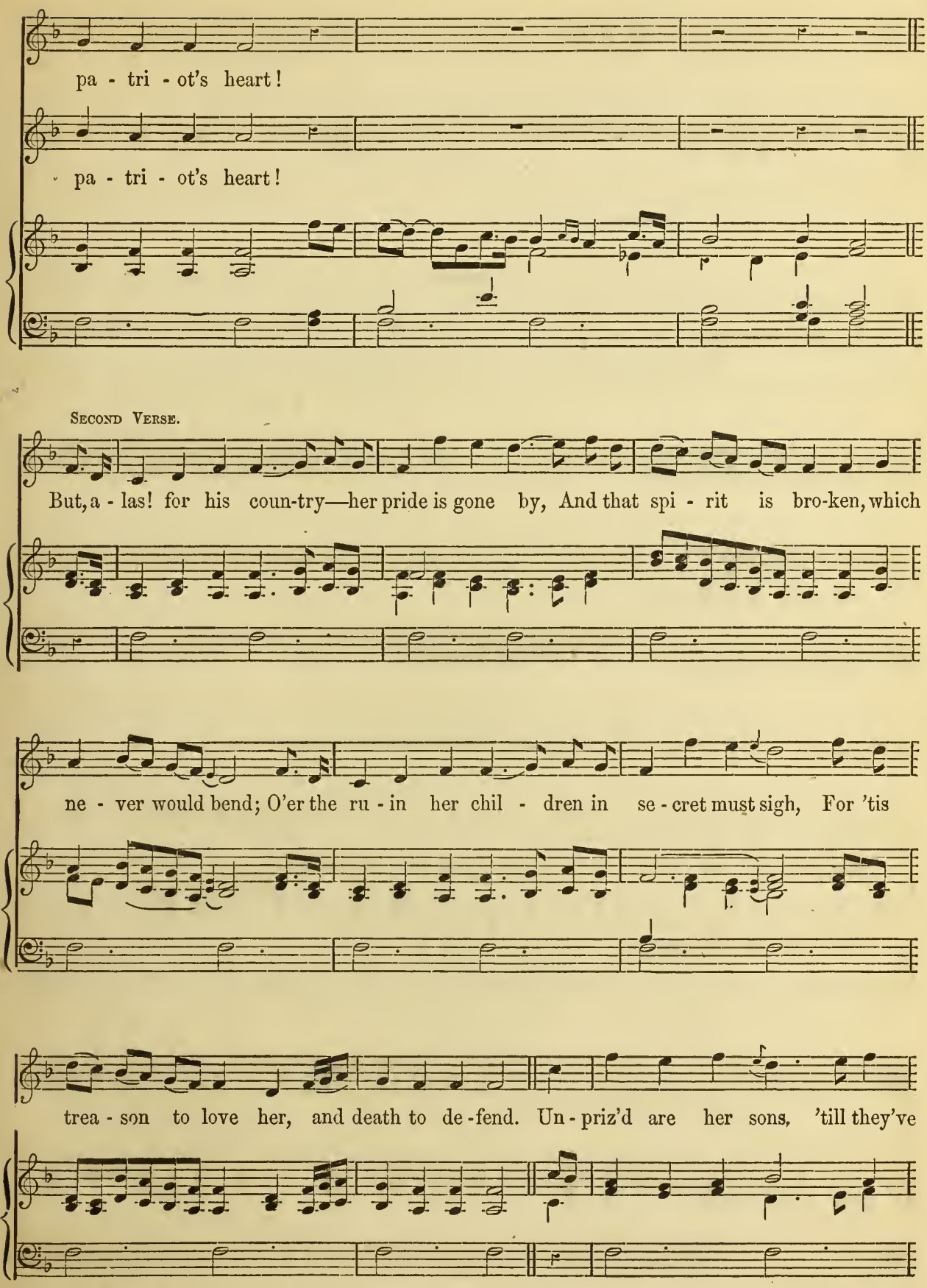
With expression.

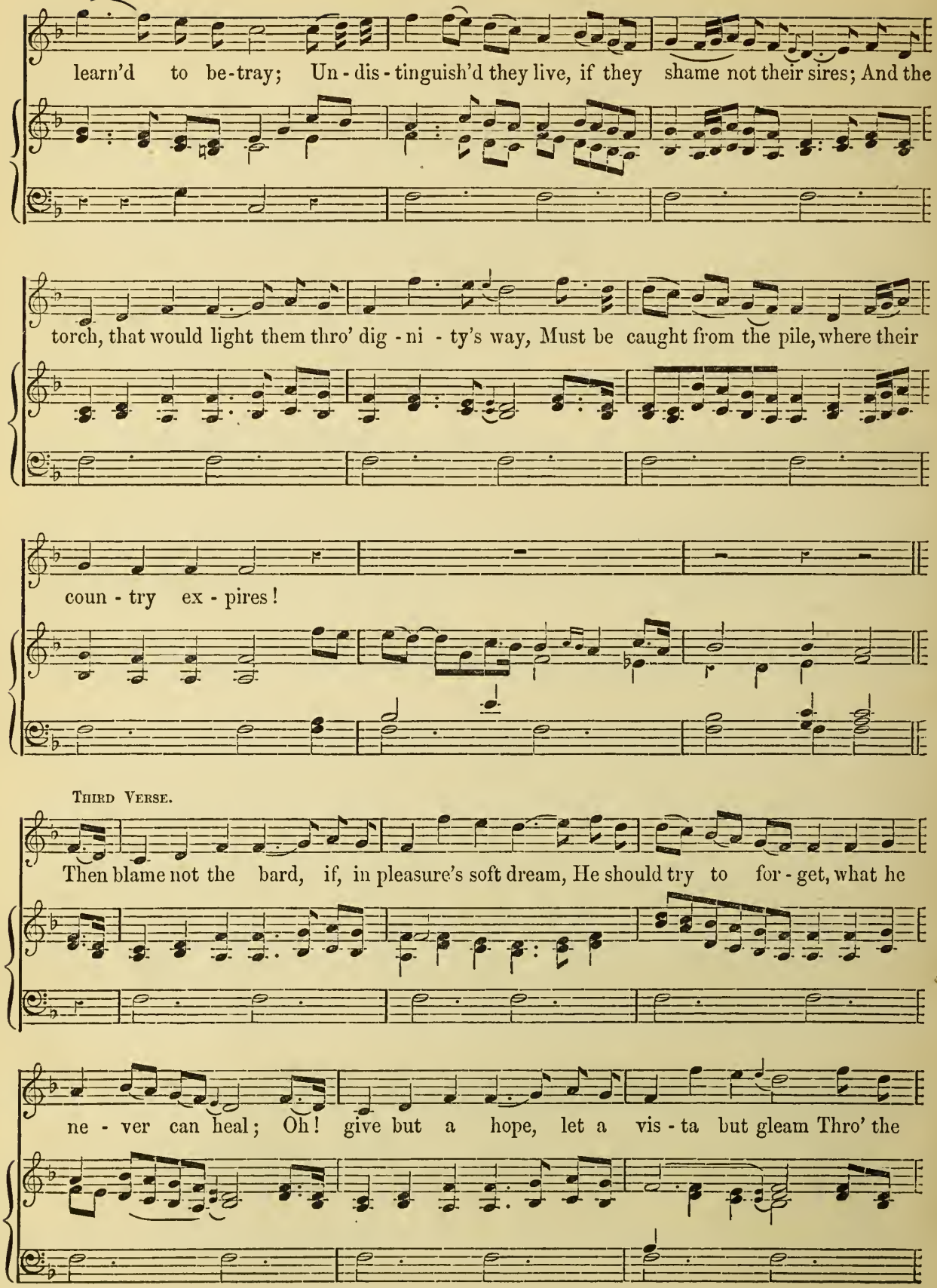


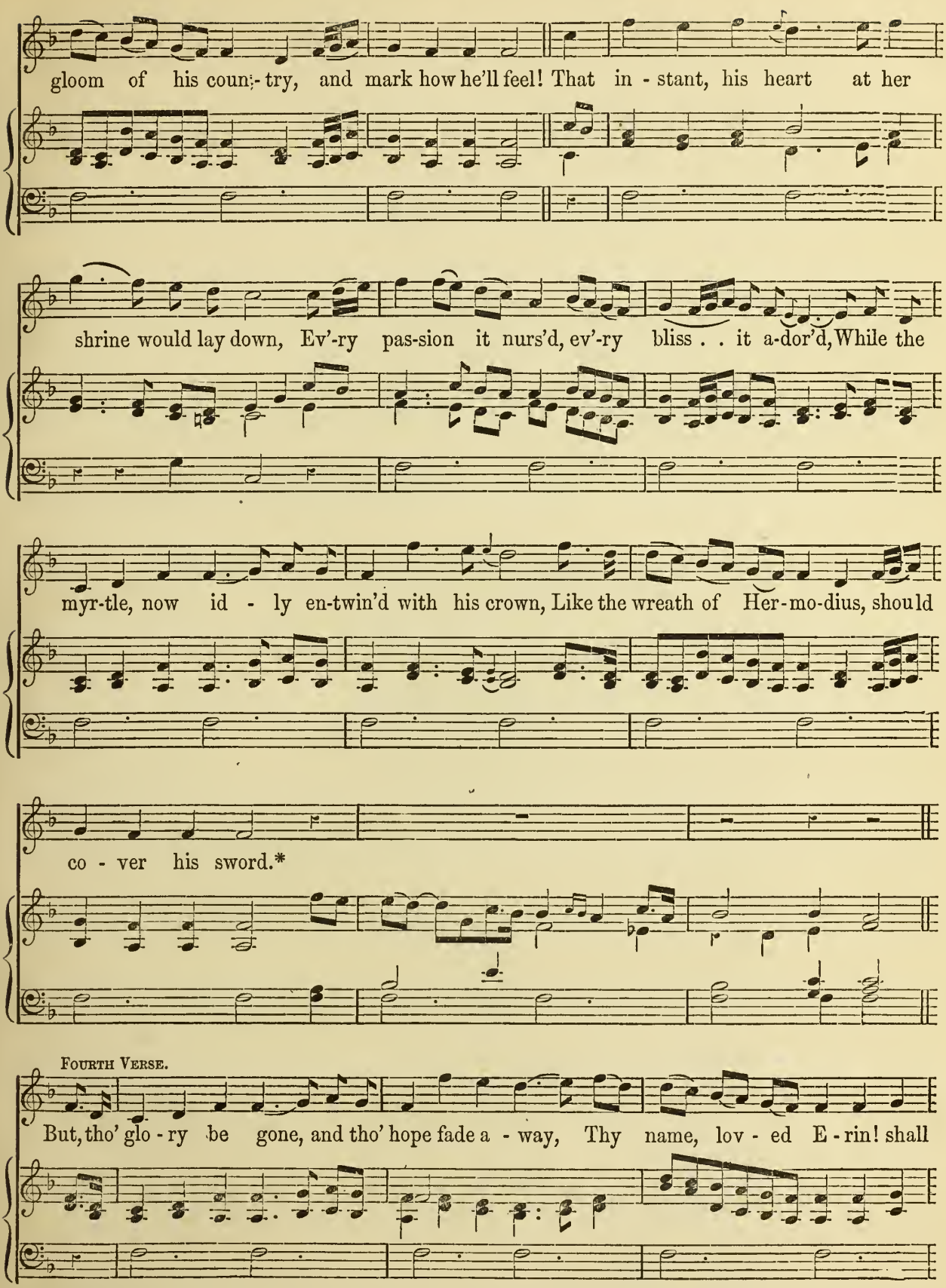
* We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards whom Spencer so severely, and, perhaps, truly describes in his state of Ireland, and whose poems, he tells us, "were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural deviee, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them; the which it is great pity to see abused to the graeing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."



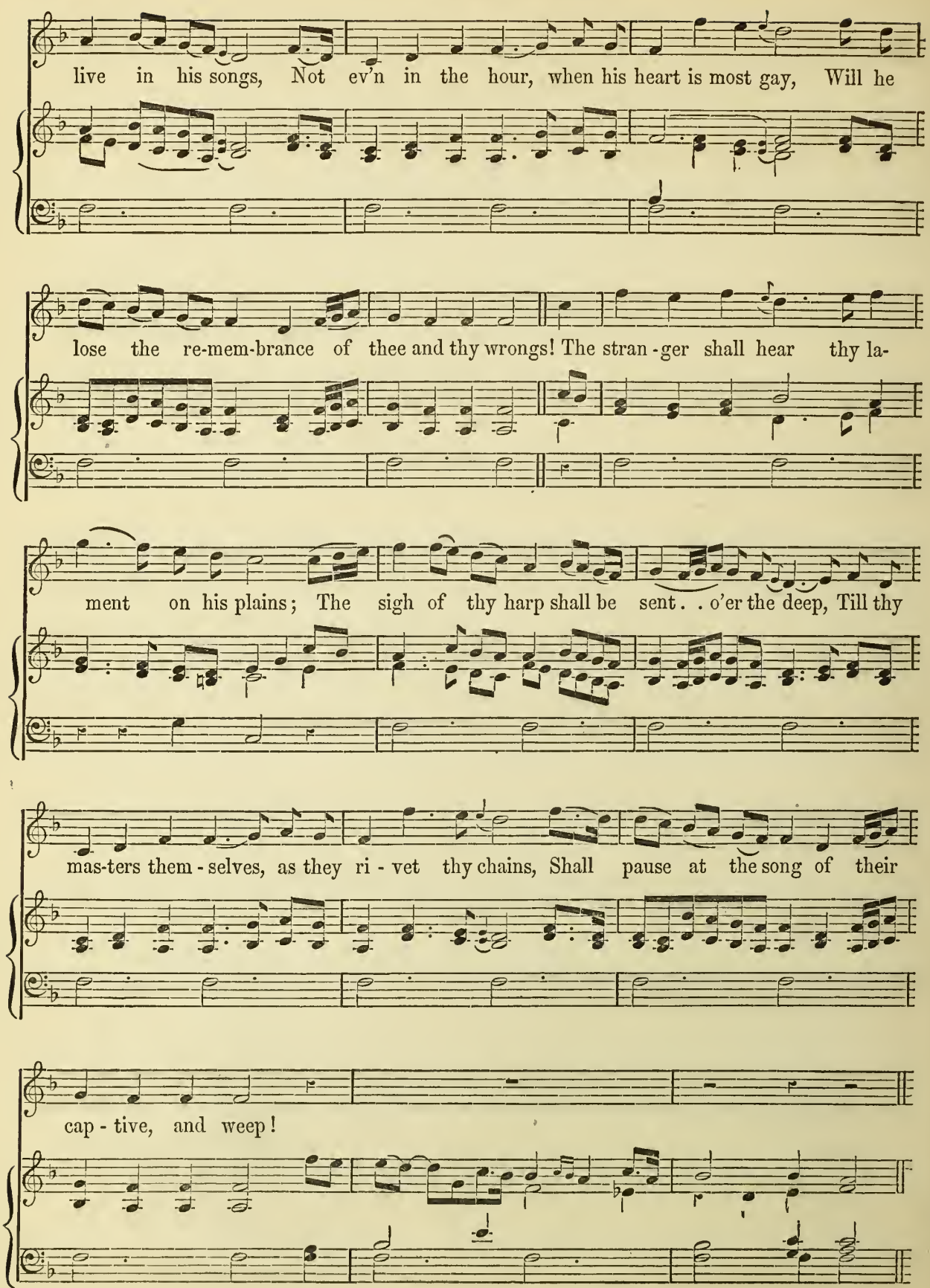
* It is conjectured by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is derived from *Yr*, the Runic for a *bow*, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following:—"So that Ireland, (called the land of *Ire*, for the constant broils therein for 400 years), was now become the land of concord." LLOYD'S *State Worthies*. Art. 'The Lord Grandison.


pa - tri - ot's heart!
pa - tri - ot's heart!
Second Verse.
But, a - las! for his coun-try—her pride is gone by, And that spi - rit is bro-ken, which
ne - ver would bend; O'er the ru - in her chil - dren in se - cret must sigh, For 'tis
trea - son to love her, and death to de - fend. Un - priz'd are her sons, 'till they've

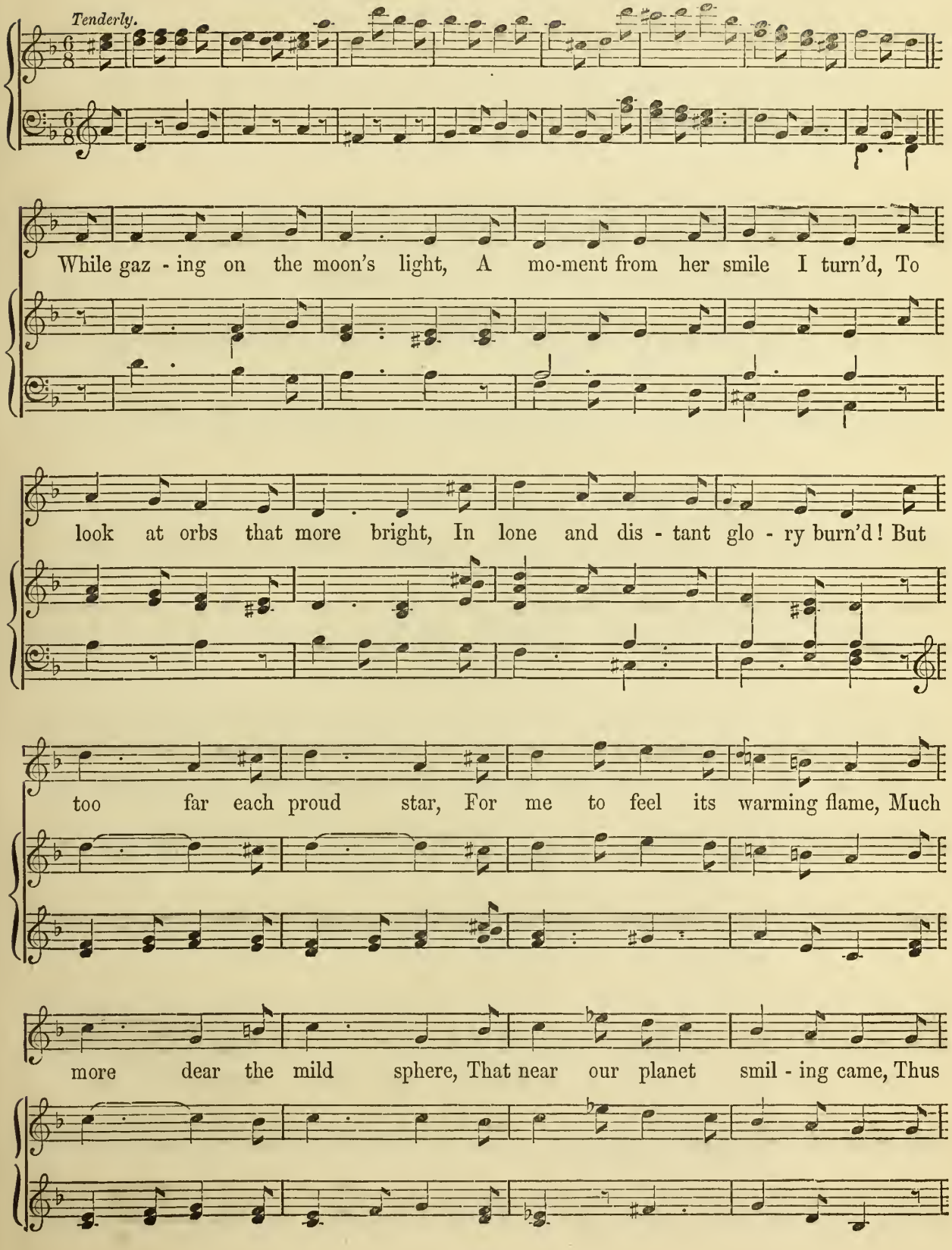

learn'd to be-tray; Un-dis-tinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires; And the
torch, that would light them thro' dig-ni-ty's way, Must be caught from the pile, where their
coun-try ex-pires!
THIRD VERSE.
Then blame not the bard, if, in pleasure's soft dream, He should try to for-get, what he
ne-ver can heal; Oh! give but a hope, let a vis-ta but gleam Thro' the

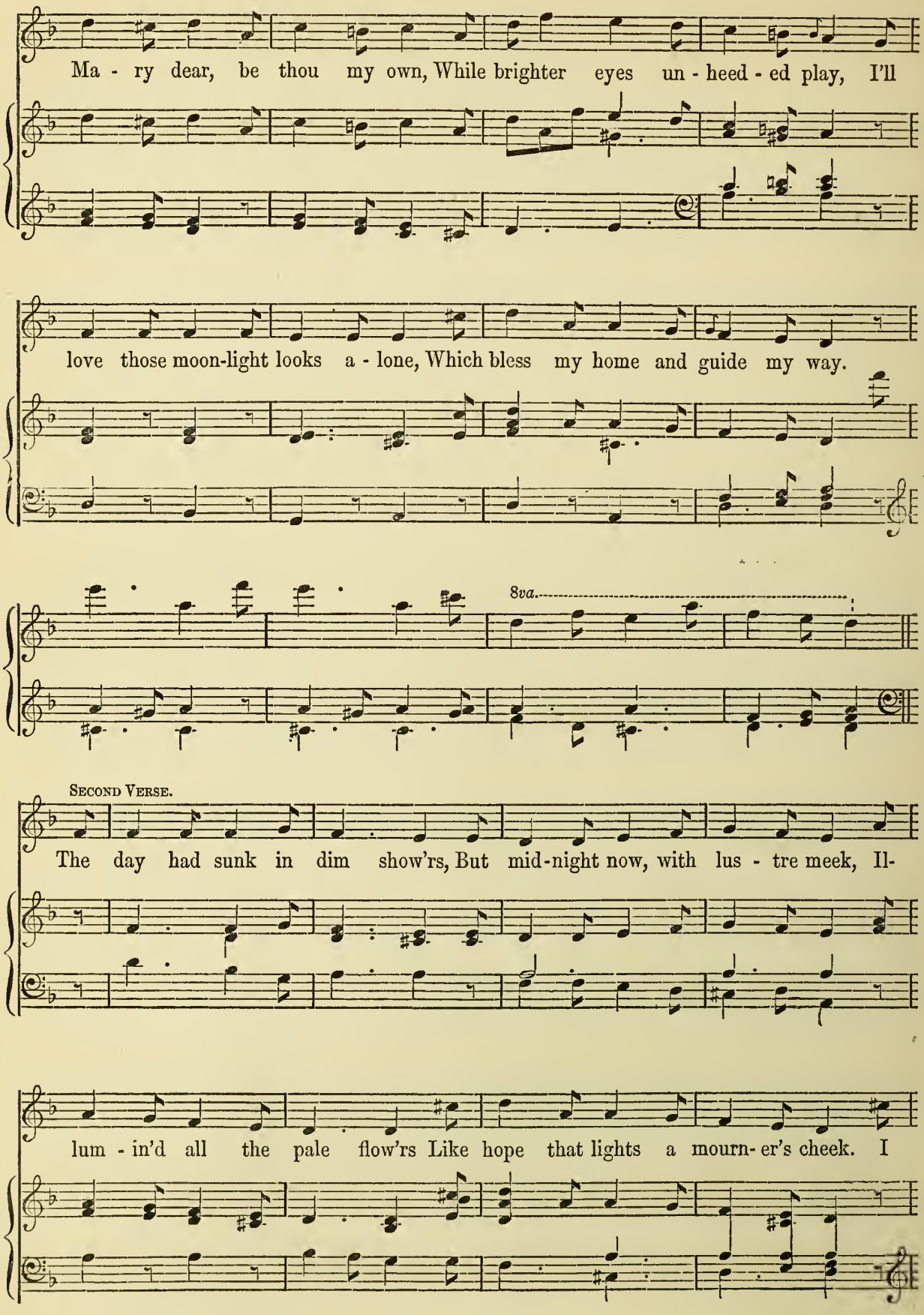


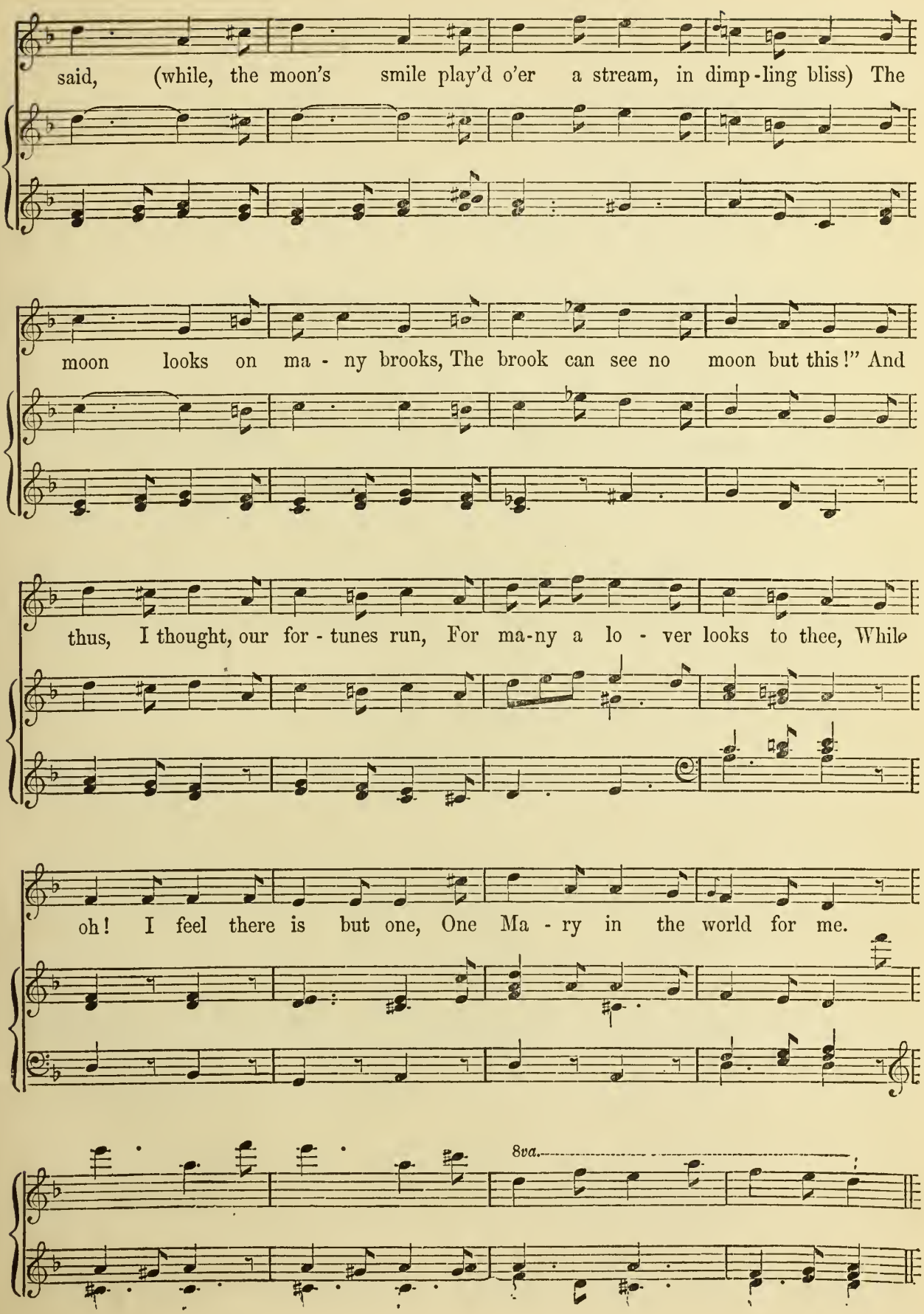
* See the Hymn, attributed to Alcæus, Εν μυρτω κλαδι το ξιφος φορφσω,—"I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton," &c.


live in his songs, Not ev'n in the hour, when his heart is most gay, Will he
lose the re-mem-brance of thee and thy wrongs! The stran-ger shall hear thy la-
ment on his plains; The sigh of thy harp shall be sent . . o'er the deep, Till thy
mas-ters them-selves, as they ri-vet thy chains, Shall pause at the song of their
cap-tive, and weep!

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT



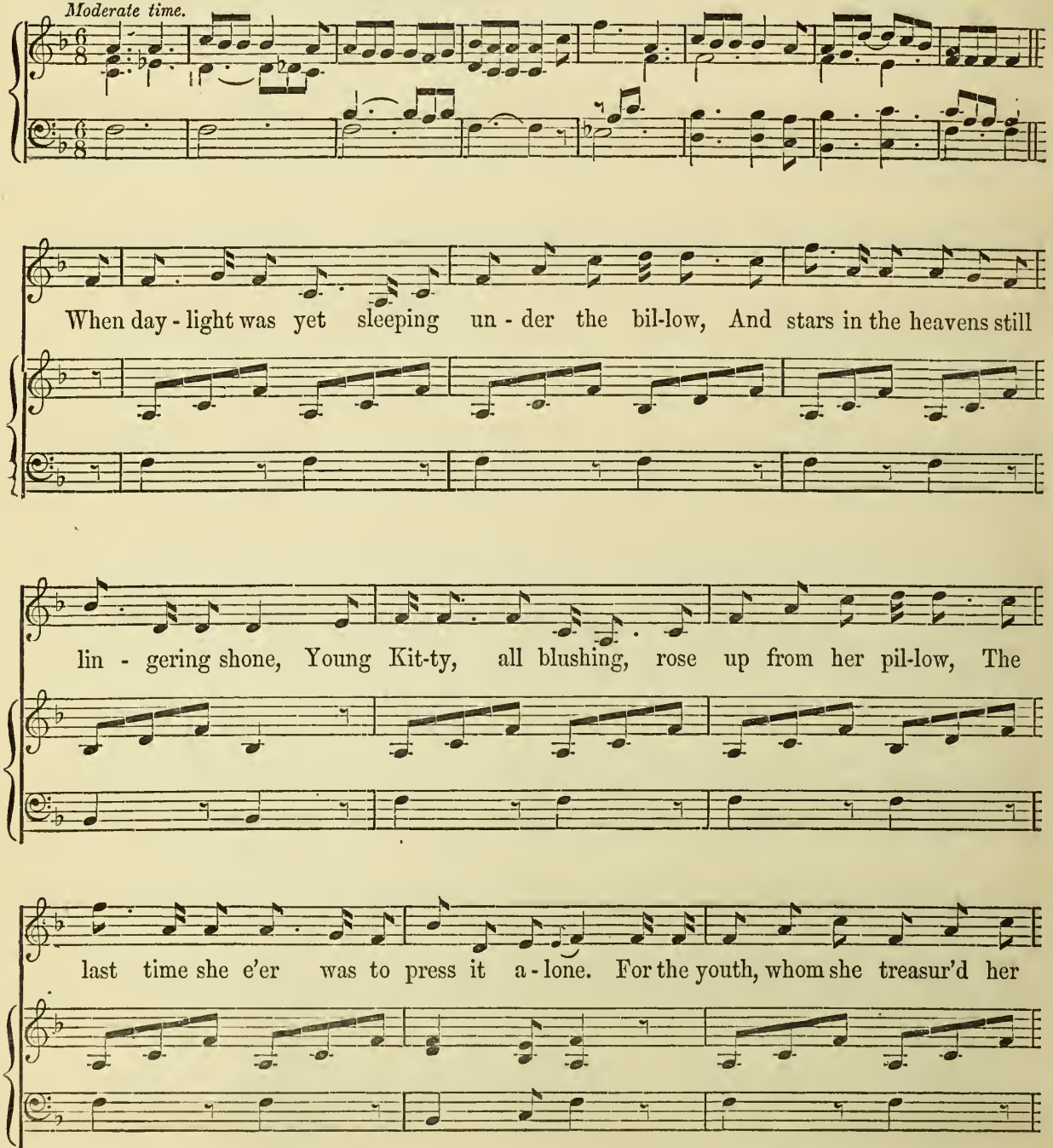

Ma - ry dear, be thou my own, While brighter eyes un - heed - ed play, I'll
love those moon-light looks a - lone, Which bless my home and guide my way.
8va
SECOND VERSE.
The day had sunk in dim show'rs, But mid-night now, with lus - tre meek, Il-
lum - in'd all the pale flow'rs Like hope that lights a mourn- er's cheek. I


said, (while, the moon's smile play'd o'er a stream, in dimp-ling bliss) The
moon looks on ma - ny brooks, The brook can see no moon but this!" And
thus, I thought, our for - tunes run, For ma-ny a lo - ver looks to thee, While
oh! I feel there is but one, One Ma - ry in the world for me.
8va.

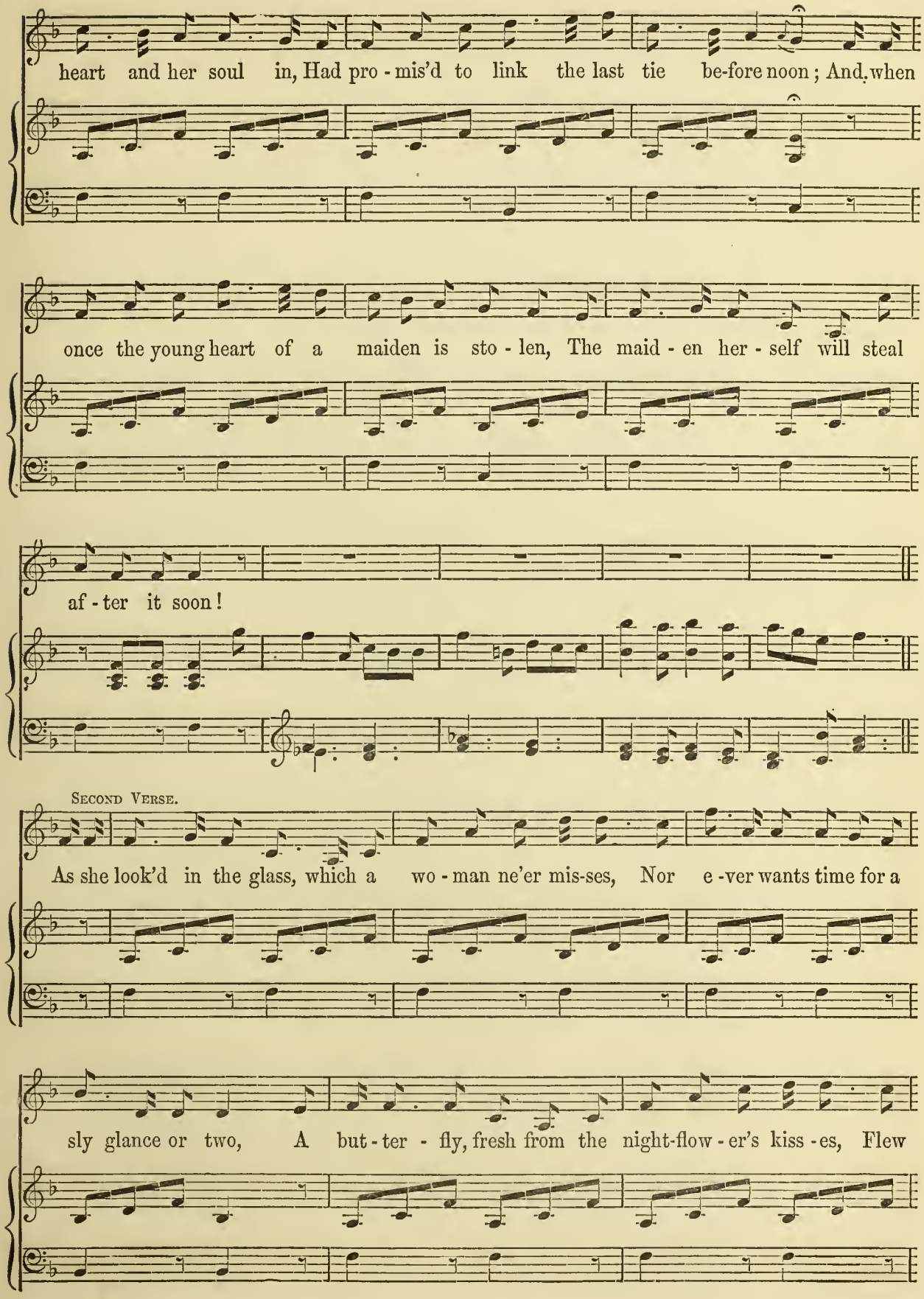
WHEN DAYLIGHT WAS YET SLEEPING UNDER THE BILLOW.

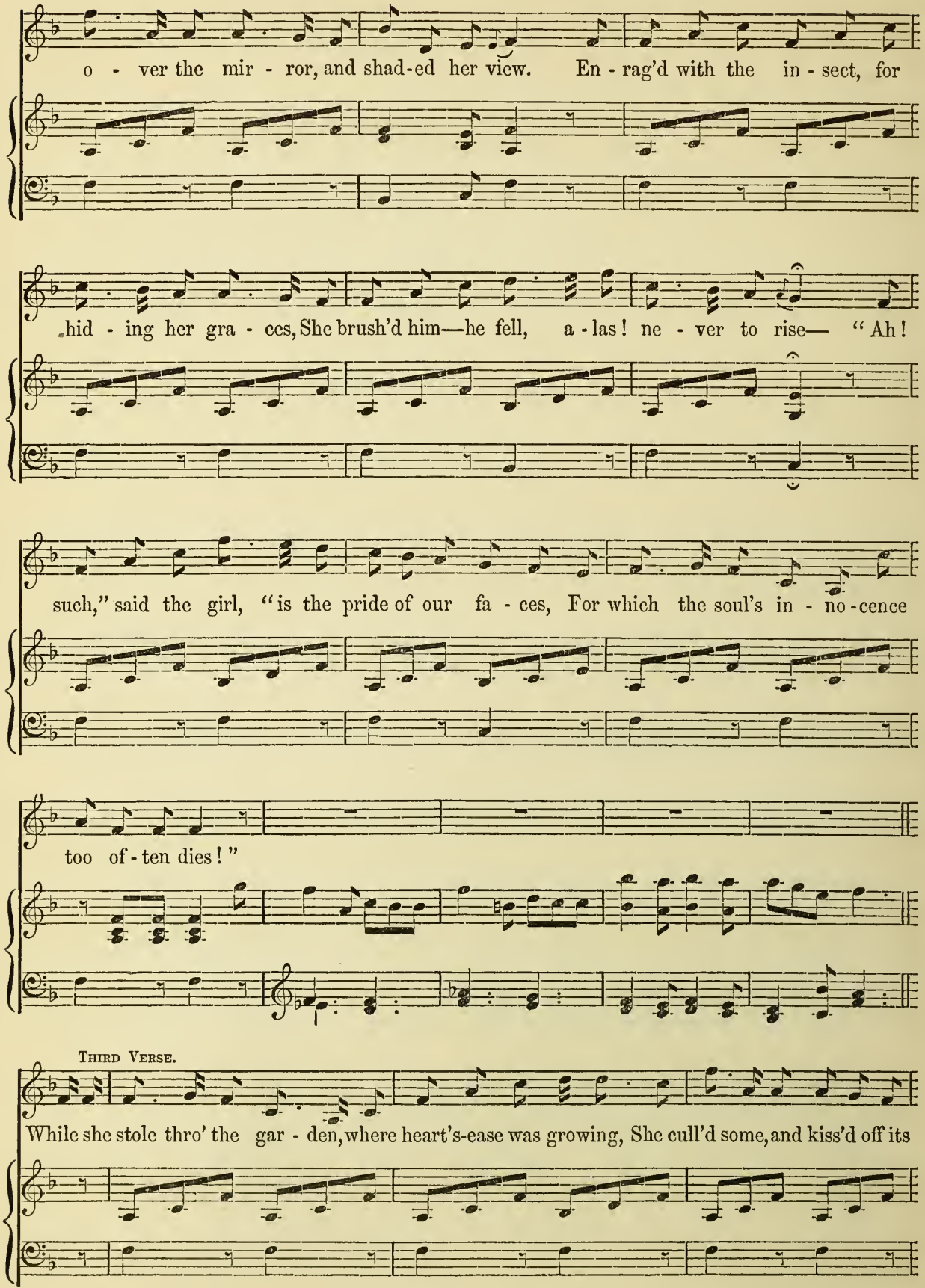
(Air—Kitty of Coleraine.*) (Ill Omens.)

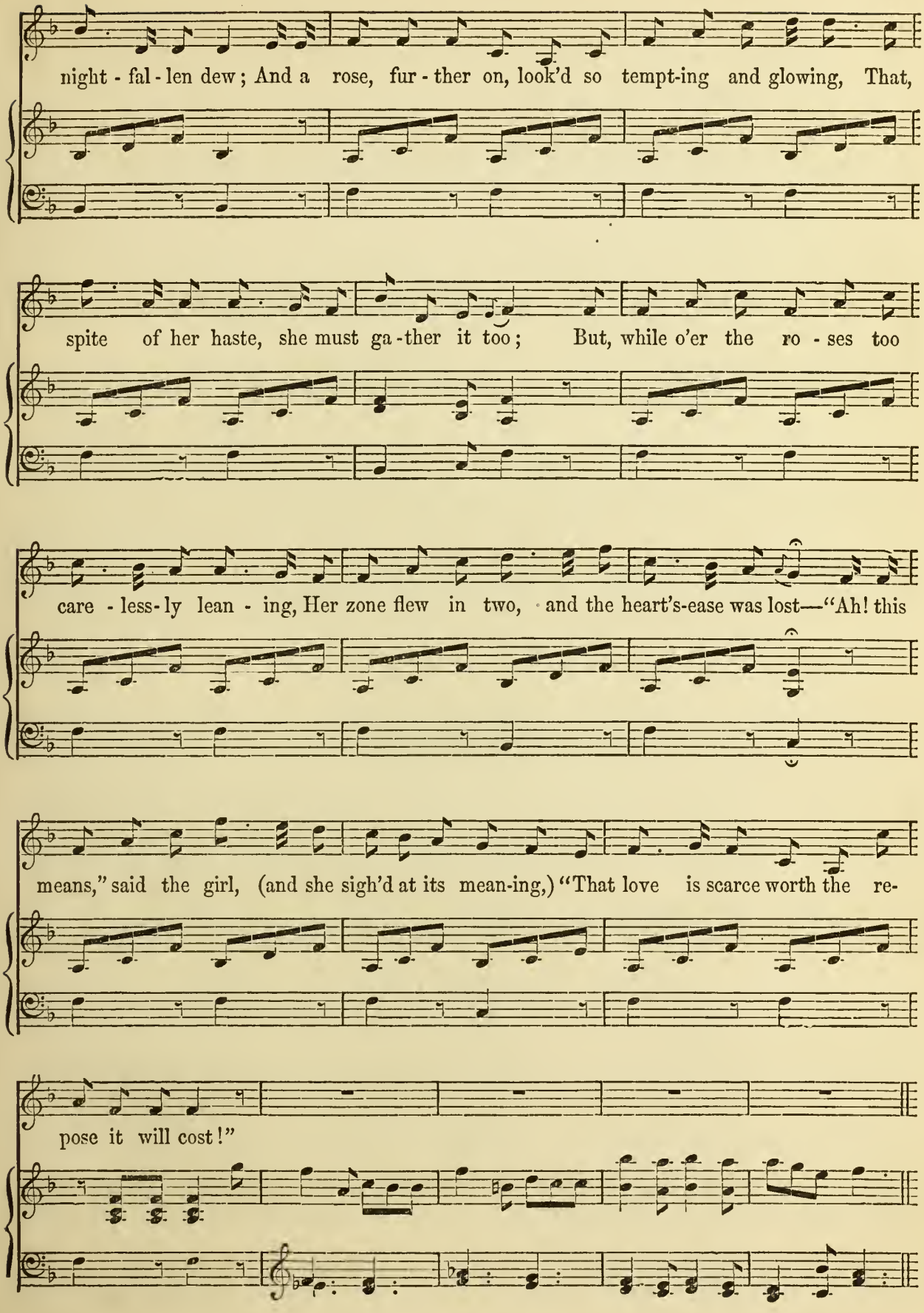
Moderate time.



* Having some reason to suspect that "Kitty of Coleraine" is but a modern English imitation of our style, I have thought it right to give an authentic Irish air to the same words, without, however, omitting the former melody, for which the words were originally written, and to which, I believe, they are best adapted. "Paddy's Resource" follows the present air.

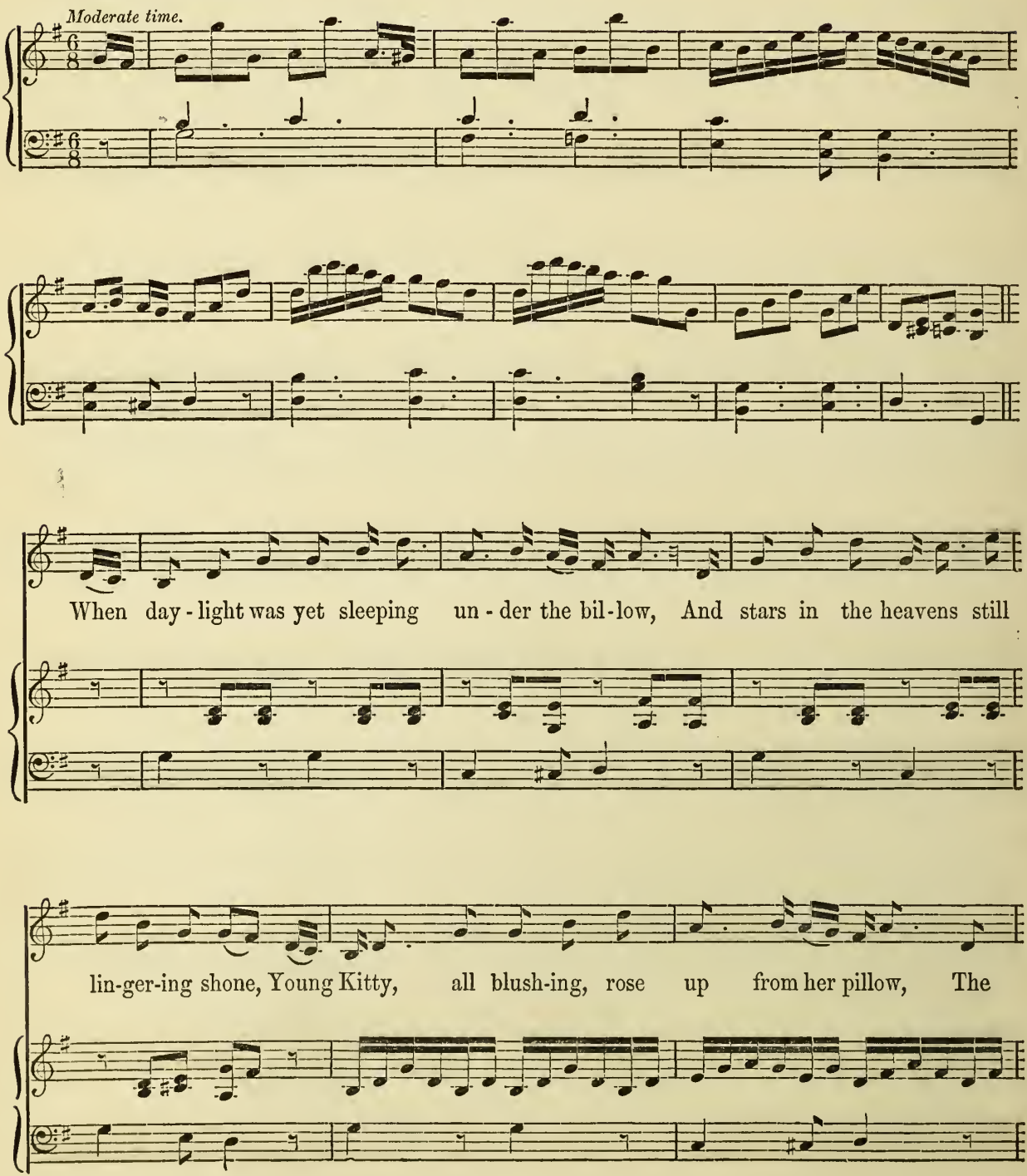

heart and her soul in, Had pro - mis'd to link the last tie be-fore noon; And, when
once the young heart of a maiden is sto - len, The maid - en her - self will steal
af - ter it soon!
Second Verse.
As she look'd in the glass, which a wo - man ne'er mis-ses, Nor e -ver wants time for a
sly glance or two, A but - ter - fly, fresh from the night-flow - er's kiss - es, Flew

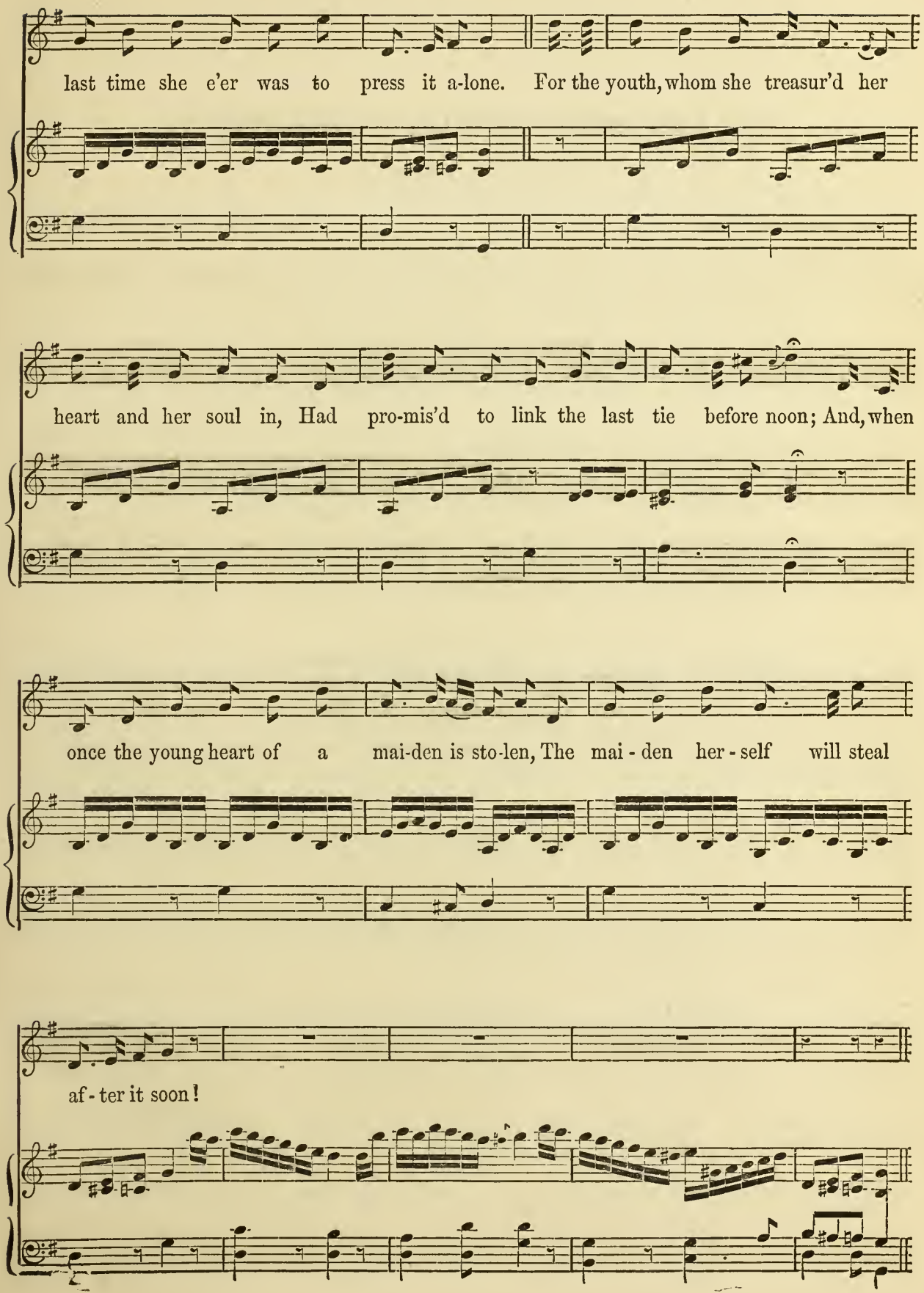

o - ver the mir - ror, and shad-ed her view. En - rag'd with the in - sect, for
hid - ing her gra - ces, She brush'd him—he fell, a - las! ne - ver to rise— "Ah!
such," said the girl, "is the pride of our fa - ces, For which the soul's in - no-cence
too of - ten dies!"
THIRD VERSE.
While she stole thro' the gar - den, where heart's-ease was growing, She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its


night - fal - len dew; And a rose, fur - ther on, look'd so tempt-ing and glowing, That,
spite of her haste, she must ga - ther it too; But, while o'er the ro - ses too
care - less - ly lean - ing, Her zone flew in two, and the heart's-ease was lost—"Ah! this
means," said the girl, (and she sigh'd at its mean-ing,) "That love is scarce worth the re-
pose it will cost!"

WHEN DAYLIGHT WAS YET SLEEPING UNDER THE BILLOW.

(Air—Paddy's Resource.) (Ill Omens.)

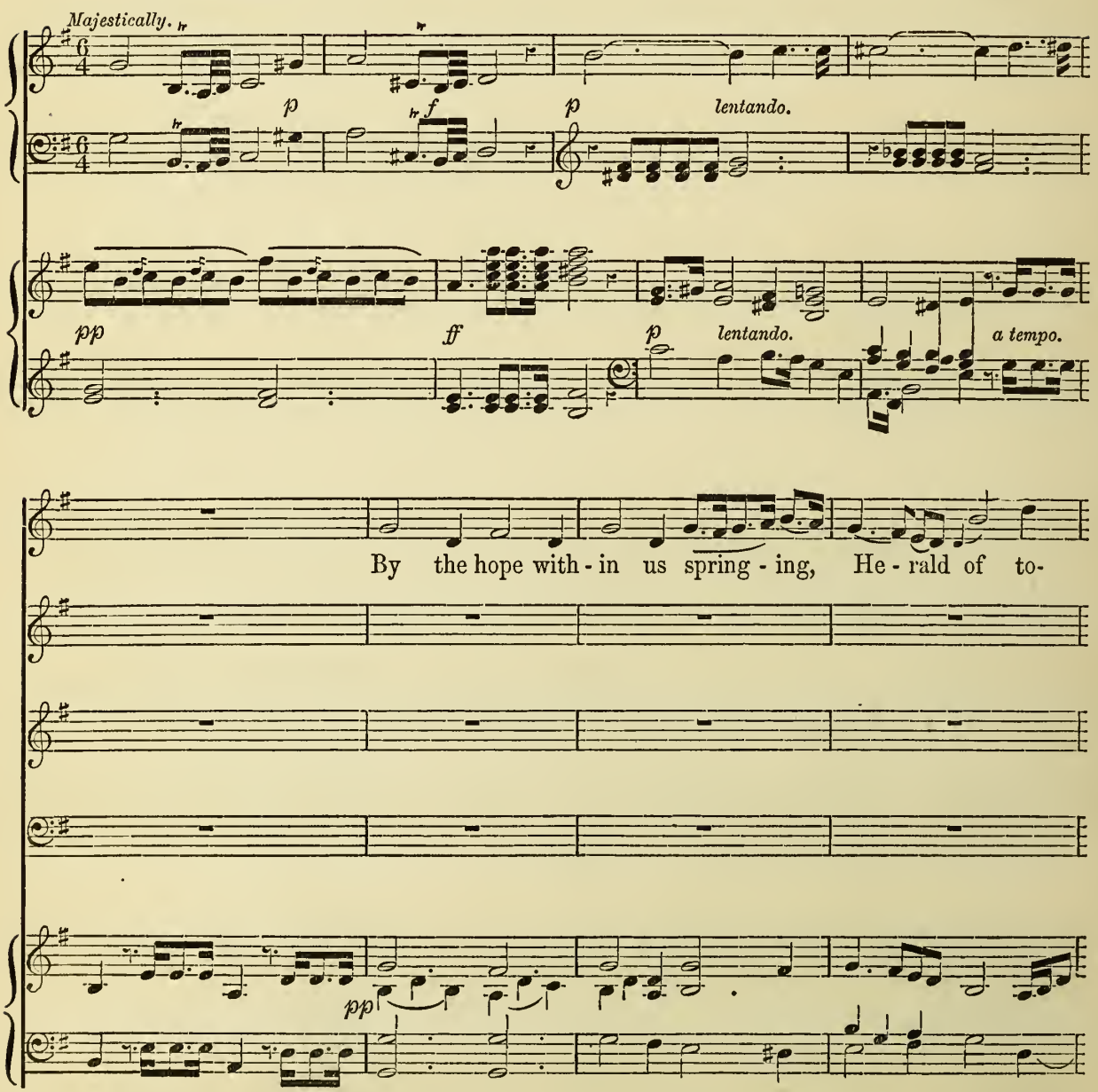



last time she e'er was to press it a-lone. For the youth, whom she treasur'd her
heart and her soul in, Had pro-mis'd to link the last tie before noon; And, when
once the young heart of a mai-den is sto-len, The mai - den her - self will steal
af - ter it soon!

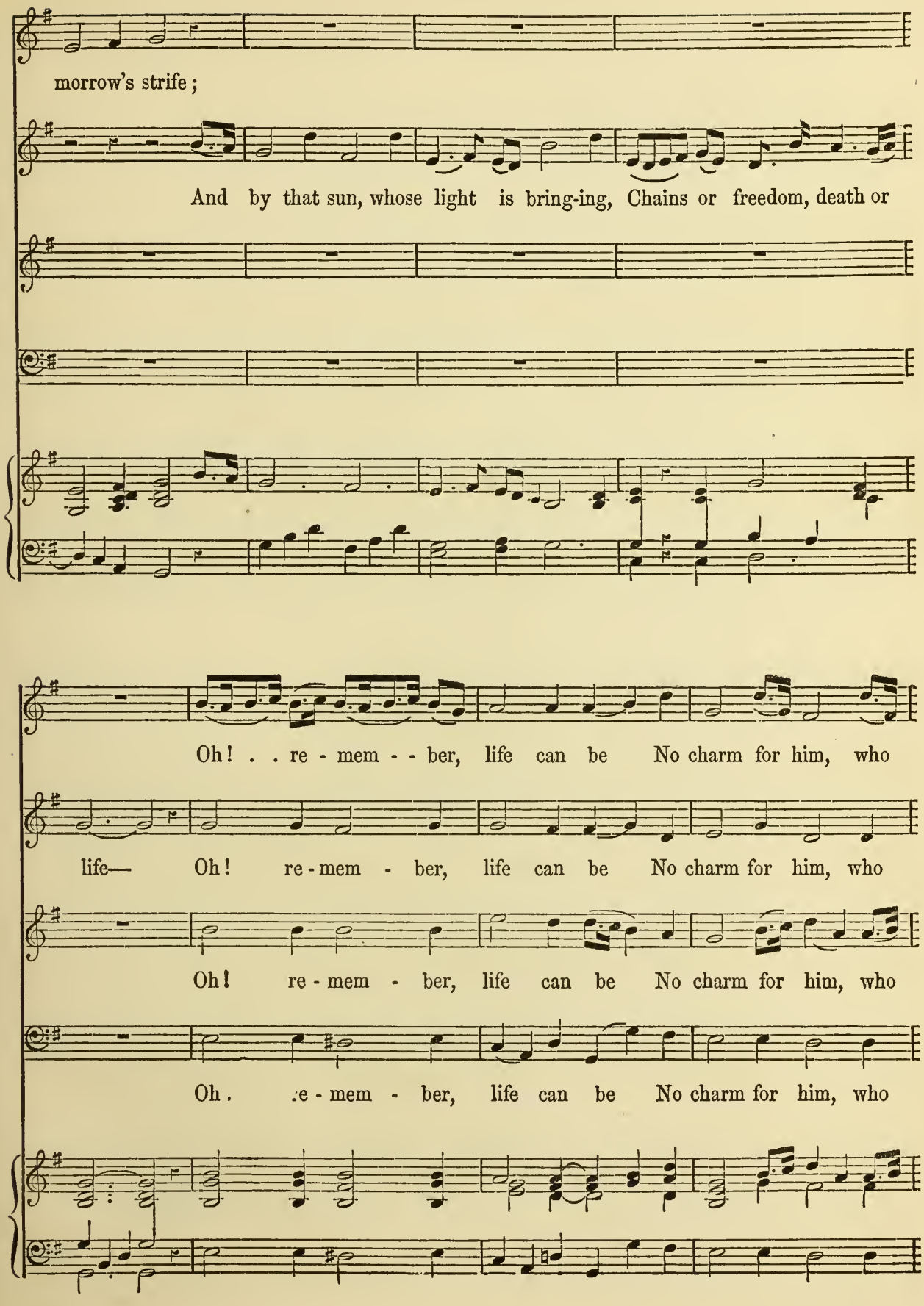
BY THE HOPE WITHIN US SPRINGING.

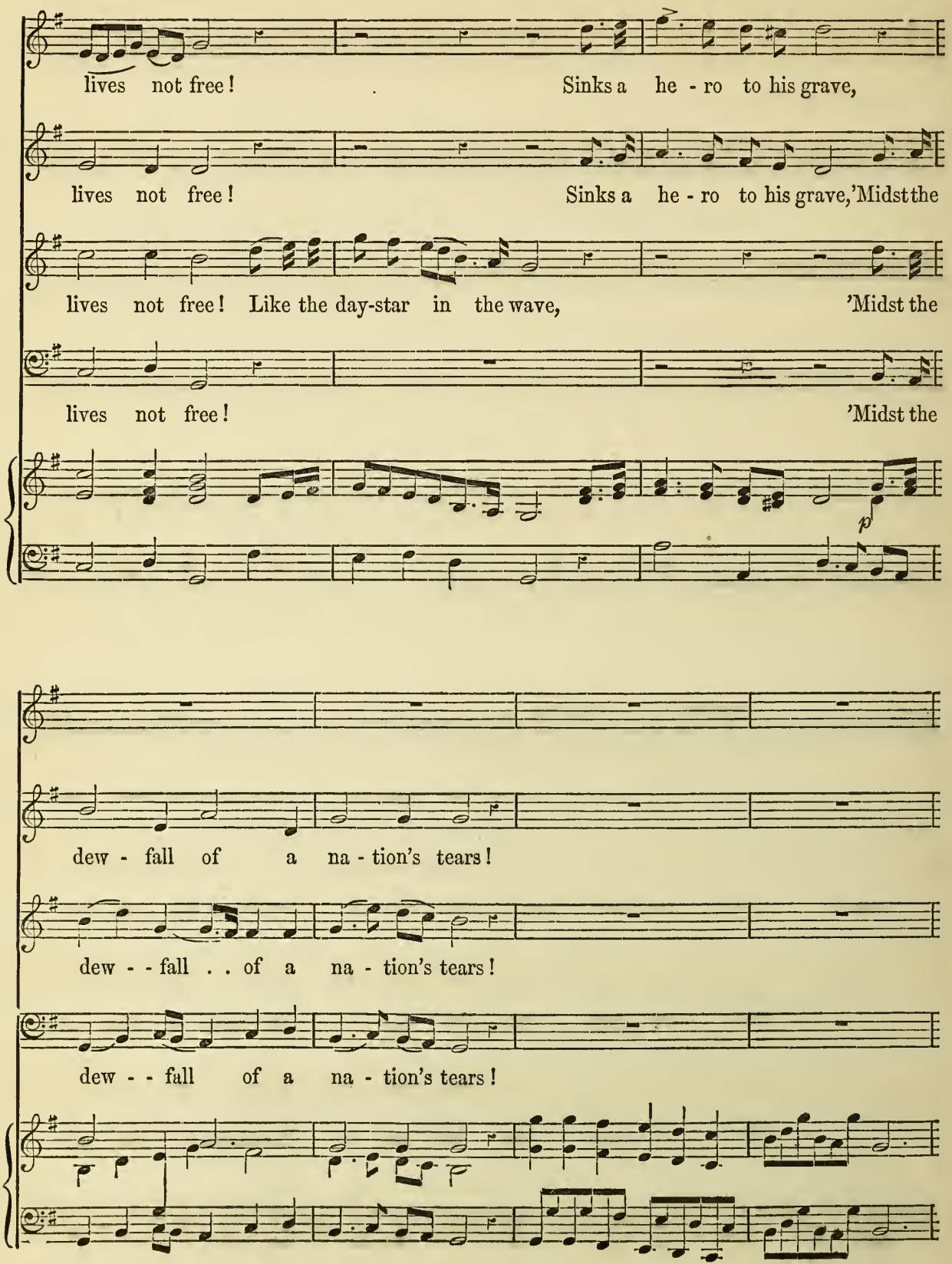
BEFORE THE BATTLE.

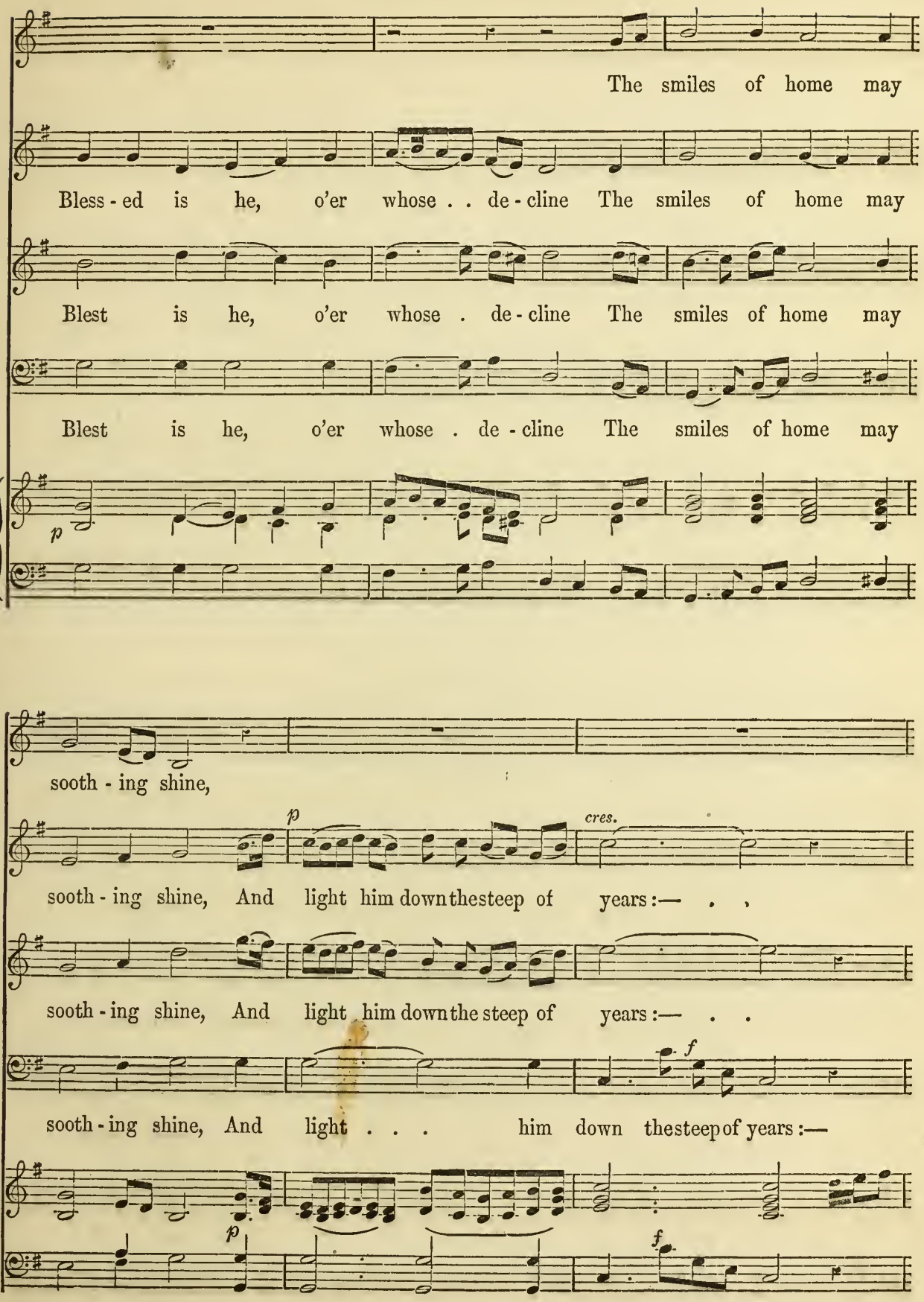
(Air—The Fairy Queen.*) Harmonized for Four Voices.

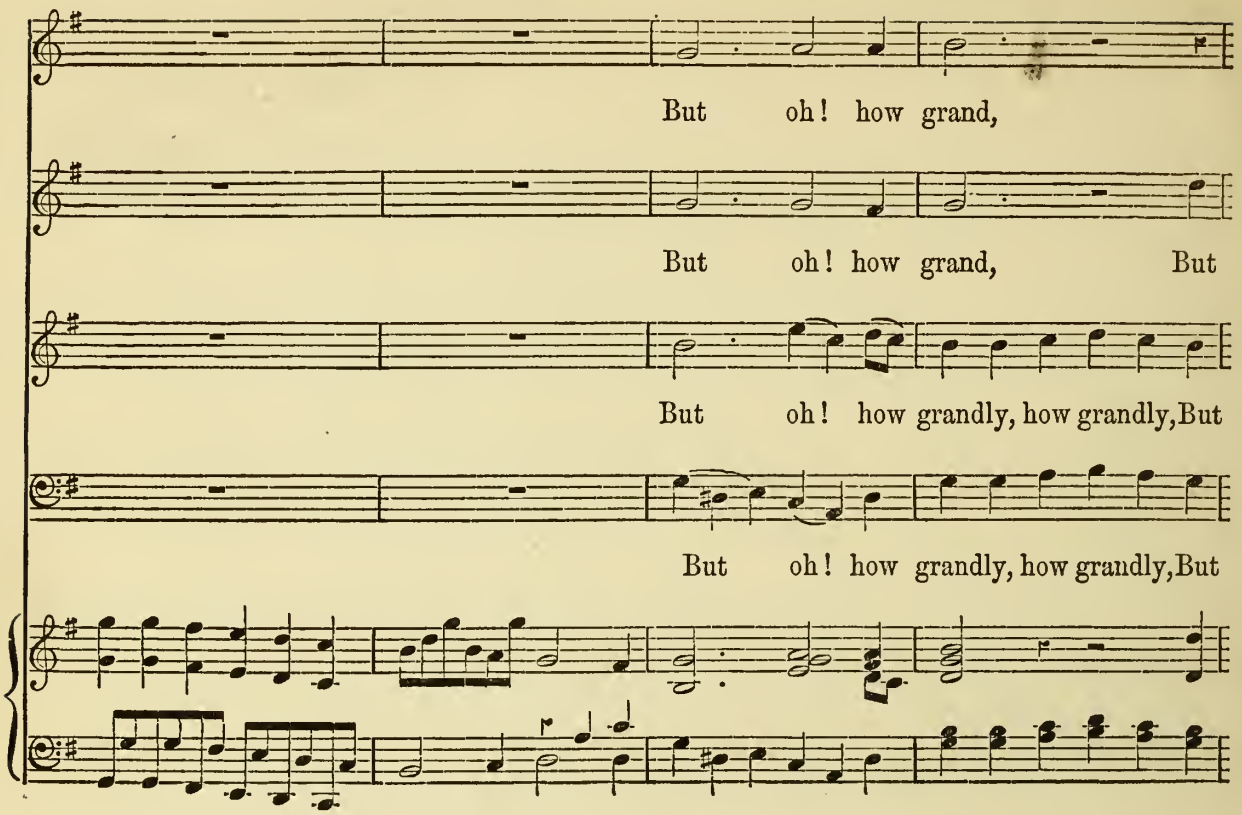


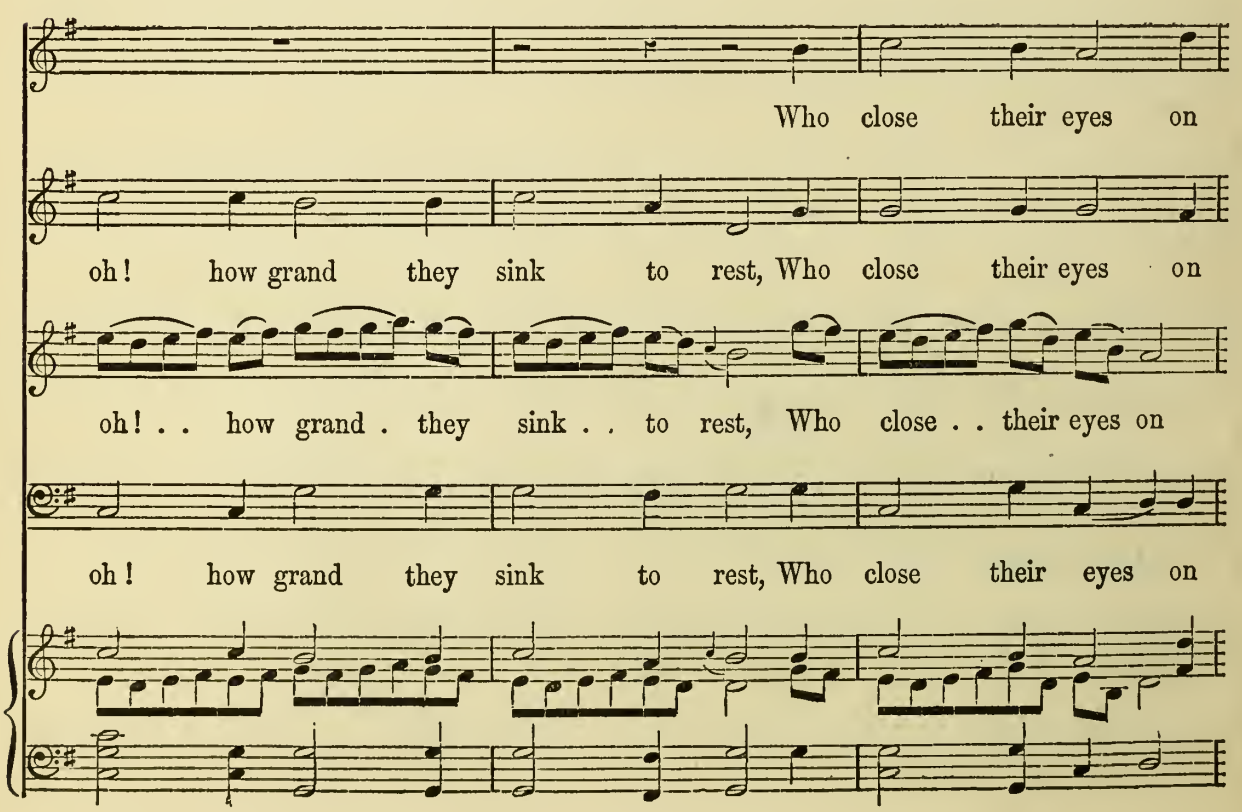
* In order to bring this fine air of Carolan within the compass of the voice, it was necessary to raise some parts of it an octave higher than they are in the original setting, and to convert into a symphony the wild, characteristic passage, which, more than once, breaks so boldly across the course of the melody. The merit of this arrangement, as well as the responsibility, rests entirely with Sir John Stevenson. He gave me the air in its present harmonized form, and I found it rather a difficult task to follow with words, of any tolerable meaning, those abrupt variations of expression with which it abounds. The Melody, in its original form, may be seen at page 150.

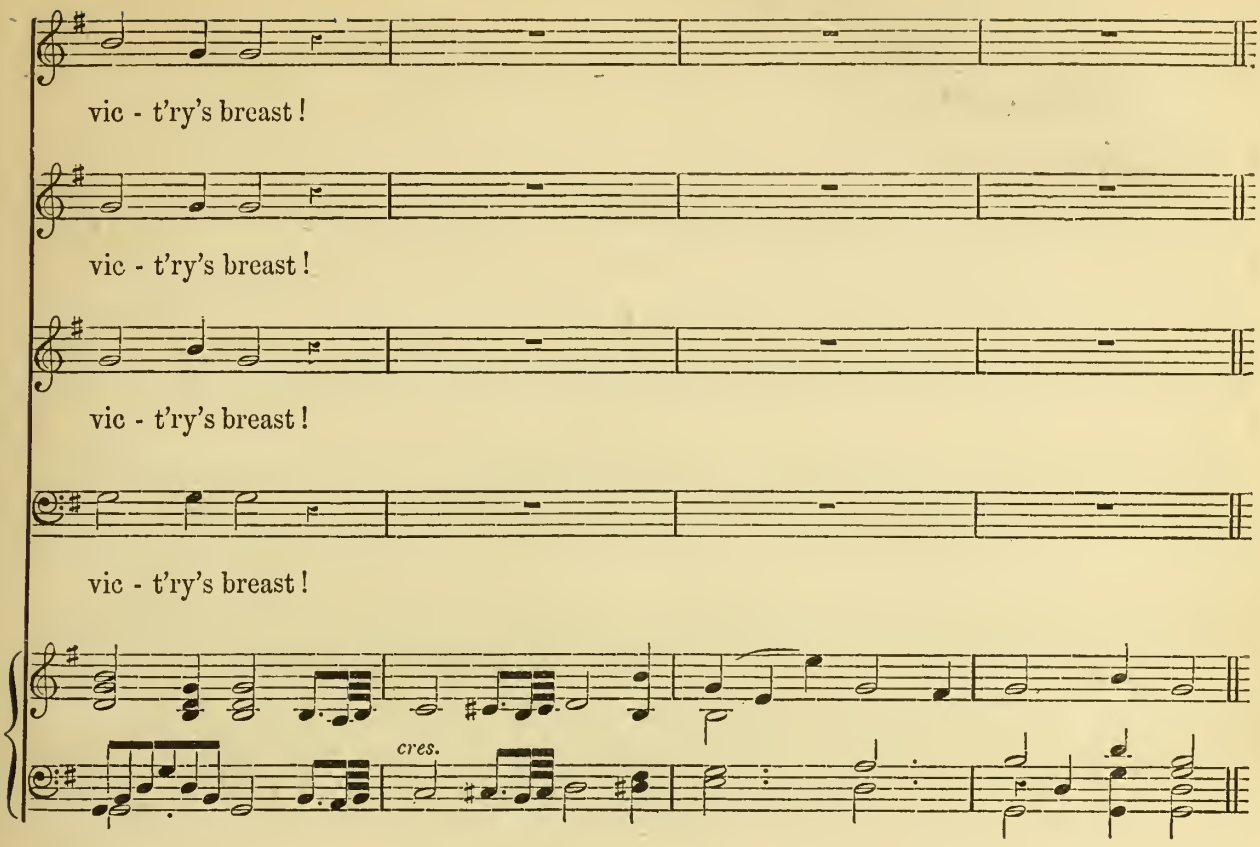

morrow's strife;
And by that sun, whose light is bring-ing, Chains or freedom, death or
Oh! . . re - mem - - ber, life can be No charm for him, who
life— Oh! re - mem - ber, life can be No charm for him, who
Oh! re - mem - ber, life can be No charm for him, who
Oh . :e - mem - ber, life can be No charm for him, who


lives not free! Sinks a he - ro to his grave,
lives not free! Sinks a he - ro to his grave, 'Midst the
lives not free! Like the day-star in the wave, 'Midst the
lives not free! 'Midst the
p
dew - fall of a na - tion's tears!
dew - - fall . . of a na - tion's tears!
dew - - fall of a na - tion's tears!

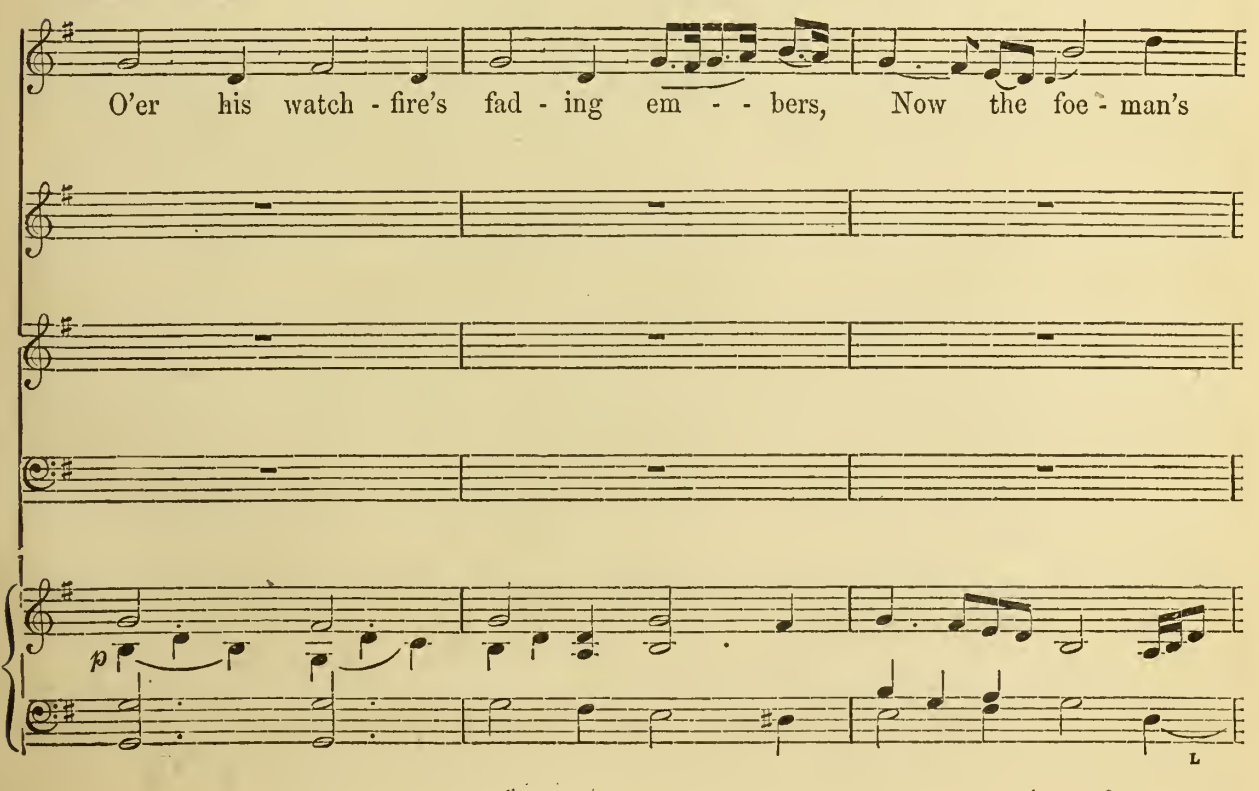

The smiles of home may
Bless - ed is he, o'er whose . . de - cline The smiles of home may
Blest is he, o'er whose . de - cline The smiles of home may
Blest is he, o'er whose . de - cline The smiles of home may
p
sooth - ing shine,
p
cres.
sooth - ing shine, And light him down the steep of years:— . .
sooth - ing shine, And light him down the steep of years:— . .
f
sooth - ing shine, And light . . . him down the steep of years:—
p
f

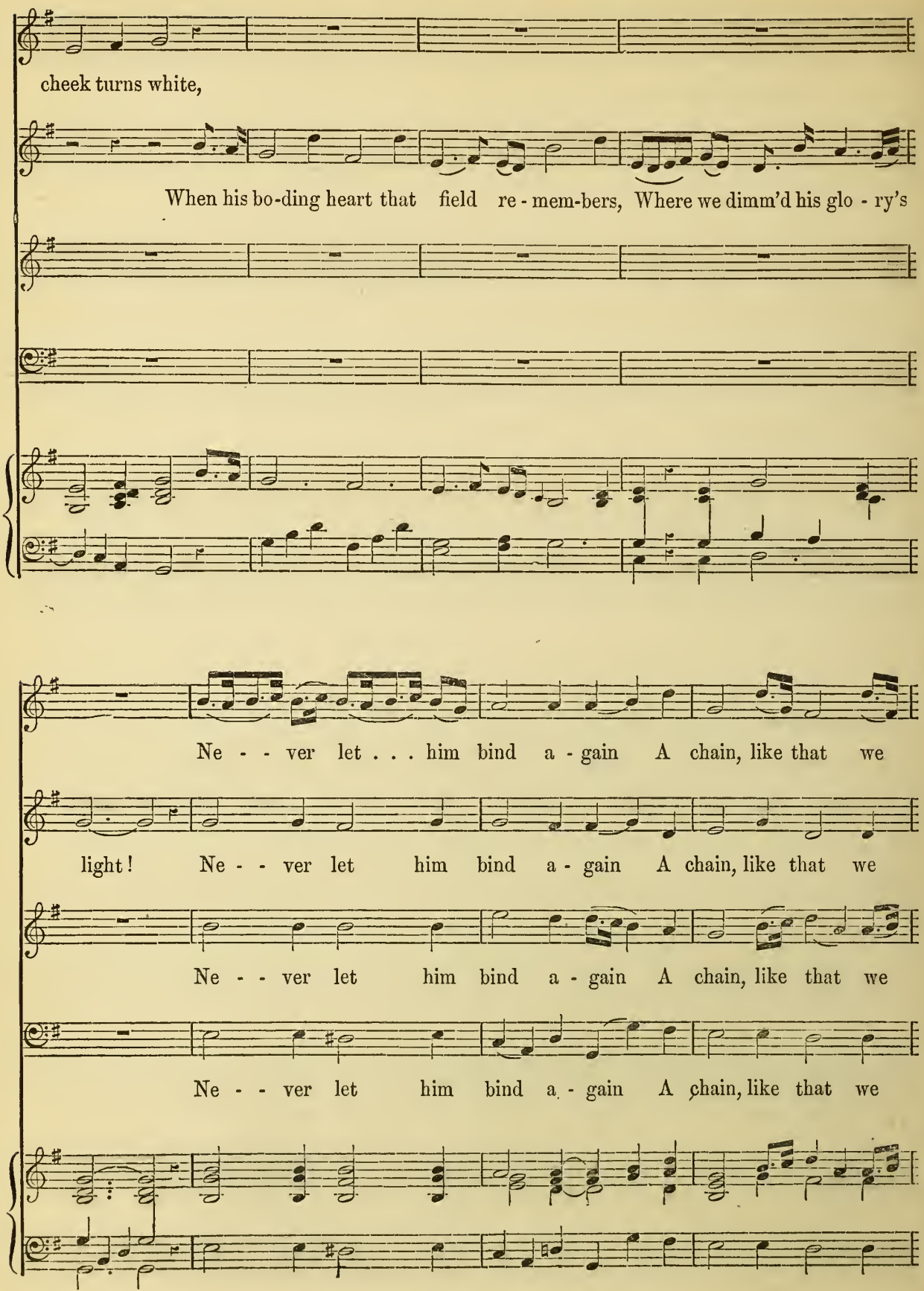

But oh! how grand,
But oh! how grand, But
But oh! how grandly, how grandly, But
But oh! how grandly, how grandly, But

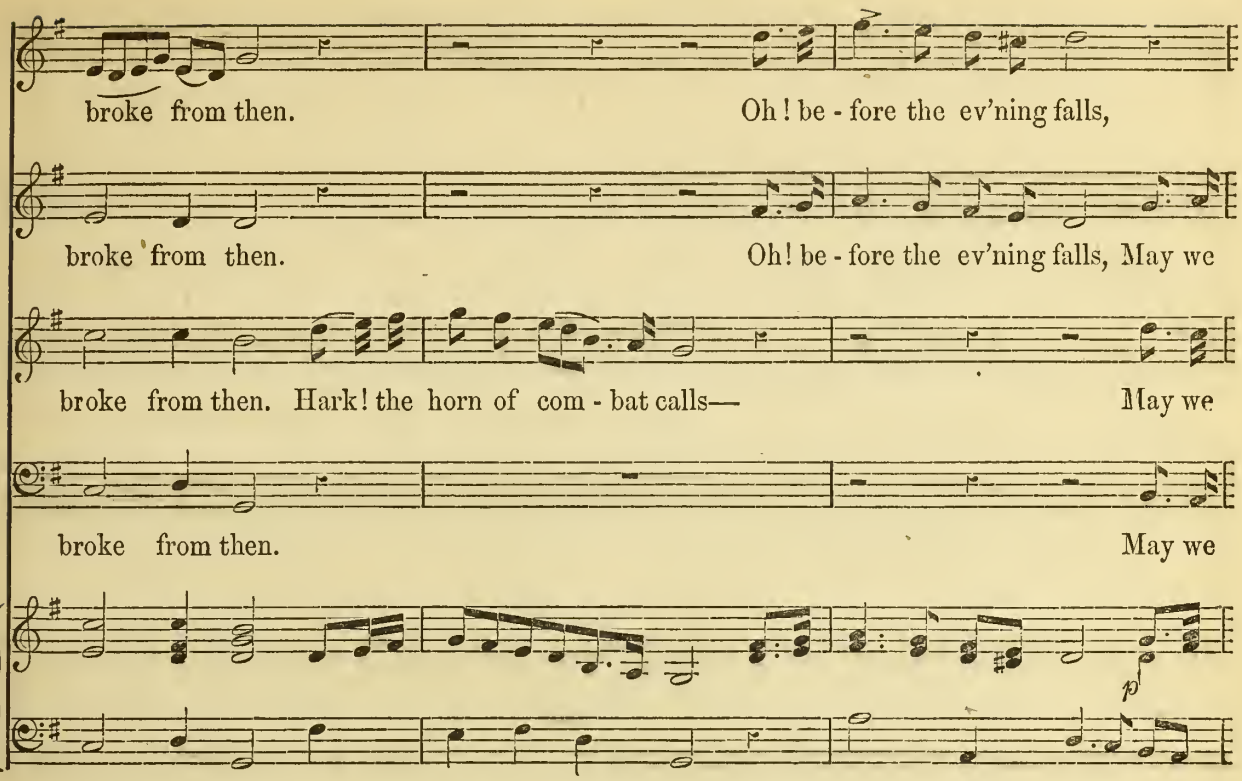

Who close their eyes on
oh! how grand they sink to rest, Who close their eyes on
oh! . . how grand . they sink . . to rest, Who close . . their eyes on
oh! how grand they sink to rest, Who close their eyes on

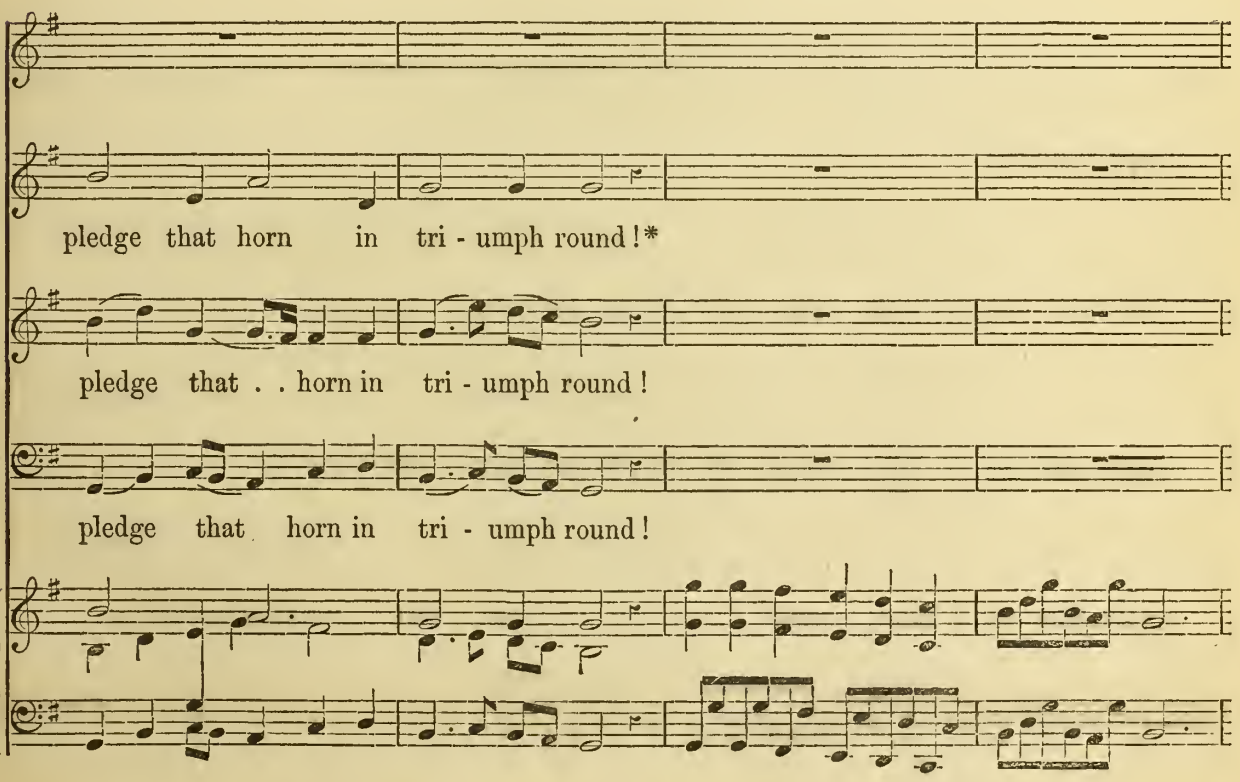


Second Verse.

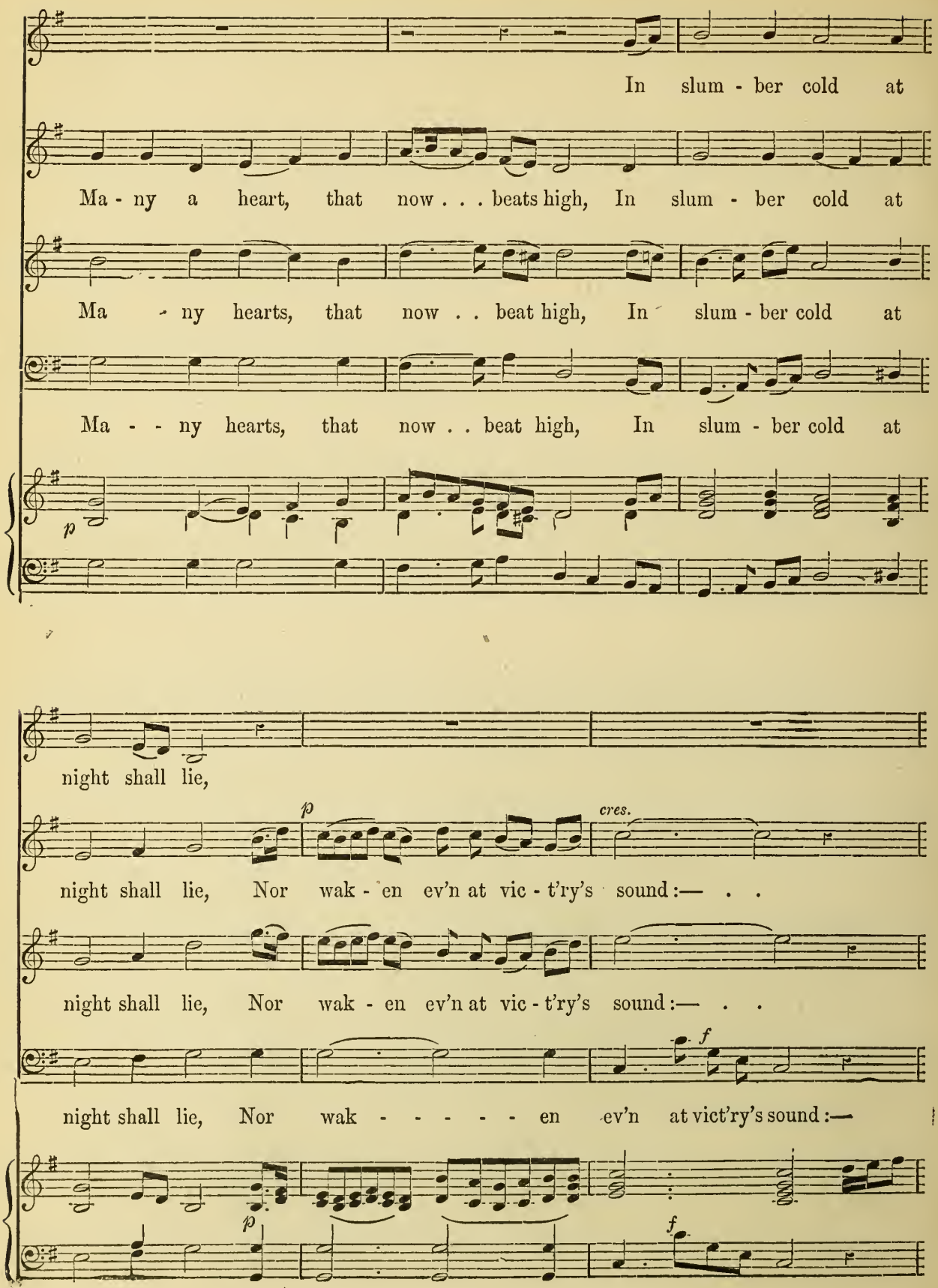


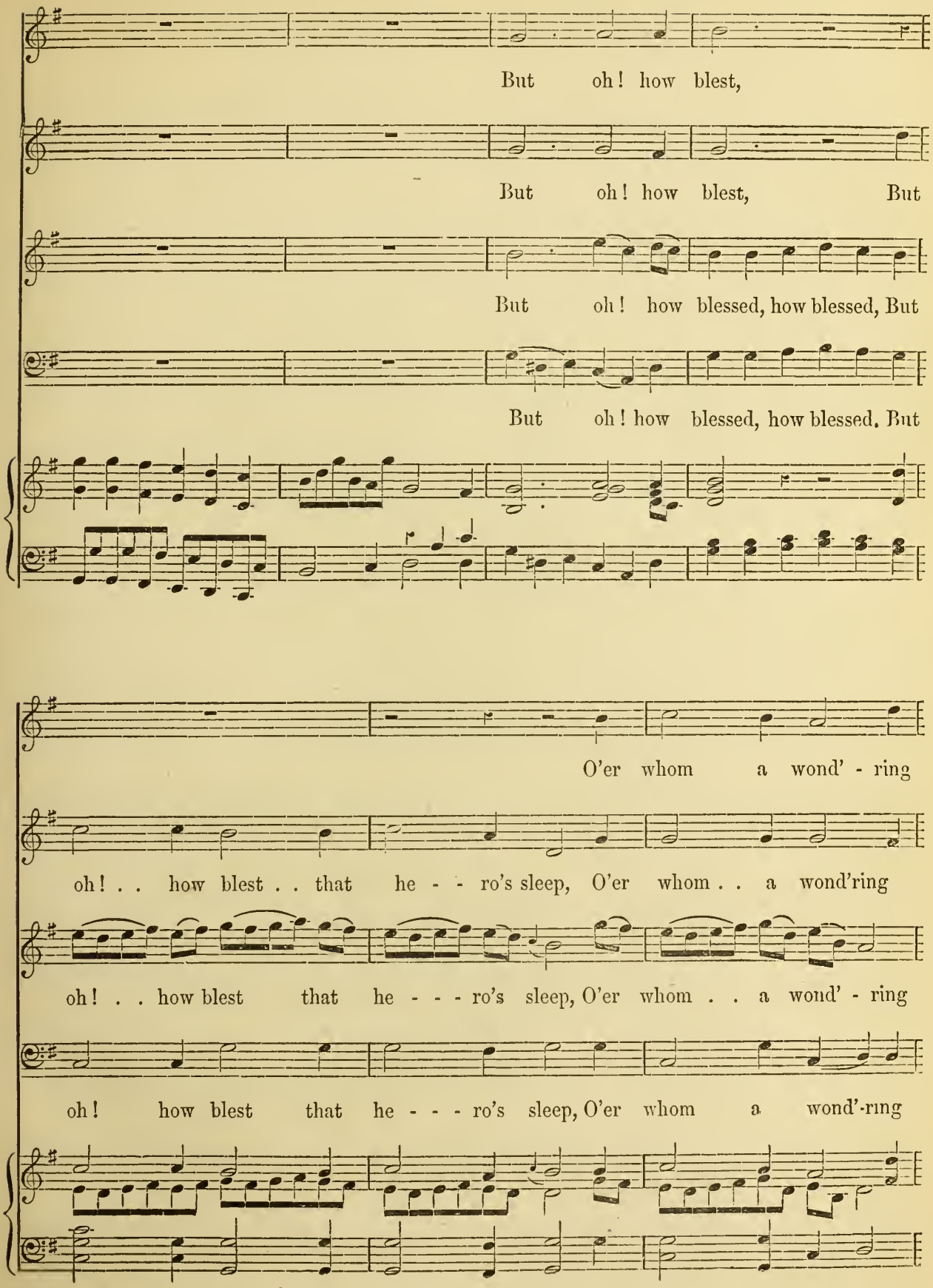

cheek turns white,
When his bo-ding heart that field re-mem-bers, Where we dimm'd his glo-ry's
Ne - - ver let . . . him bind a - gain A chain, like that we
light! Ne - - ver let him bind a - gain A chain, like that we
Ne - - ver let him bind a - gain A chain, like that we
Ne - - ver let him bind a - gain A chain, like that we

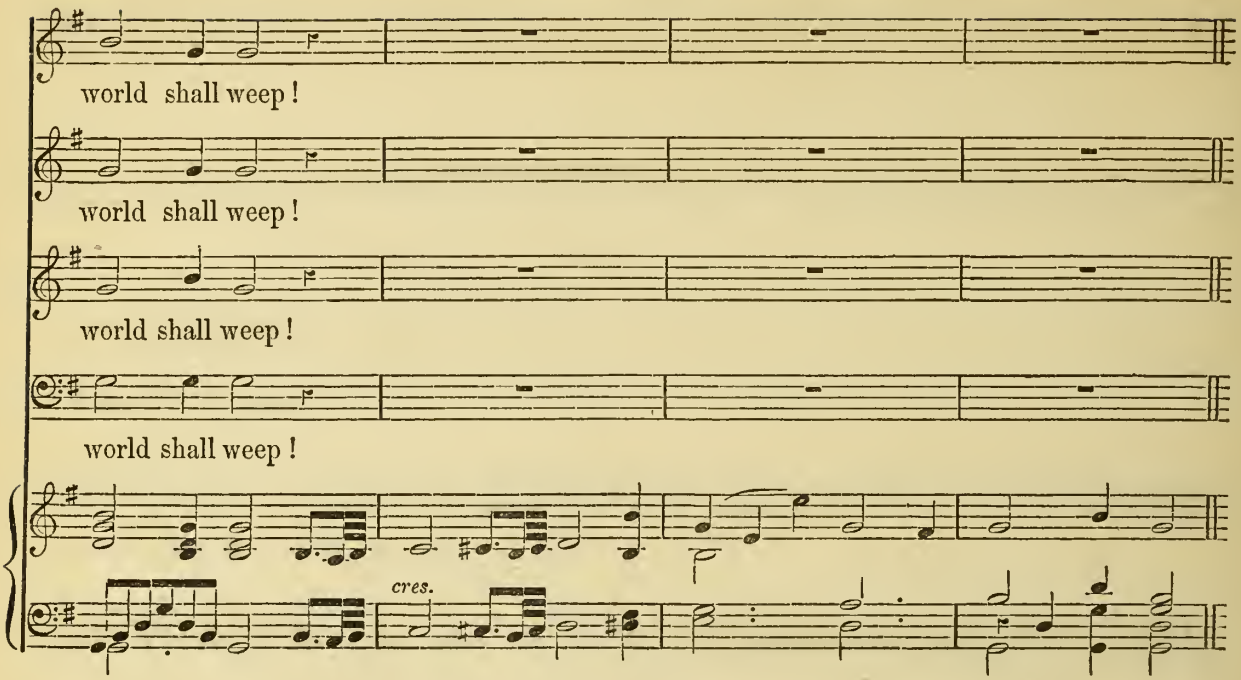




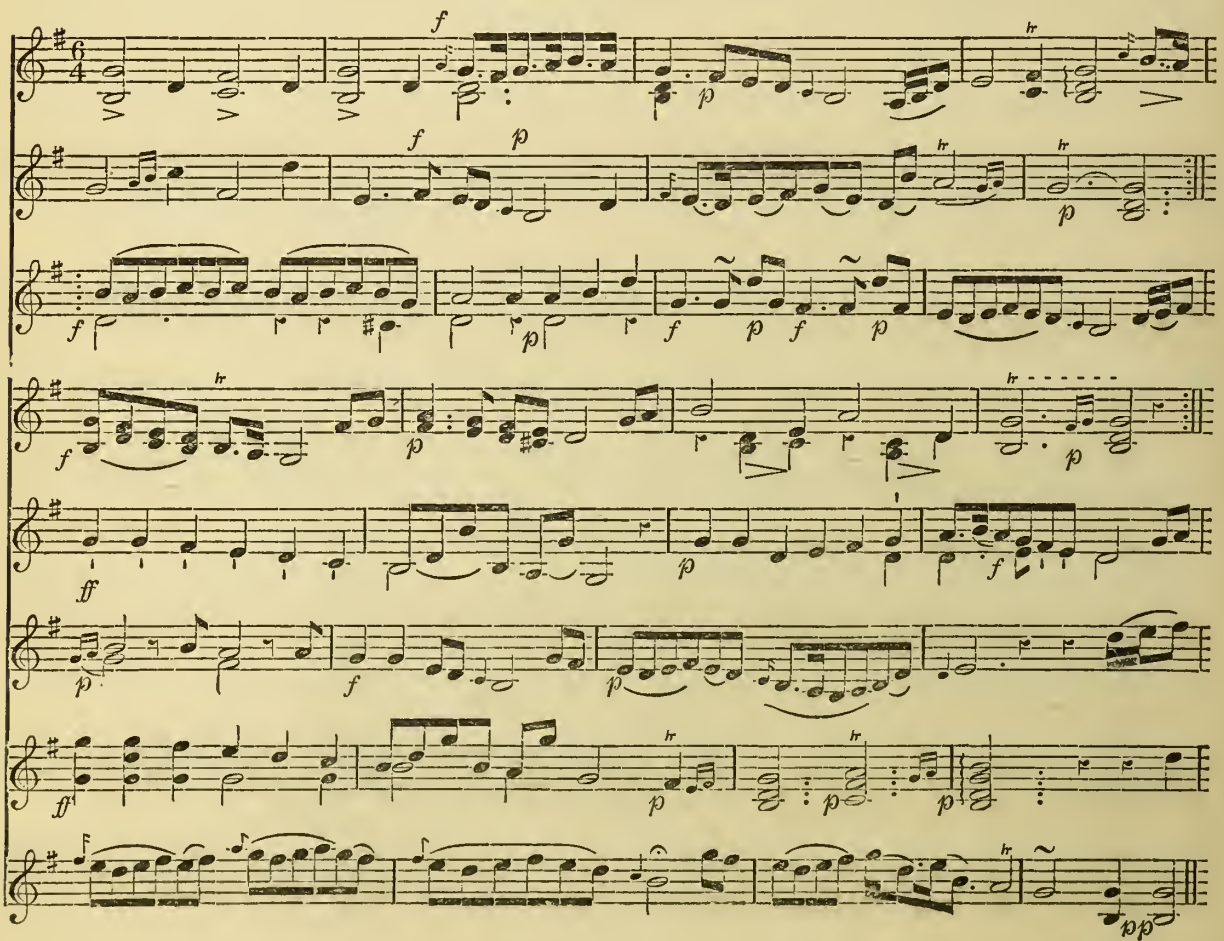
* "The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages, our ancestors quaffed Meadh out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage at this day."—Walker.


In slum - ber cold at
Ma - ny a heart, that now . . . beats high, In slum - ber cold at
Ma - ny hearts, that now . . beat high, In slum - ber cold at
Ma - - ny hearts, that now . . beat high, In slum - ber cold at
p
night shall lie,
p
cres.
night shall lie, Nor wak - en ev'n at vic - t'ry's sound:— . .
night shall lie, Nor wak - en ev'n at vic - t'ry's sound:— . .
f
night shall lie, Nor wak - - - - - en ev'n at vict'ry's sound:—
p
f


But oh! how blest,
But oh! how blest, But
But oh! how blessed, how blessed, But
But oh! how blessed, how blessed. But
O'er whom a wond' - ring
oh! . . how blest . . that he - - ro's sleep, O'er whom . . a wond'ring
oh! . . how blest that he - - - ro's sleep, O'er whom . . a wond' - ring
oh! how blest that he - - - ro's sleep, O'er whom a wond'-ring



THE FAIRY QUEEN.

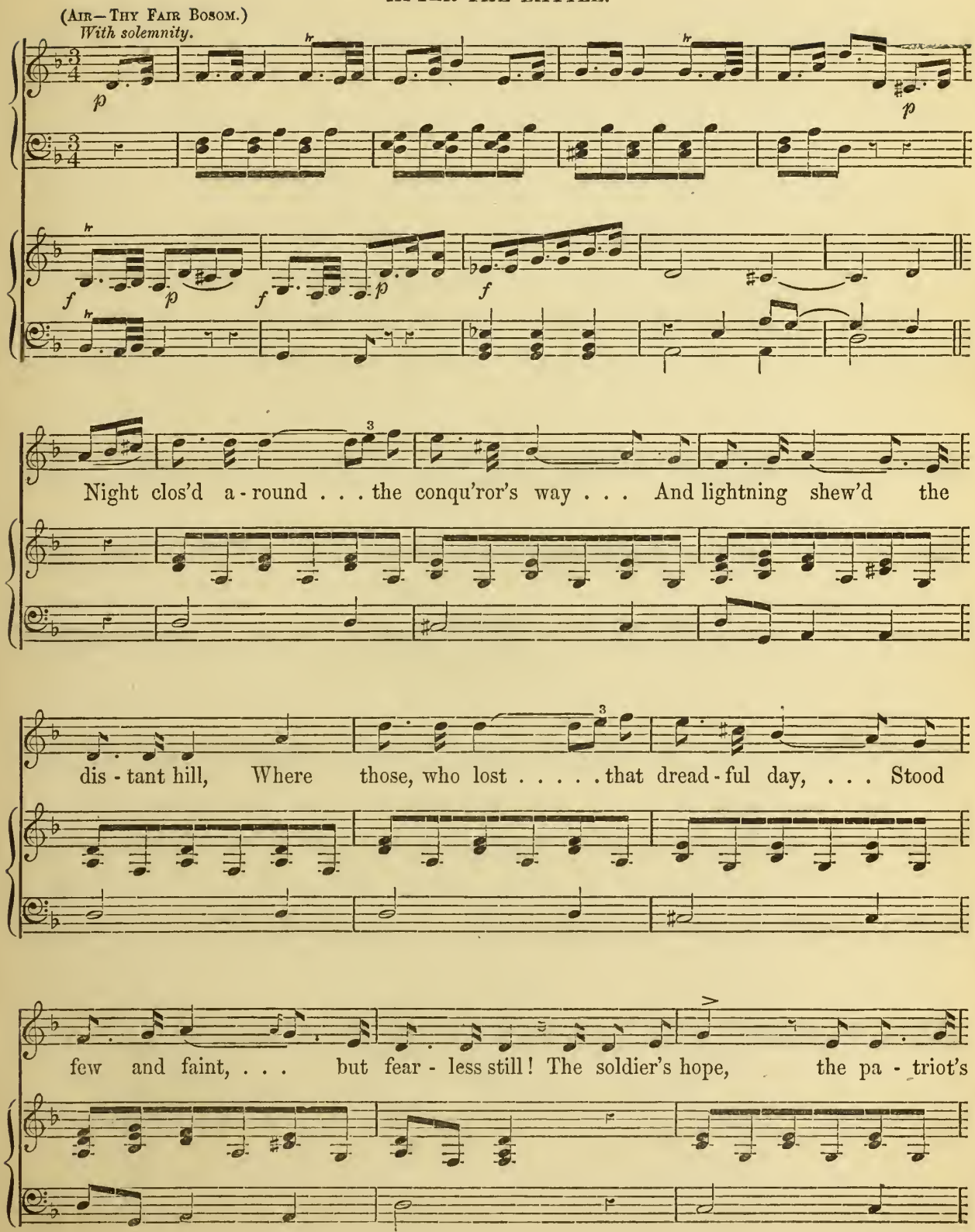


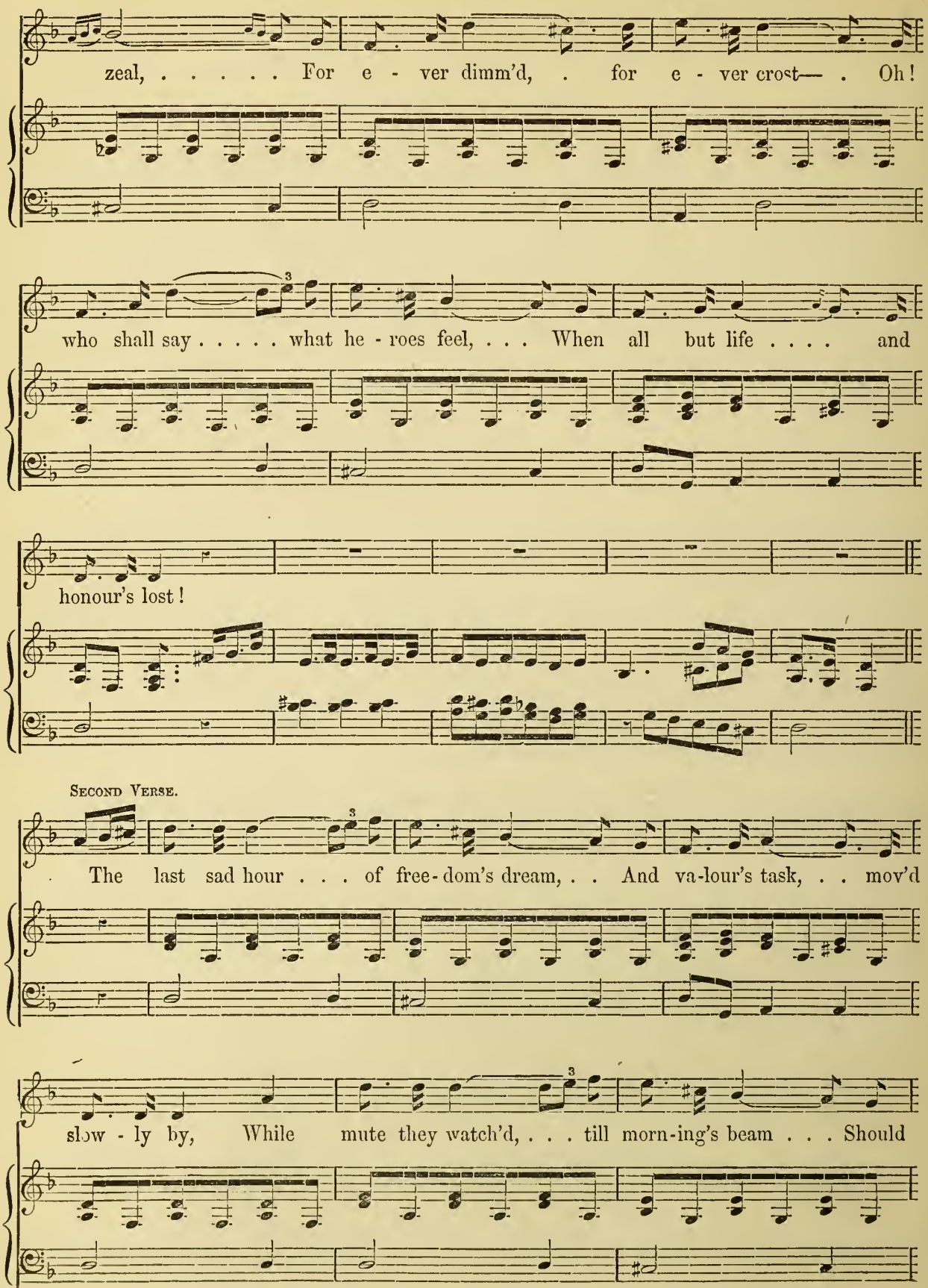
NIGHT CLOSED AROUND.

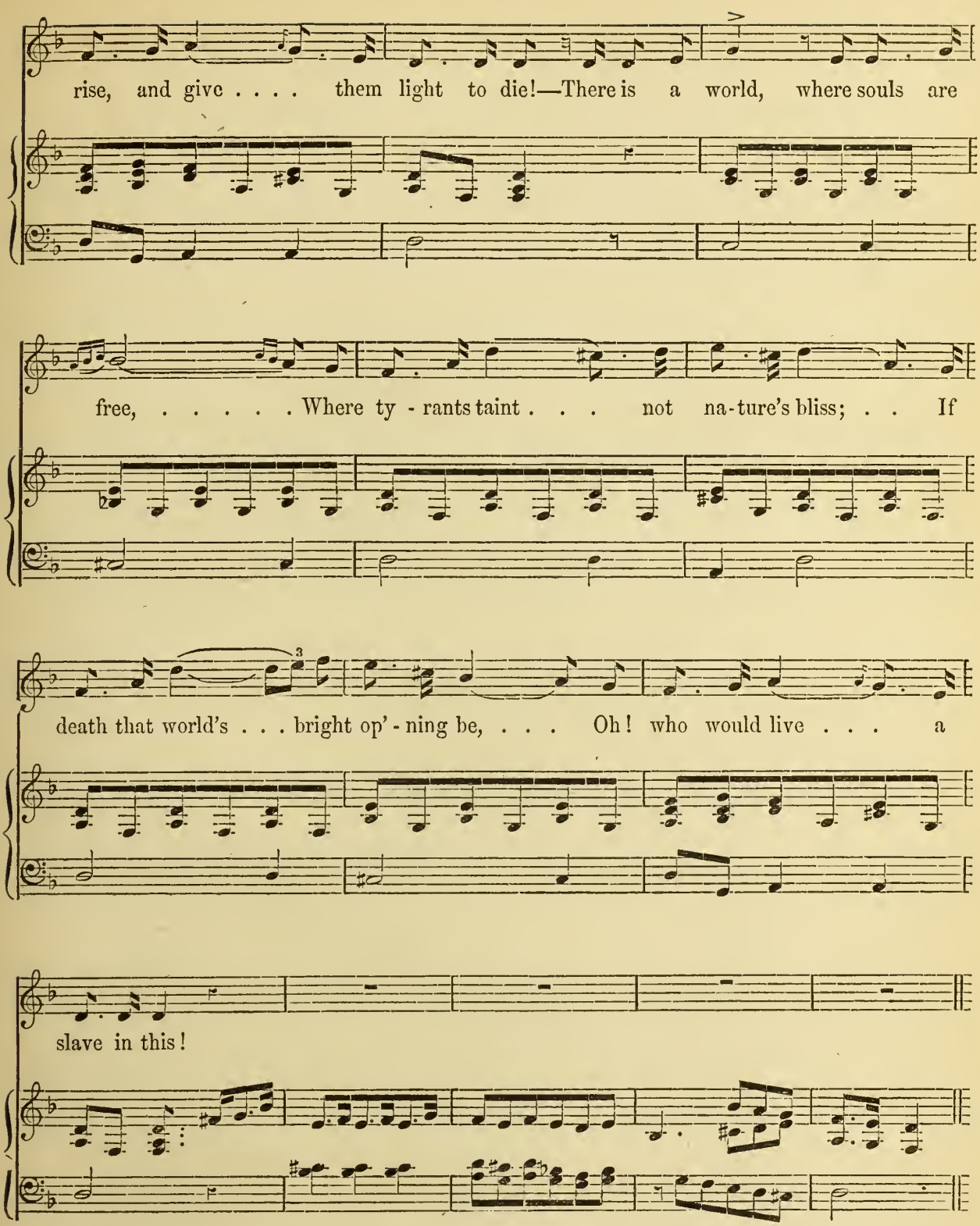
AFTER THE BATTLE.

(Air—Thy Fair Bosom.)

With solemnity.



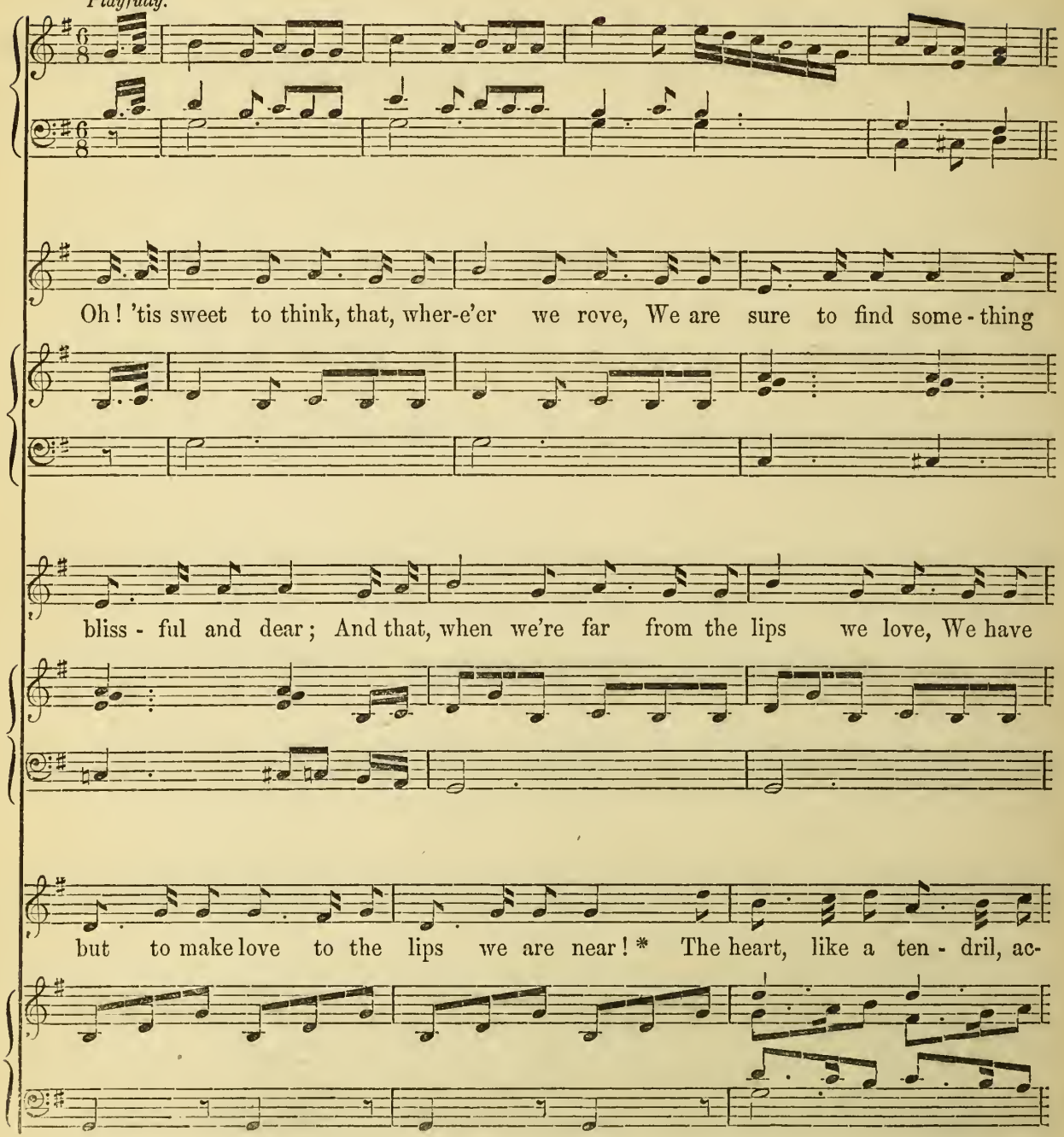

zeal, ... For e - ver dimm'd, . for e - ver crost— . Oh!
who shall say . . . . . what he - roes feel, . . . When all but life . . . . and
honour's lost!
SECOND VERSE.
The last sad hour . . . of free-dom's dream, . . And va-lour's task, . . mov'd
slow - ly by, While mute they watch'd, . . . till morn-ing's beam . . . Should


rise, and give . . . . them light to die!—There is a world, where souls are
free, ... Where ty - rants taint . . . not na-ture's bliss; . . If
death that world's . . . bright op' - ning be, . . . Oh! who would live . . . a
slave in this!

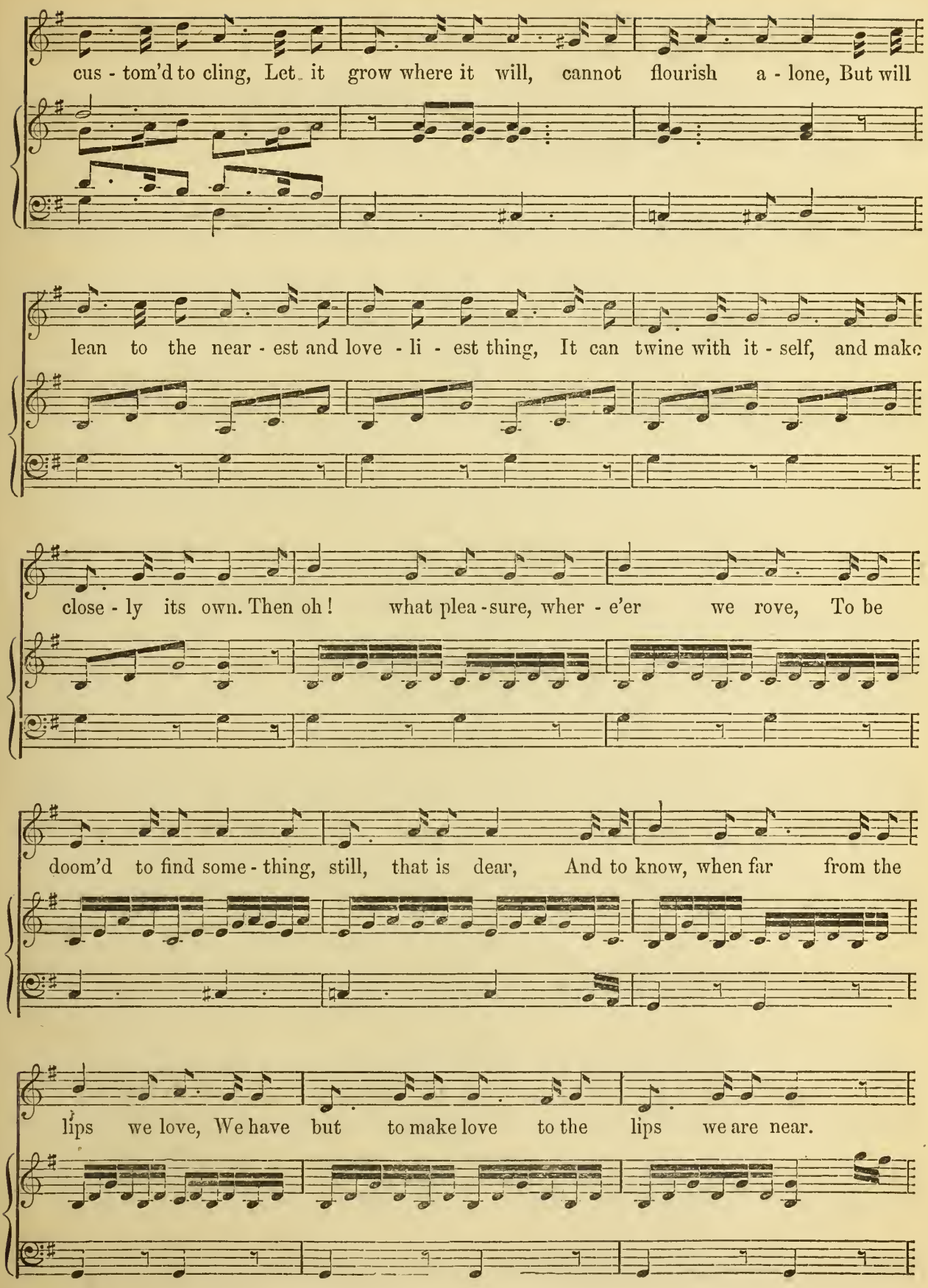
OH! 'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

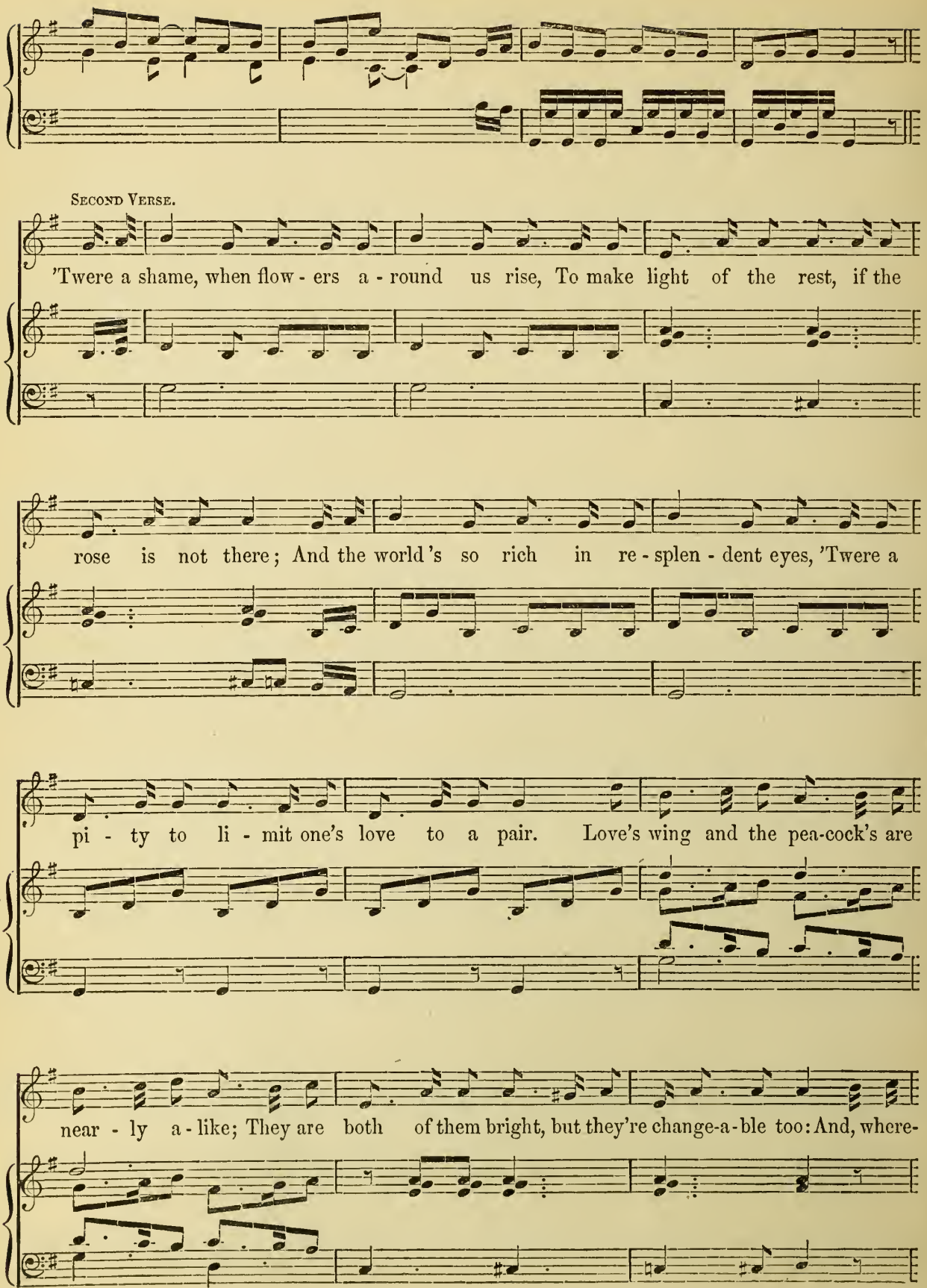
(Air—Thady, you Gander.)

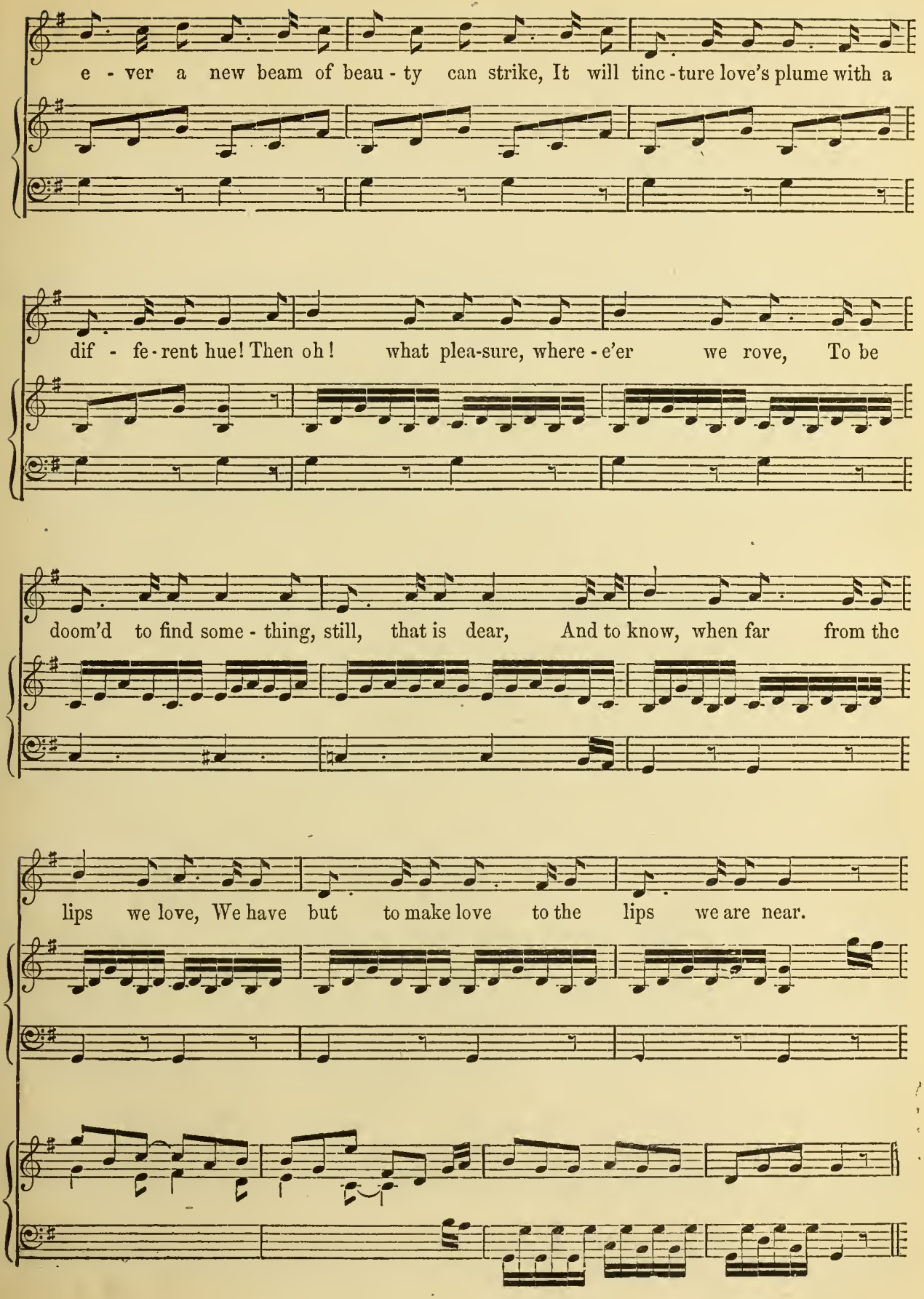
Playfully.



* I believe it is Marmontel, who says "*Quand on n'a pas ce que l' on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a.*" There are so many matter-of-fact people, who take such *jeux d'esprit* at this defence of inconstancy to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them, that Democritus was not the worse physiologist, for having playfully contended that snow was black; nor Erasmus in any degree the less wise, for having written an ingenious encomium of folly.


cus - tom'd to cling, Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish a - lone, But will
lean to the near - est and love - li - est thing, It can twine with it - self, and make
close - ly its own. Then oh! what plea - sure, wher - e'er we rove, To be
doom'd to find some - thing, still, that is dear, And to know, when far from the
lips we love, We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

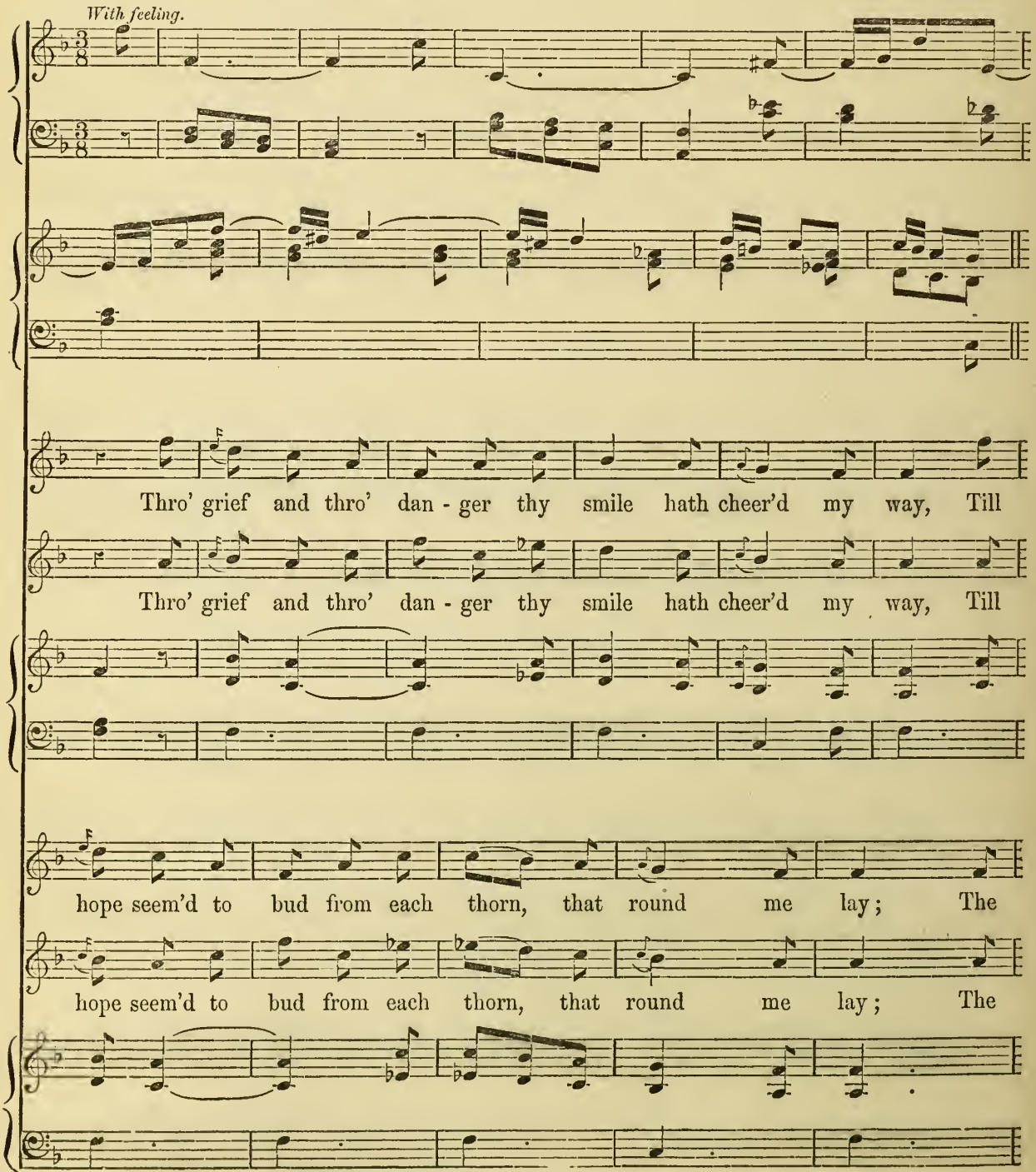

SECOND VERSE.
'Twere a shame, when flow - ers a - round us rise, To make light of the rest, if the
rose is not there; And the world's so rich in re - splen - dent eyes, 'Twere a
pi - ty to li - mit one's love to a pair. Love's wing and the pea-cock's are
near - ly a - like; They are both of them bright, but they're change-a-ble too: And, where-

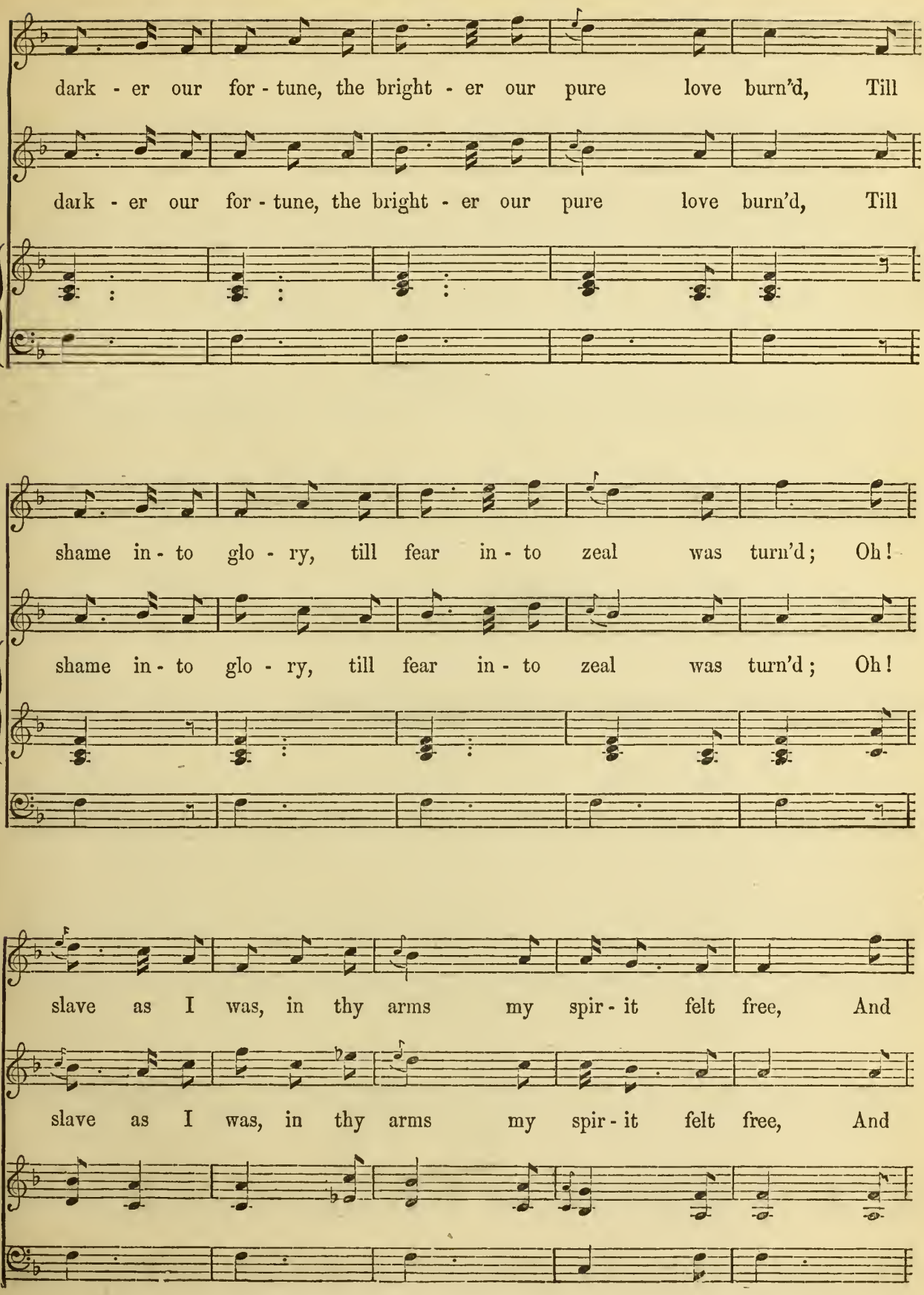

e - ver a new beam of beau - ty can strike, It will tinc - ture love's plume with a
dif - fe - rent hue! Then oh! what plea-sure, where - e'er we rove, To be
doom'd to find some - thing, still, that is dear, And to know, when far from the
lips we love, We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

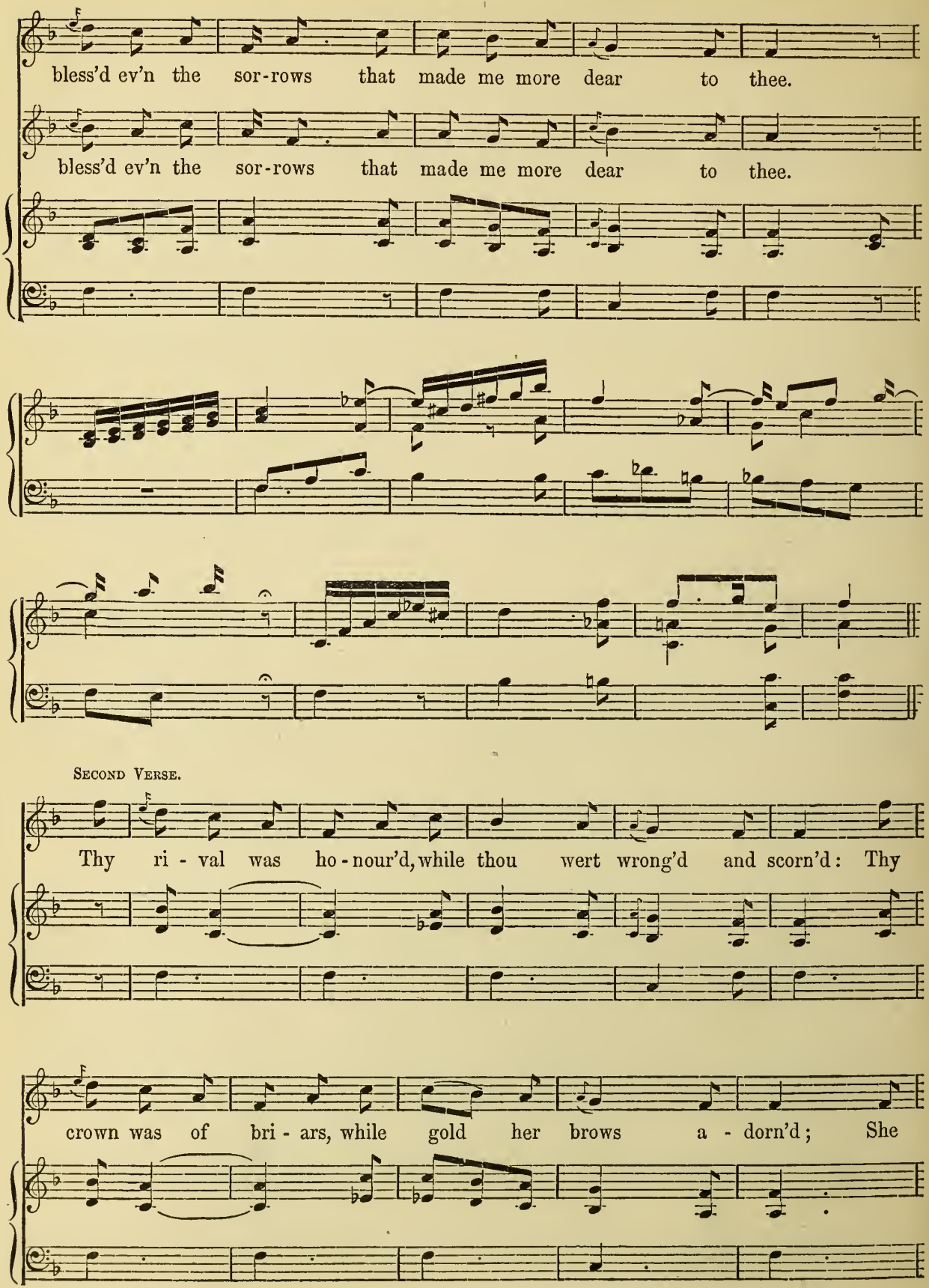
THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

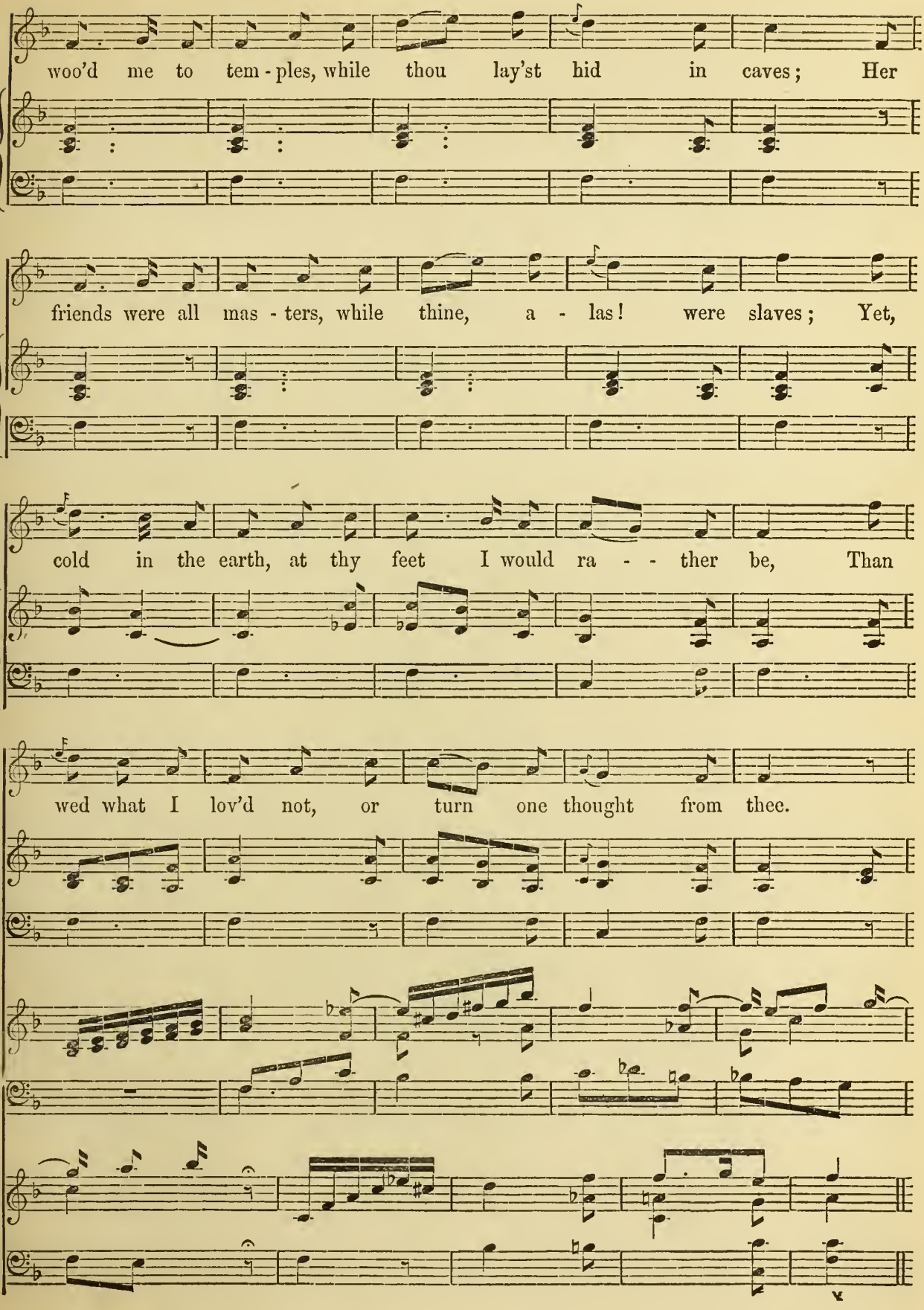
THROUGH GRIEF AND THROUGH DANGER.

(Air —I once had a True Love. Harmonized for Two Voices.

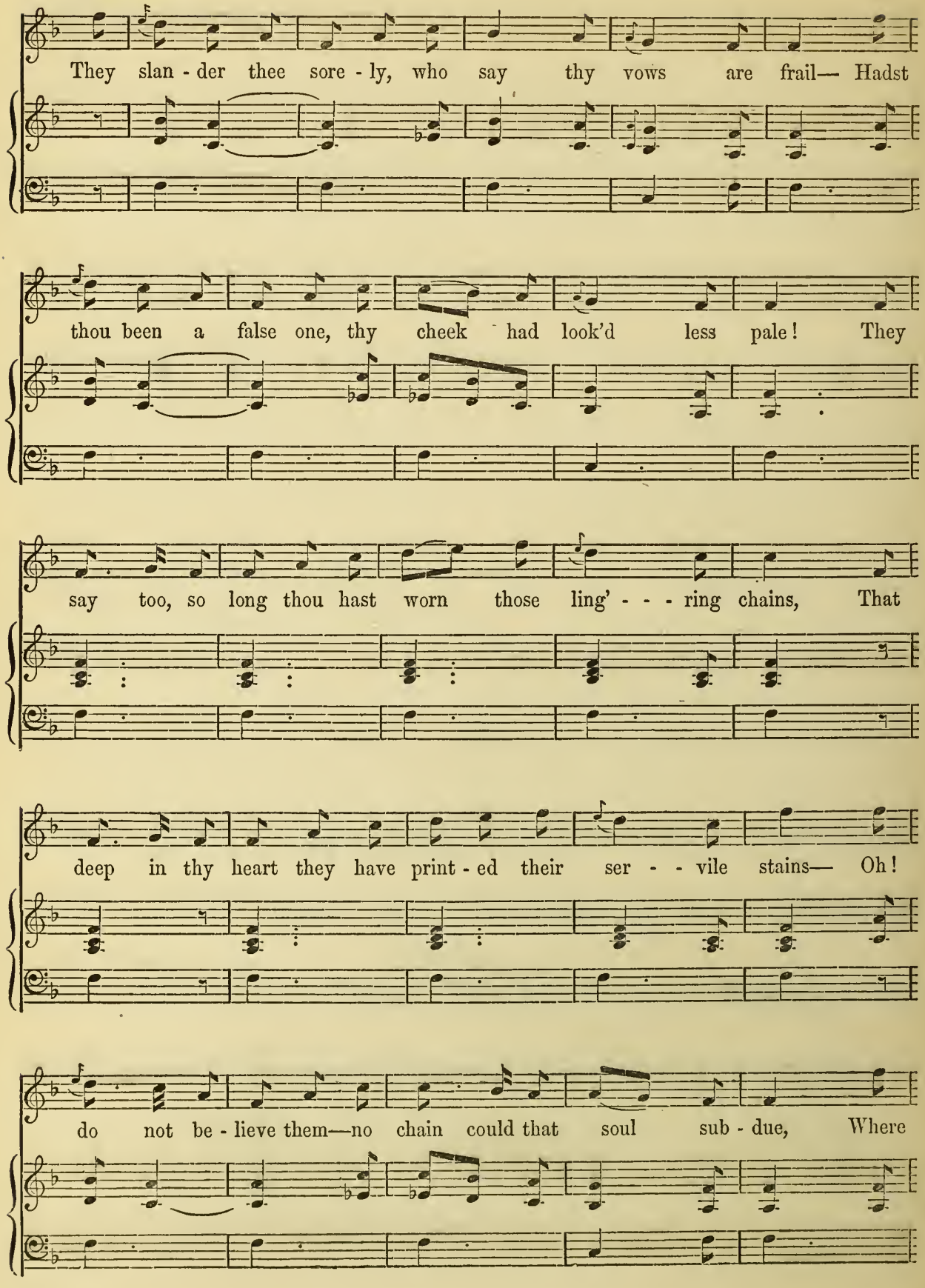


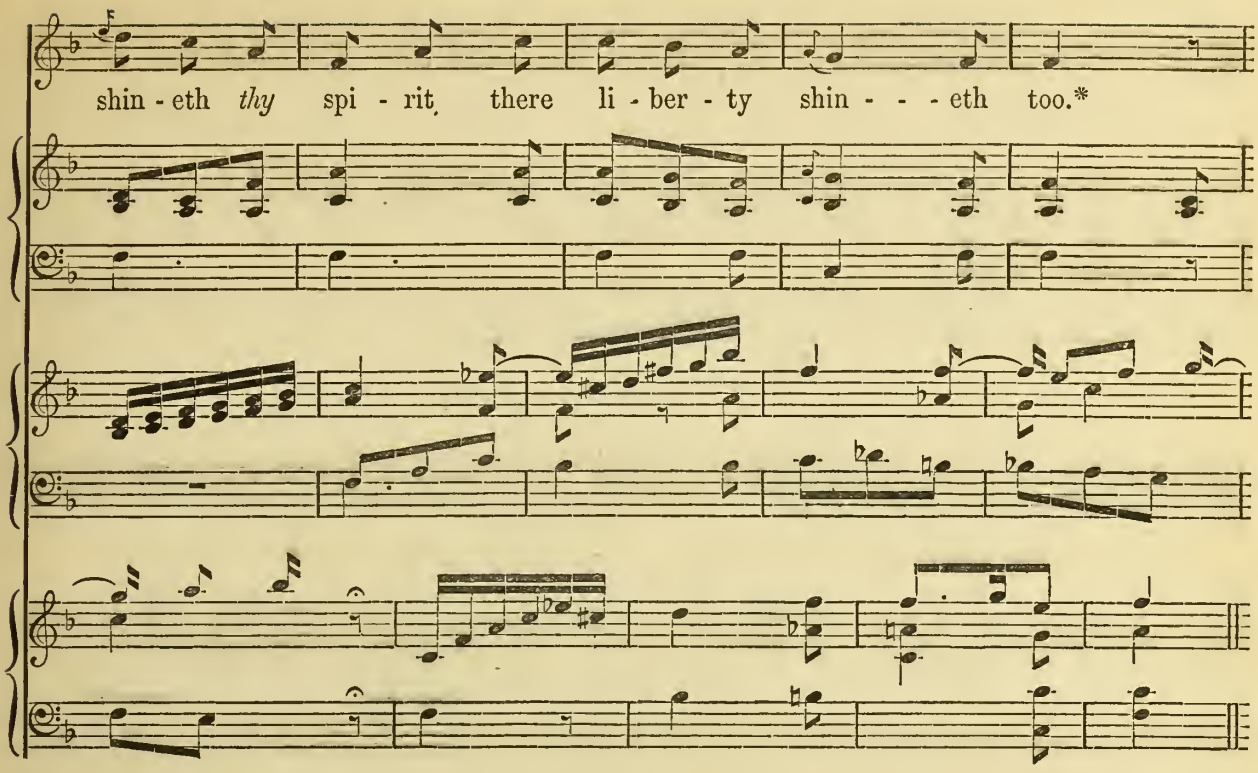

dark - er our for - tune, the bright - er our pure love burn'd, Till
dark - er our for - tune, the bright - er our pure love burn'd, Till
shame in - to glo - ry, till fear in - to zeal was turn'd; Oh!
shame in - to glo - ry, till fear in - to zeal was turn'd; Oh!
slave as I was, in thy arms my spir - it felt free, And
slave as I was, in thy arms my spir - it felt free, And


bless'd ev'n the sor-rows that made me more dear to thee.
bless'd ev'n the sor-rows that made me more dear to thee.
SECOND VERSE.
Thy ri - val was ho - nour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd: Thy
crown was of bri - ars, while gold her brows a - dorn'd; She

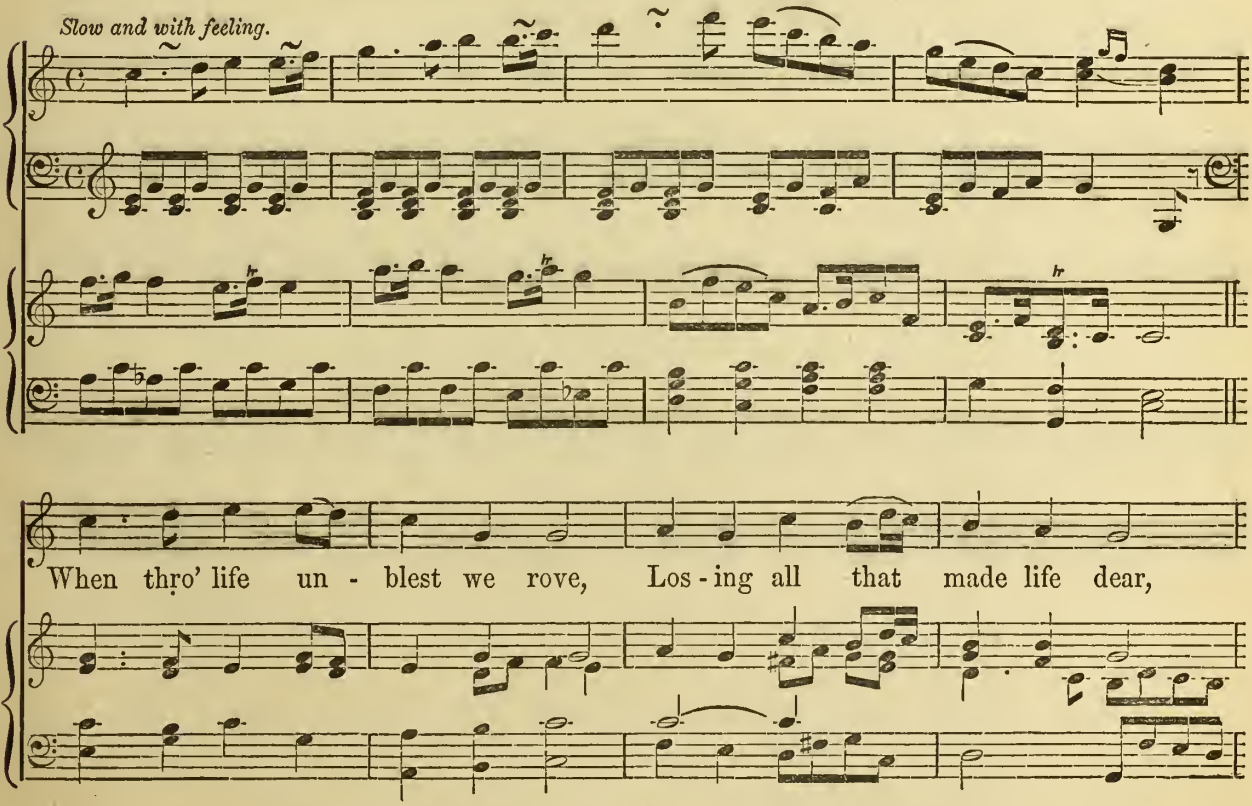

woo'd me to tem - ples, while thou lay'st hid in caves; Her
friends were all mas - ters, while thine, a - las! were slaves; Yet,
cold in the earth, at thy feet I would ra - - ther be, Than
wed what I lov'd not, or turn one thought from thee.

THIRD VERSE.

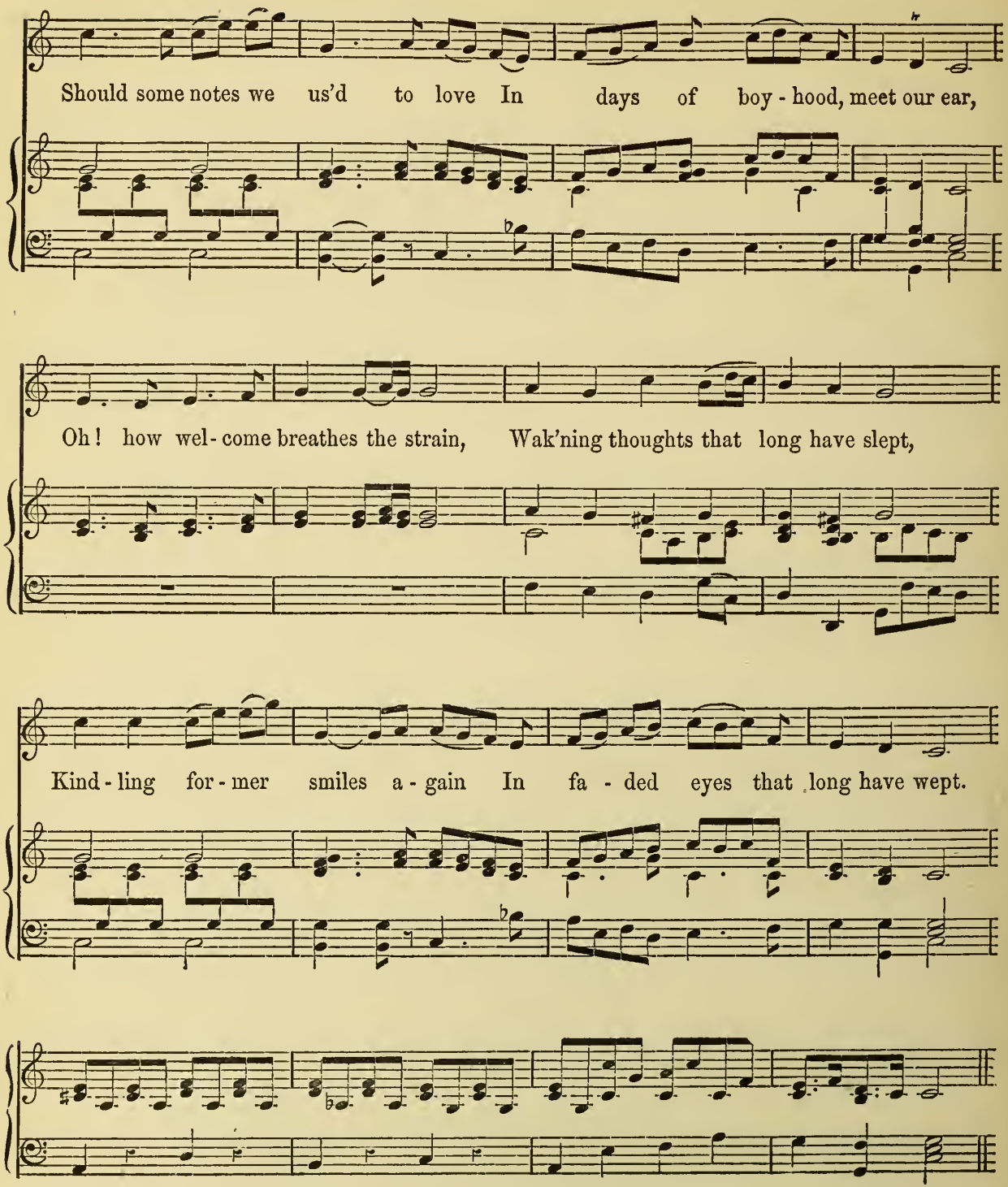

They slan - der thee sore - ly, who say thy vows are frail— Hadst
thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale! They
say too, so long thou hast worn those ling' - - - ring chains, That
deep in thy heart they have print - ed their ser - - vile stains— Oh!
do not be - lieve them—no chain could that soul sub - due, Where



WHEN THRO' LIFE UNBLEST WE ROVE.

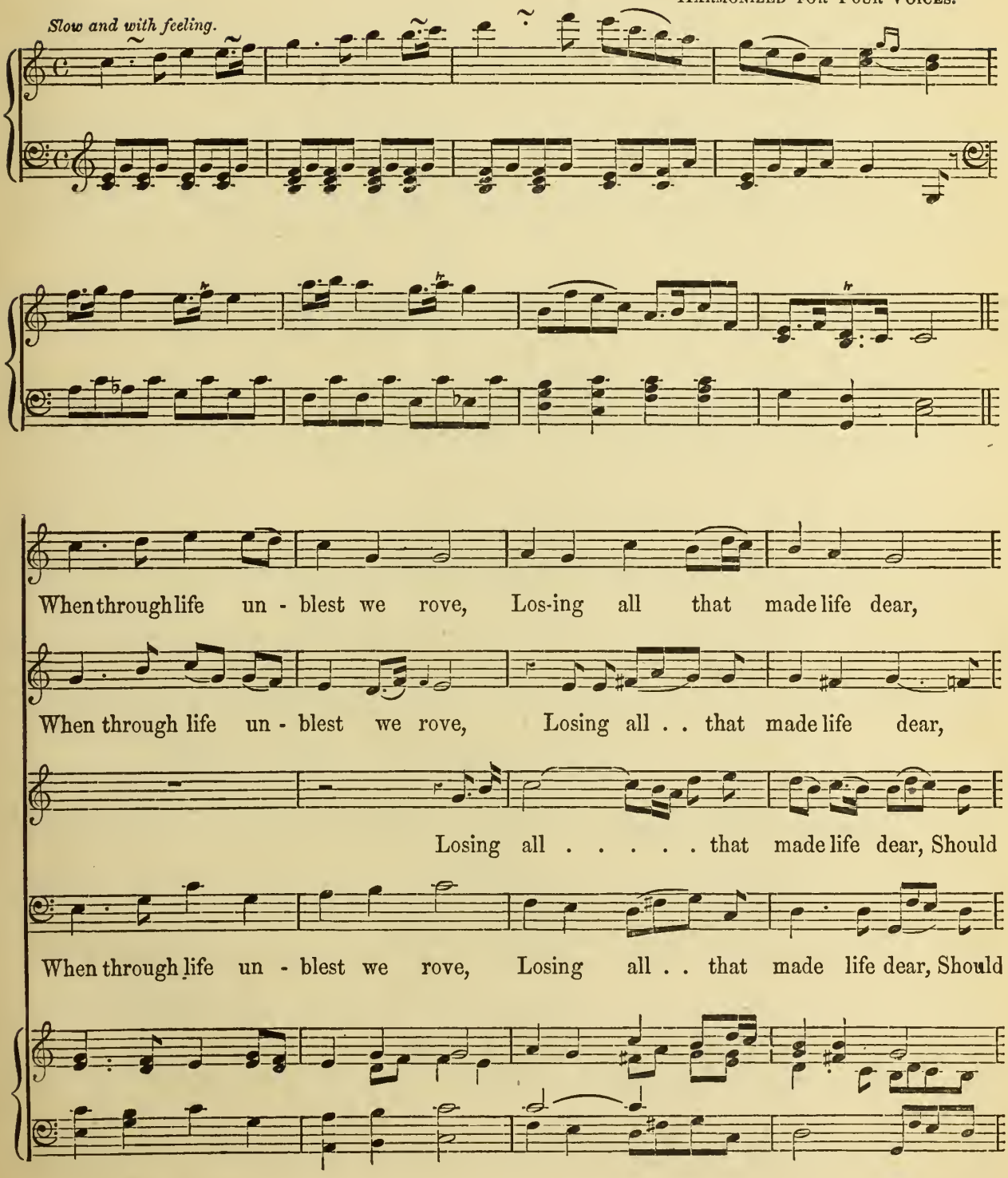


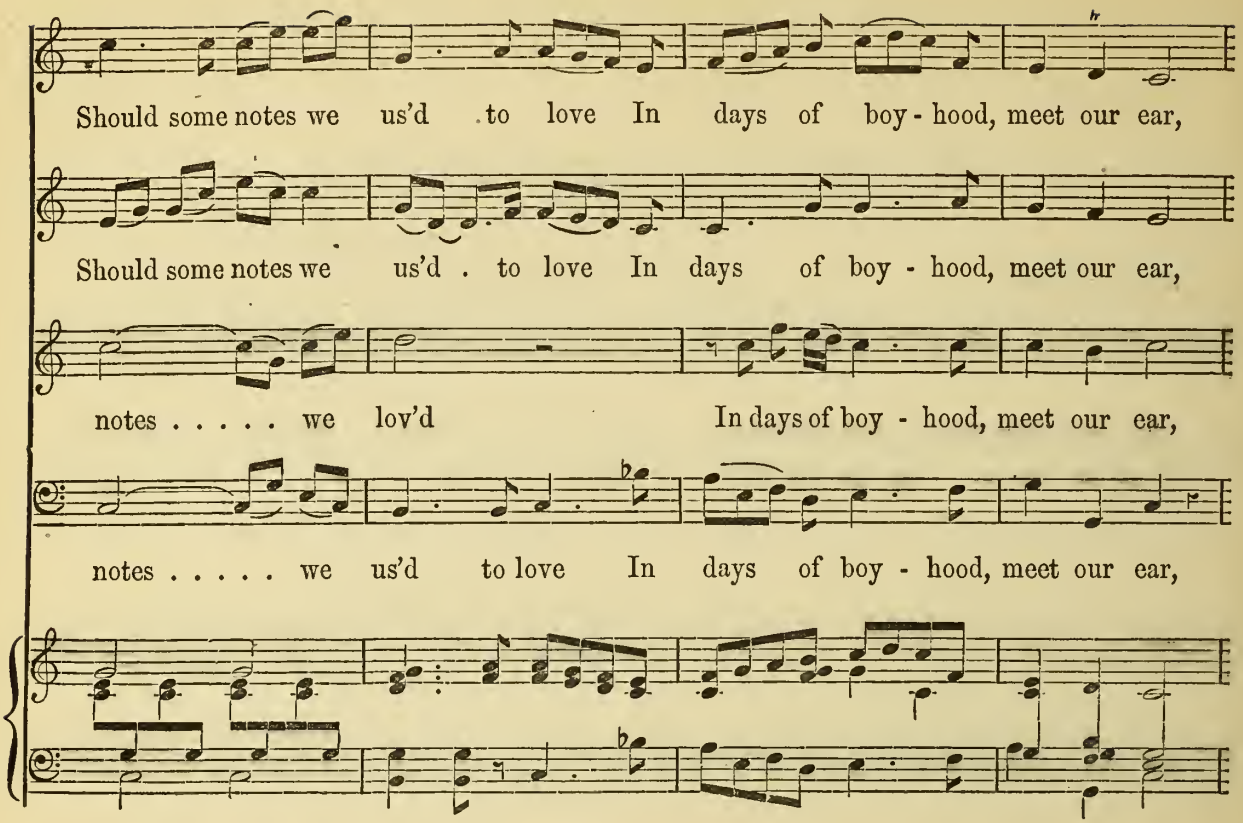
* "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."—St. Paul, 2 Corinthians, iii. 17.

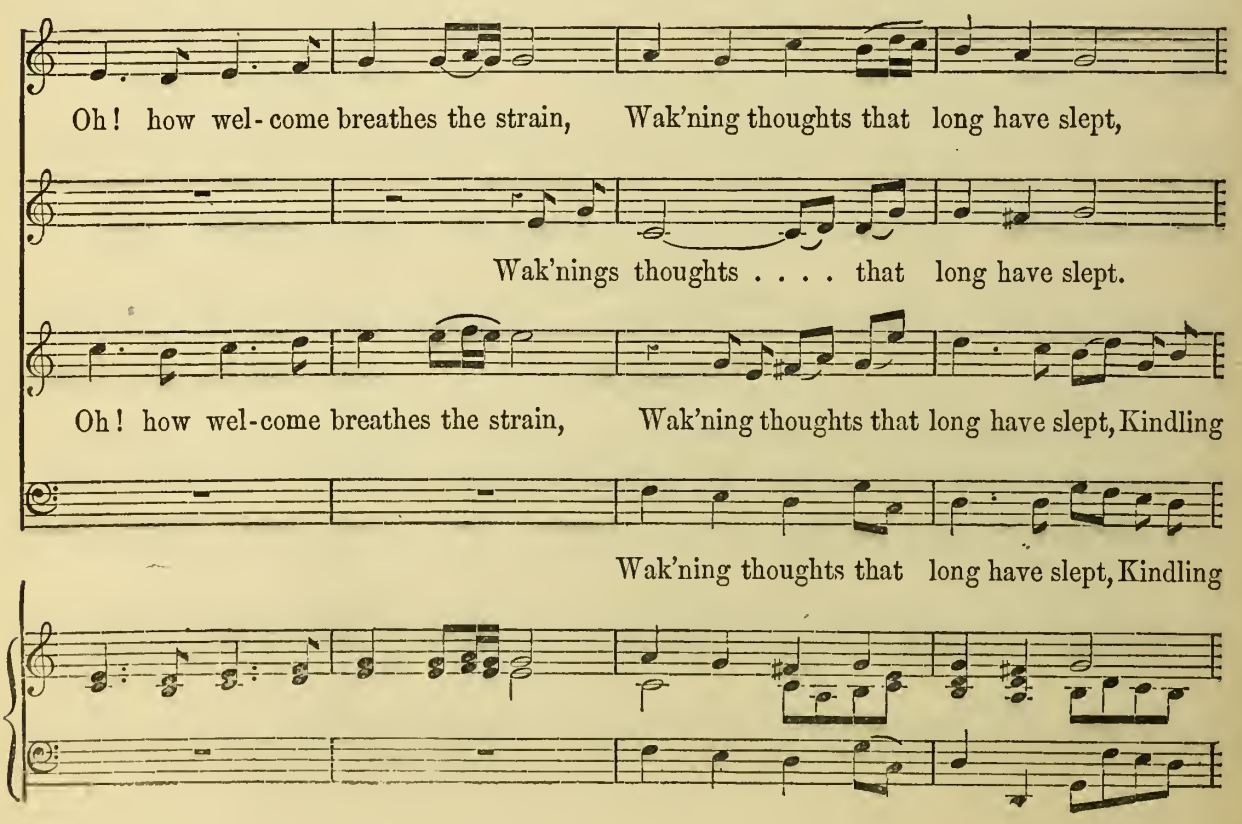

Should some notes we us'd to love In days of boy - hood, meet our ear,
Oh! how wel - come breathes the strain, Wak'ning thoughts that long have slept,
Kind - ling for - mer smiles a - gain In fa - ded eyes that long have wept.

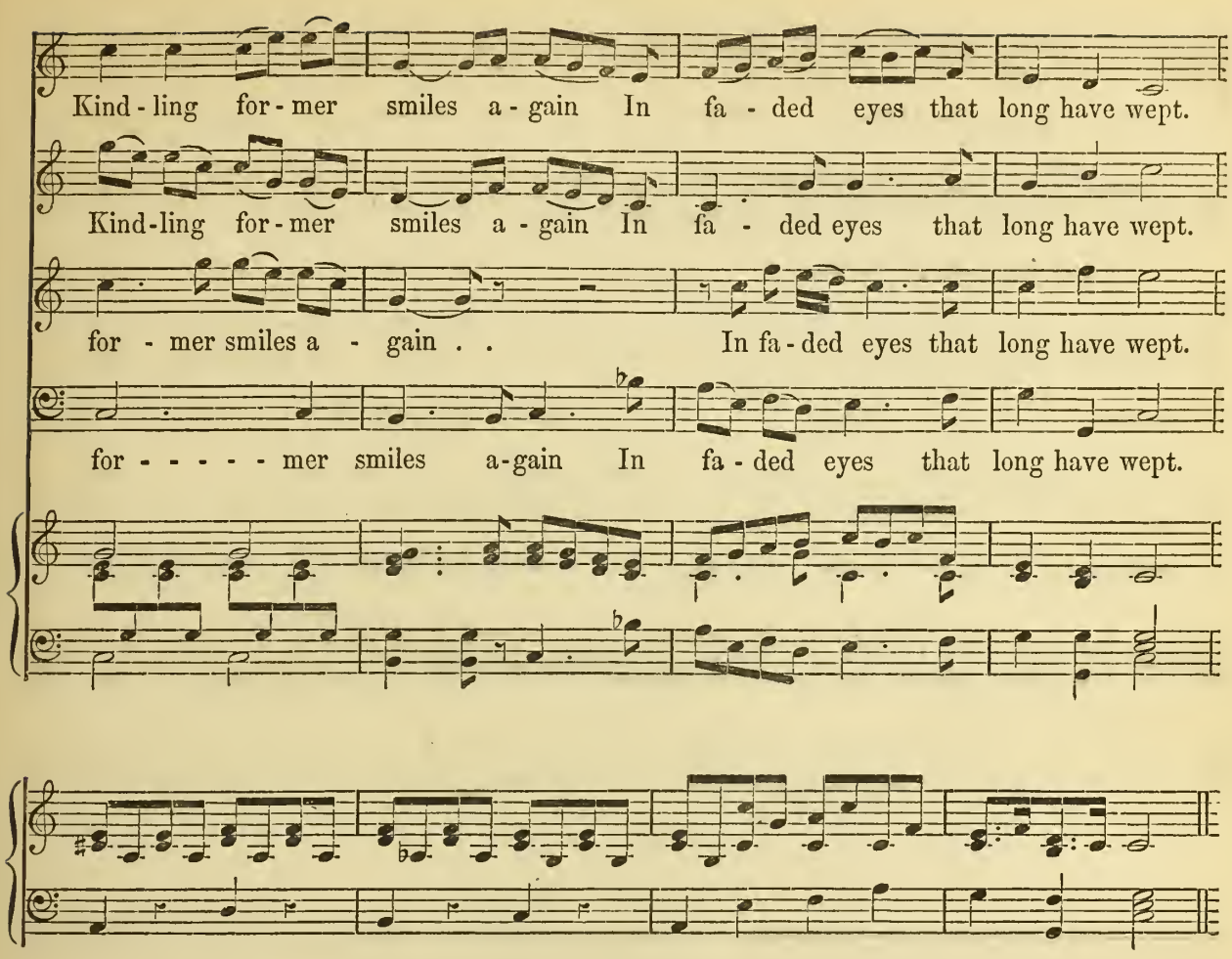
WHEN THRO' LIFE UNBLEST WE ROVE.

HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES.

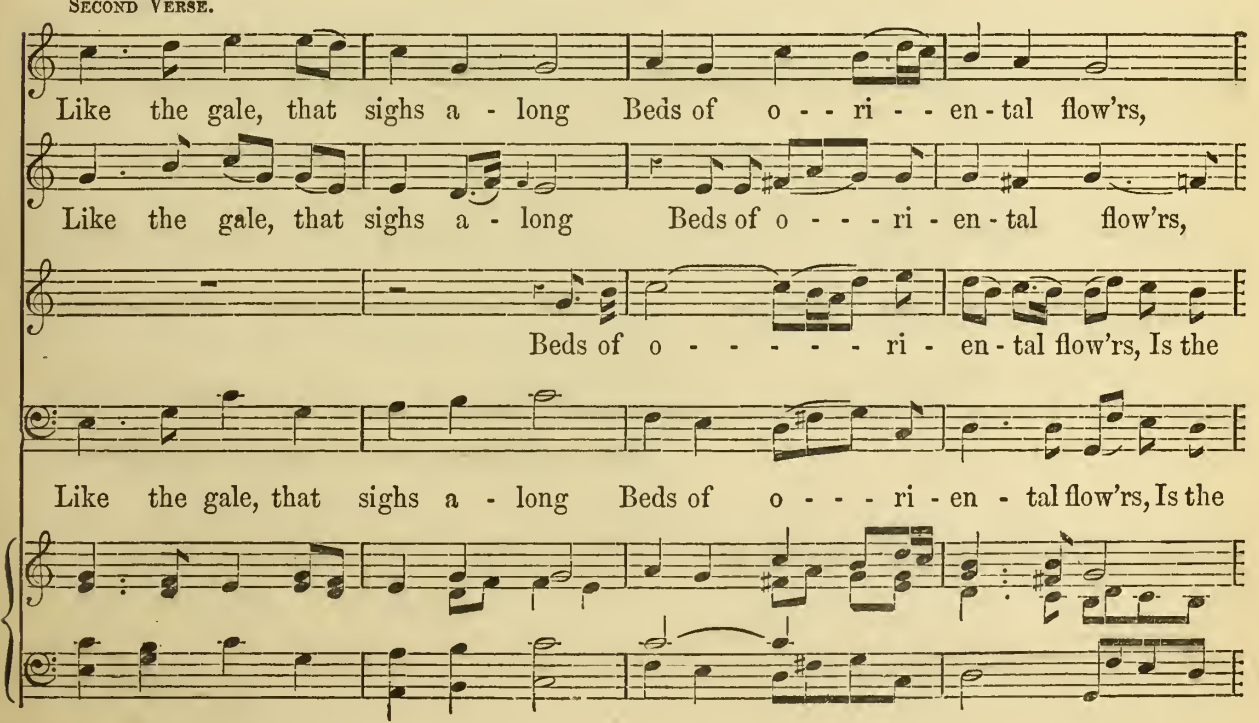


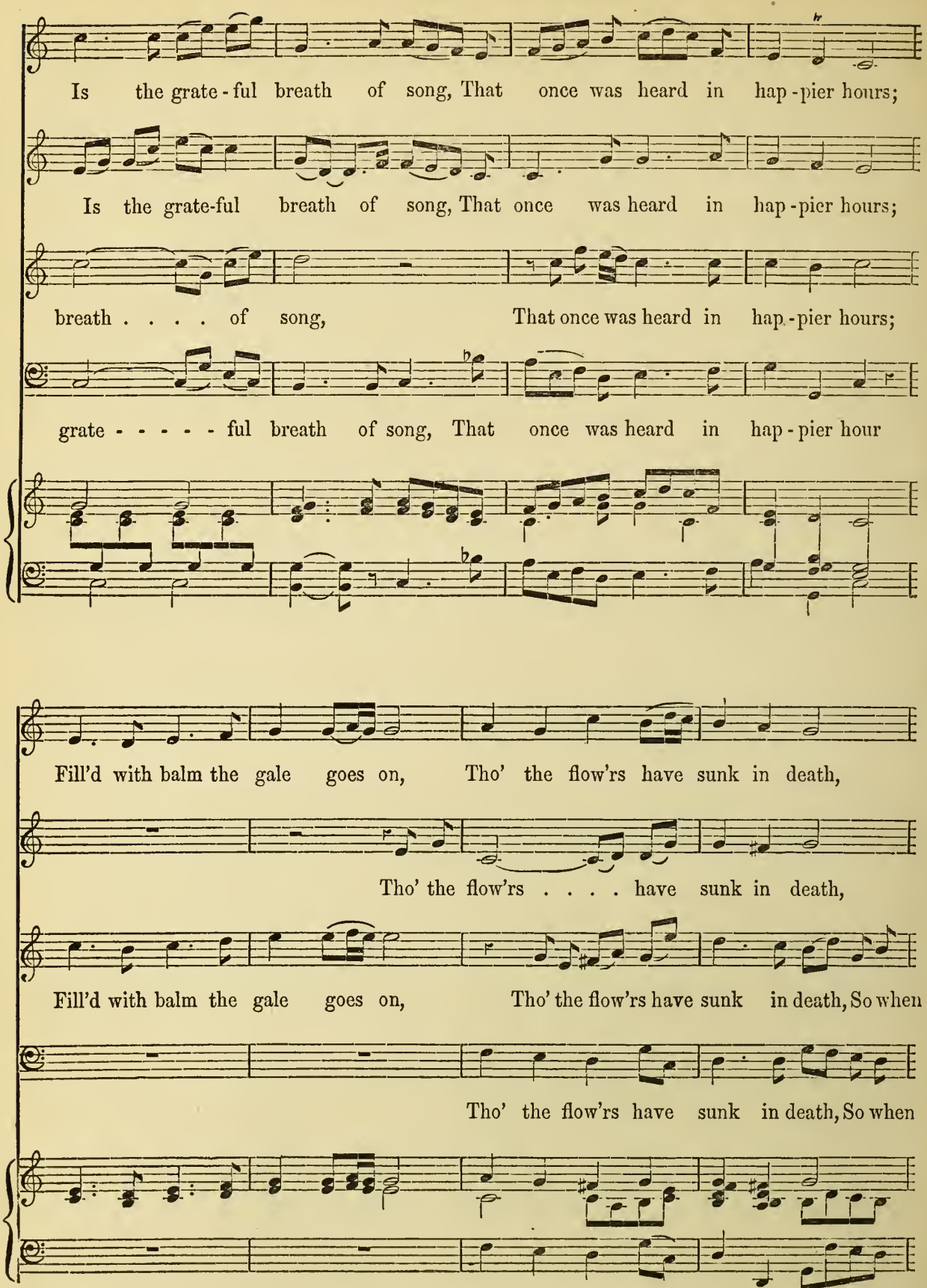

Should some notes we us'd to love In days of boy - hood, meet our ear,
Should some notes we us'd . to love In days of boy - hood, meet our ear,
notes . . . . . we lov'd In days of boy - hood, meet our ear,
notes . . . . . we us'd to love In days of boy - hood, meet our ear,

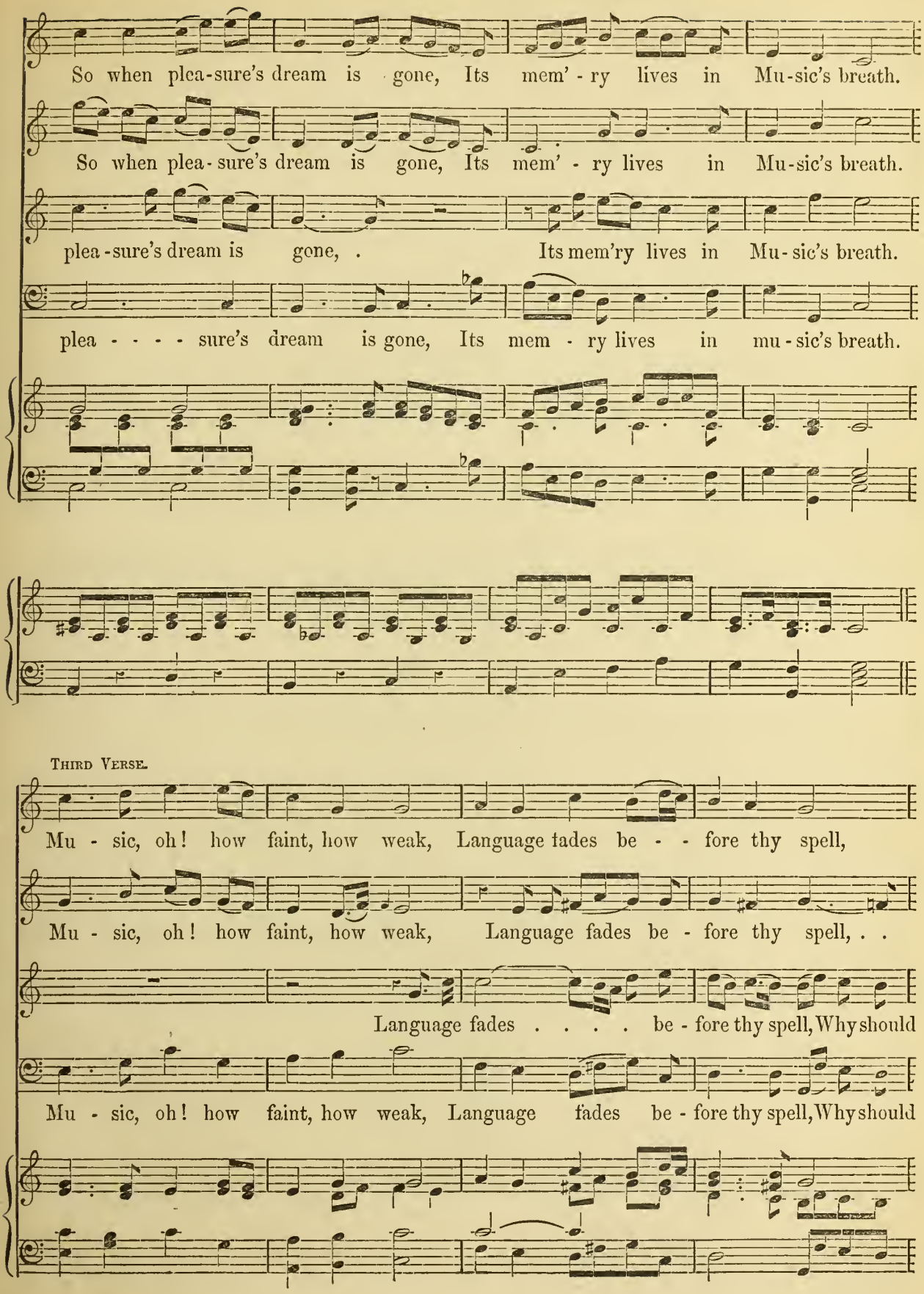

Oh! how wel-come breathes the strain, Wak'ning thoughts that long have slept,
Wak'nings thoughts . . . . that long have slept.
Oh! how wel-come breathes the strain, Wak'ning thoughts that long have slept, Kindling
Wak'ning thoughts that long have slept, Kindling

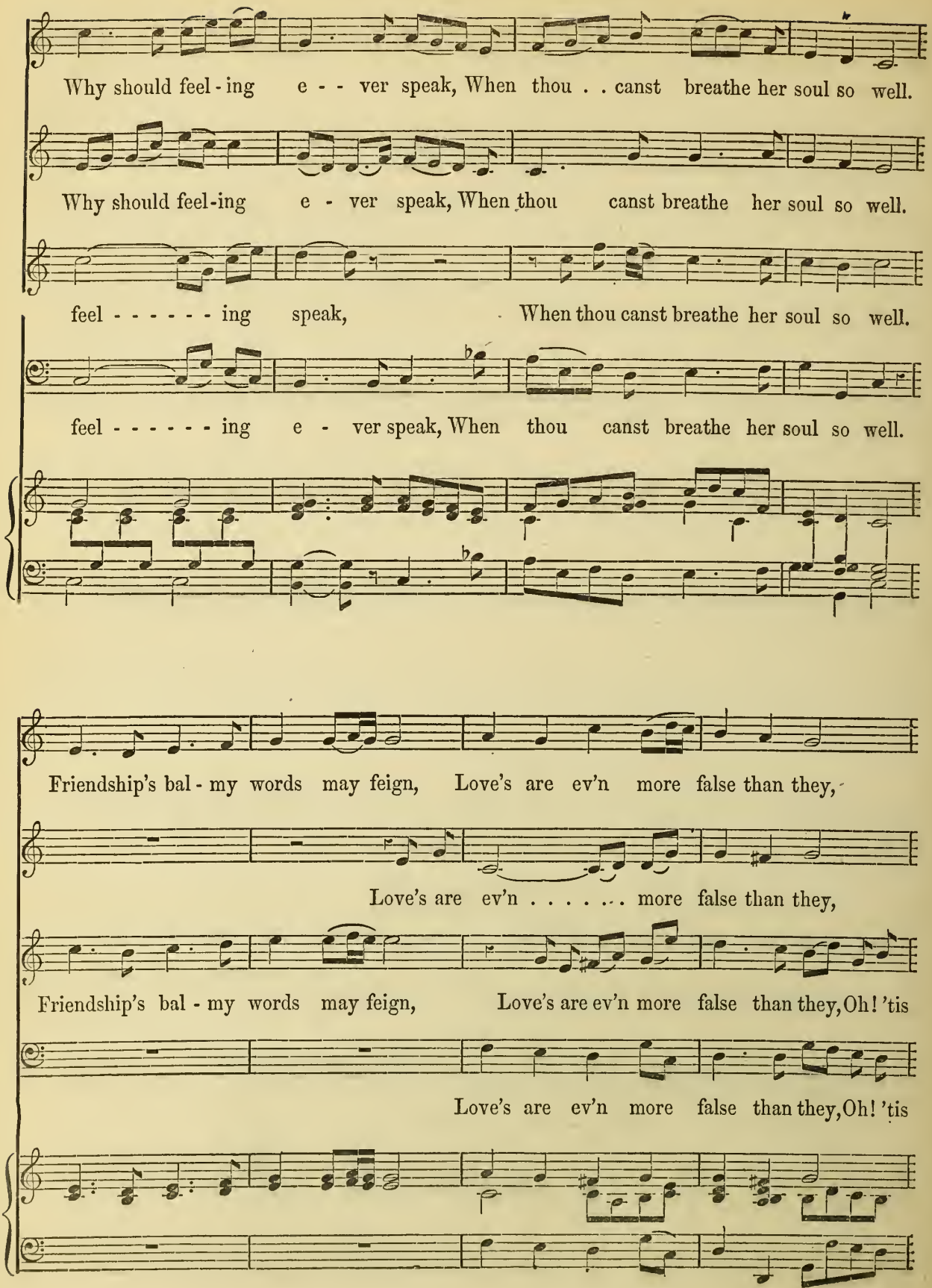


Second Verse.




Is the grate-ful breath of song, That once was heard in hap-pier hours;
Is the grate-ful breath of song, That once was heard in hap-pier hours;
breath . . . . of song, That once was heard in hap-pier hours;
grate - - - - - ful breath of song, That once was heard in hap-pier hour
Fill'd with balm the gale goes on, Tho' the flow'rs have sunk in death,
Tho' the flow'rs . . . . have sunk in death,
Fill'd with balm the gale goes on, Tho' the flow'rs have sunk in death, So when
Tho' the flow'rs have sunk in death, So when


So when plea-sure's dream is gone, Its mem'-ry lives in Mu-sic's breath.
So when plea-sure's dream is gone, Its mem'-ry lives in Mu-sic's breath.
plea-sure's dream is gone, . Its mem'ry lives in Mu-sic's breath.
plea - - - - sure's dream is gone, Its mem - ry lives in mu-sic's breath.
Third Verse.
Mu - sic, oh! how faint, how weak, Language fades be - - fore thy spell,
Mu - sic, oh! how faint, how weak, Language fades be - fore thy spell, . .
Language fades . . . . be - fore thy spell, Why should
Mu - sic, oh! how faint, how weak, Language fades be - fore thy spell, Why should


Why should feel - ing e - - ver speak, When thou . . canst breathe her soul so well.
Why should feel-ing e - ver speak, When thou canst breathe her soul so well.
feel - - - - - - ing speak, When thou canst breathe her soul so well.
feel - - - - - - ing e - ver speak, When thou canst breathe her soul so well.
Friendship's bal - my words may feign, Love's are ev'n more false than they,
Love's are ev'n . . . . . more false than they,
Friendship's bal - my words may feign, Love's are ev'n more false than they, Oh! 'tis
Love's are ev'n more false than they, Oh! 'tis

Oh! 'tis on - ly Mu - sic's strain, Can sweet - ly soothe and not be - tray!

Oh! 'tis on - ly Mu - sic's strain, Can sweet - ly soothe and not be - tray!

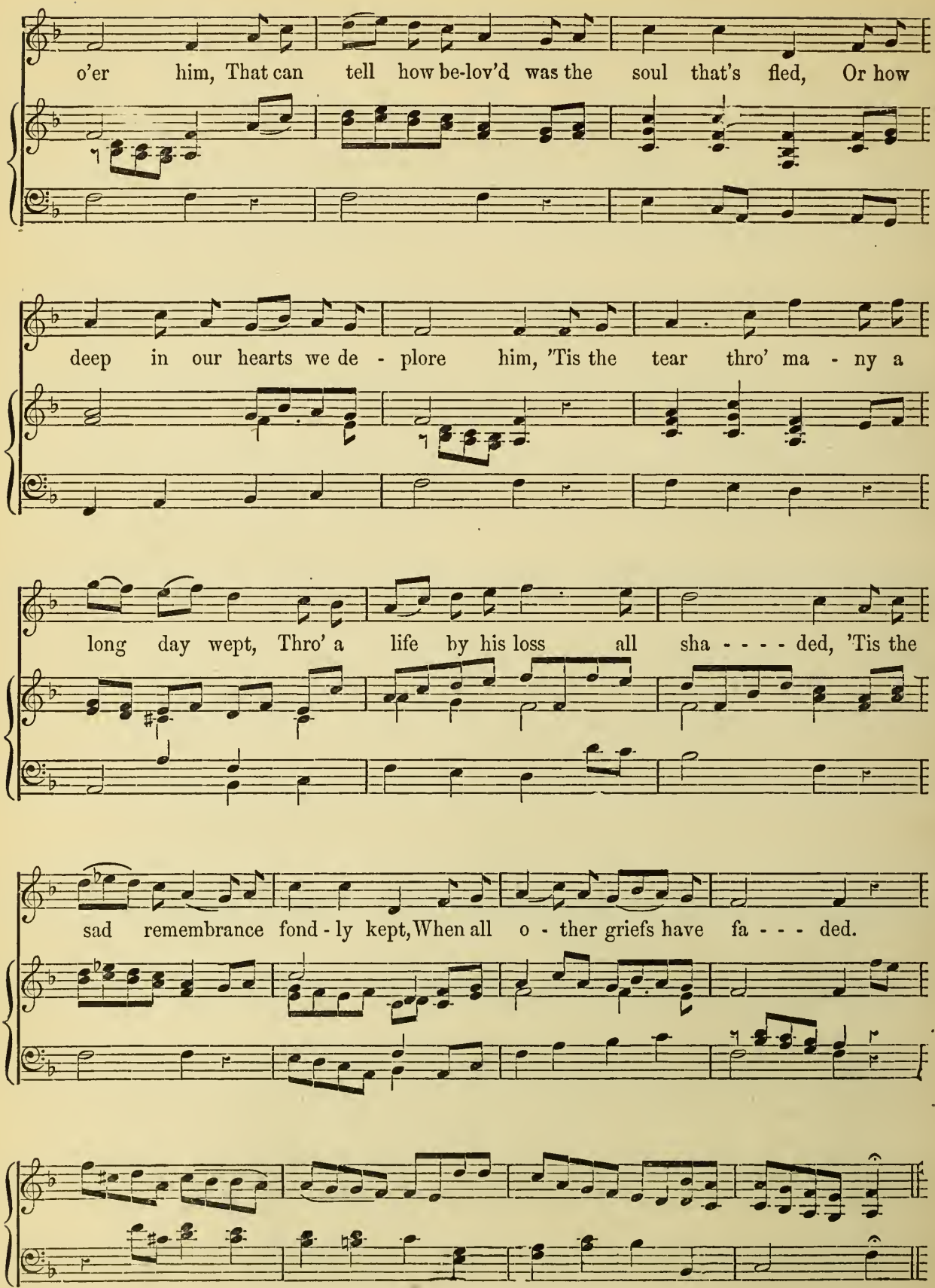
on - ly Mu - sic's strain, Can sweetly soothe and not be - tray!

on - - - - - ly Mu - sic's strain, Can sweet - ly soothe and not be - tray!

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.

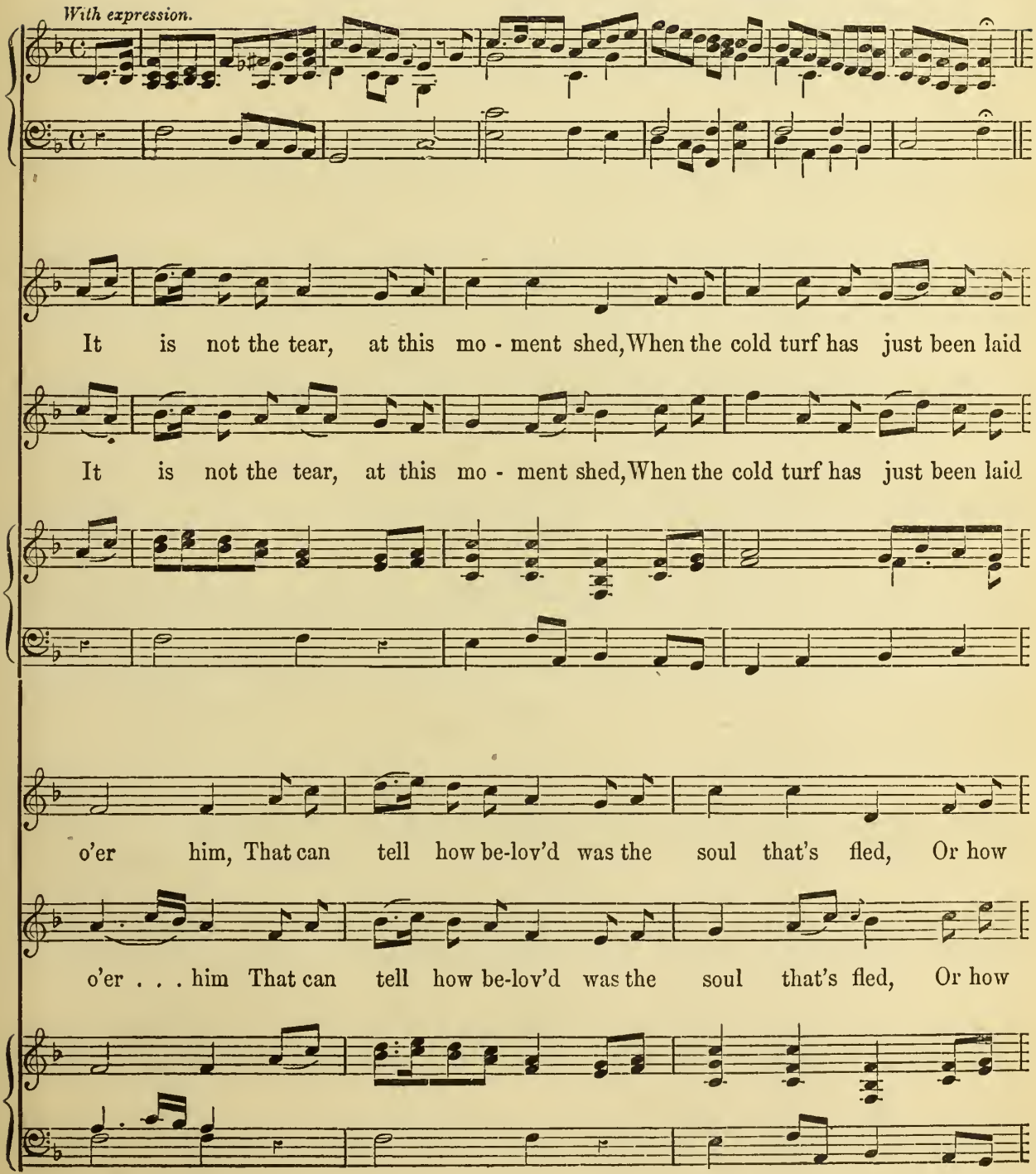
With expression.

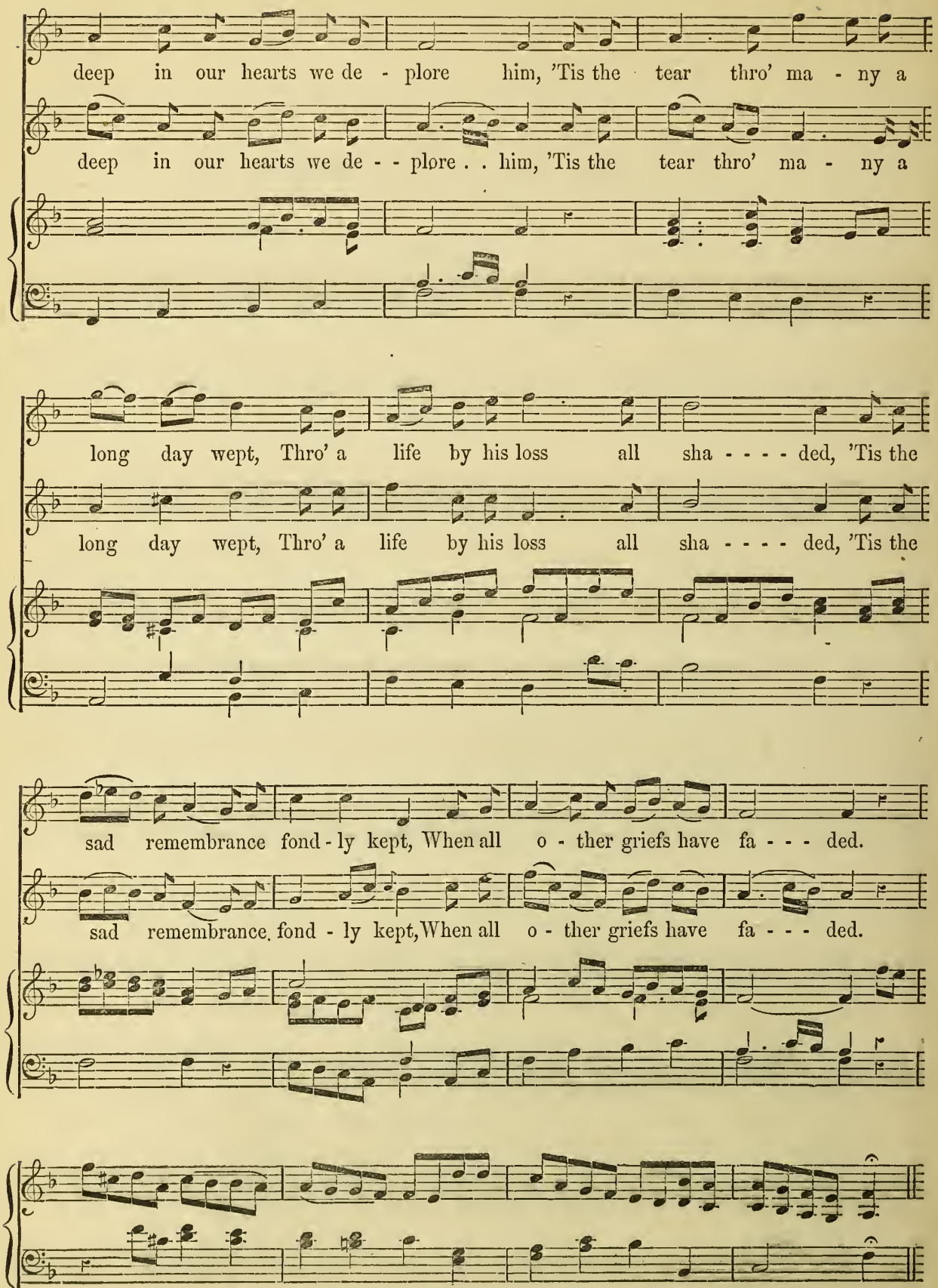
It is not the tear at this mo - ment shed, When the cold turf has just been laid


o'er him, That can tell how be-lov'd was the soul that's fled, Or how
deep in our hearts we de - plore him, 'Tis the tear thro' ma - ny a
long day wept, Thro' a life by his loss all sha - - - - ded, 'Tis the
sad remembrance fond - ly kept, When all o - ther griefs have fa - - - ded.

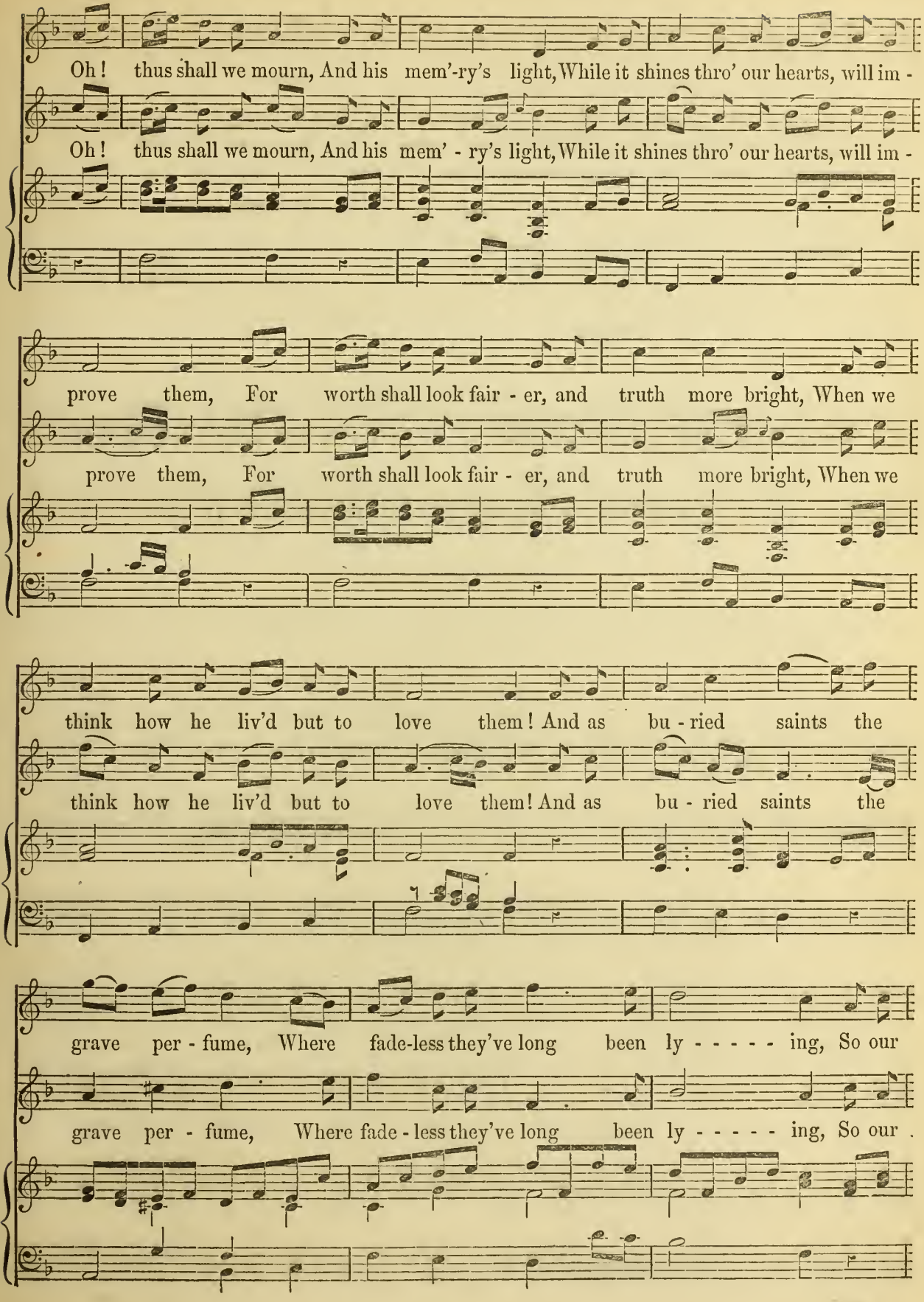
IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.

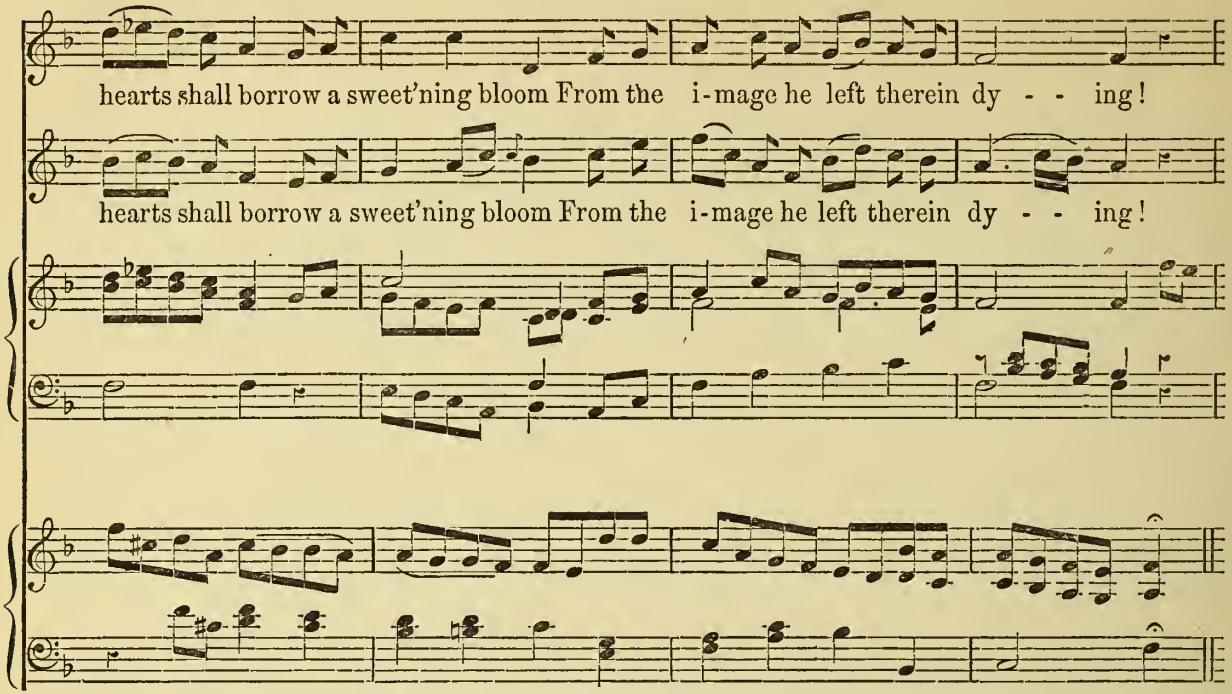
HARMONIZED FOR TWO VOICES.




deep in our hearts we de - plore him, 'Tis the tear thro' ma - ny a
deep in our hearts we de - - plore . . him, 'Tis the tear thro' ma - ny a
long day wept, Thro' a life by his loss all sha - - - - ded, 'Tis the
long day wept, Thro' a life by his loss all sha - - - - ded, 'Tis the
sad remembrance fond - ly kept, When all o - ther griefs have fa - - - ded.
sad remembrance. fond - ly kept, When all o - ther griefs have fa - - - ded.

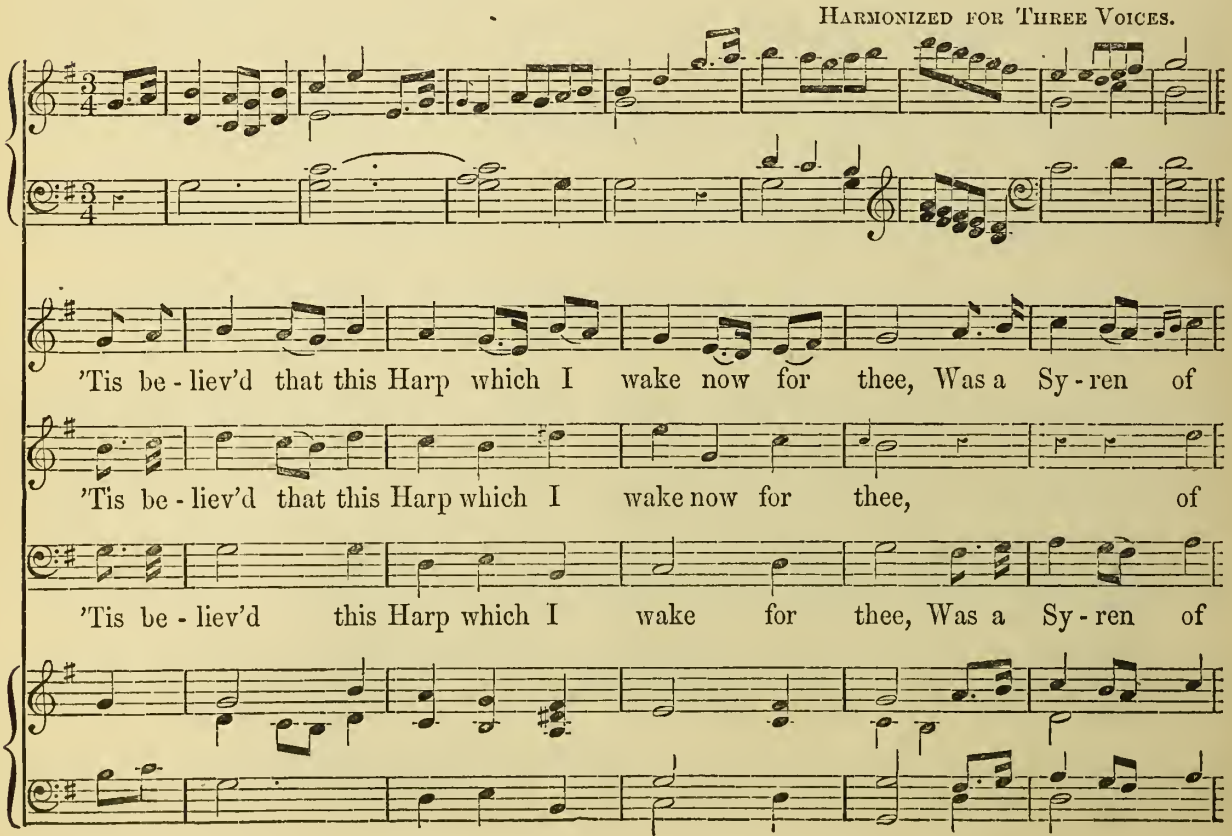
SECOND VERSE.

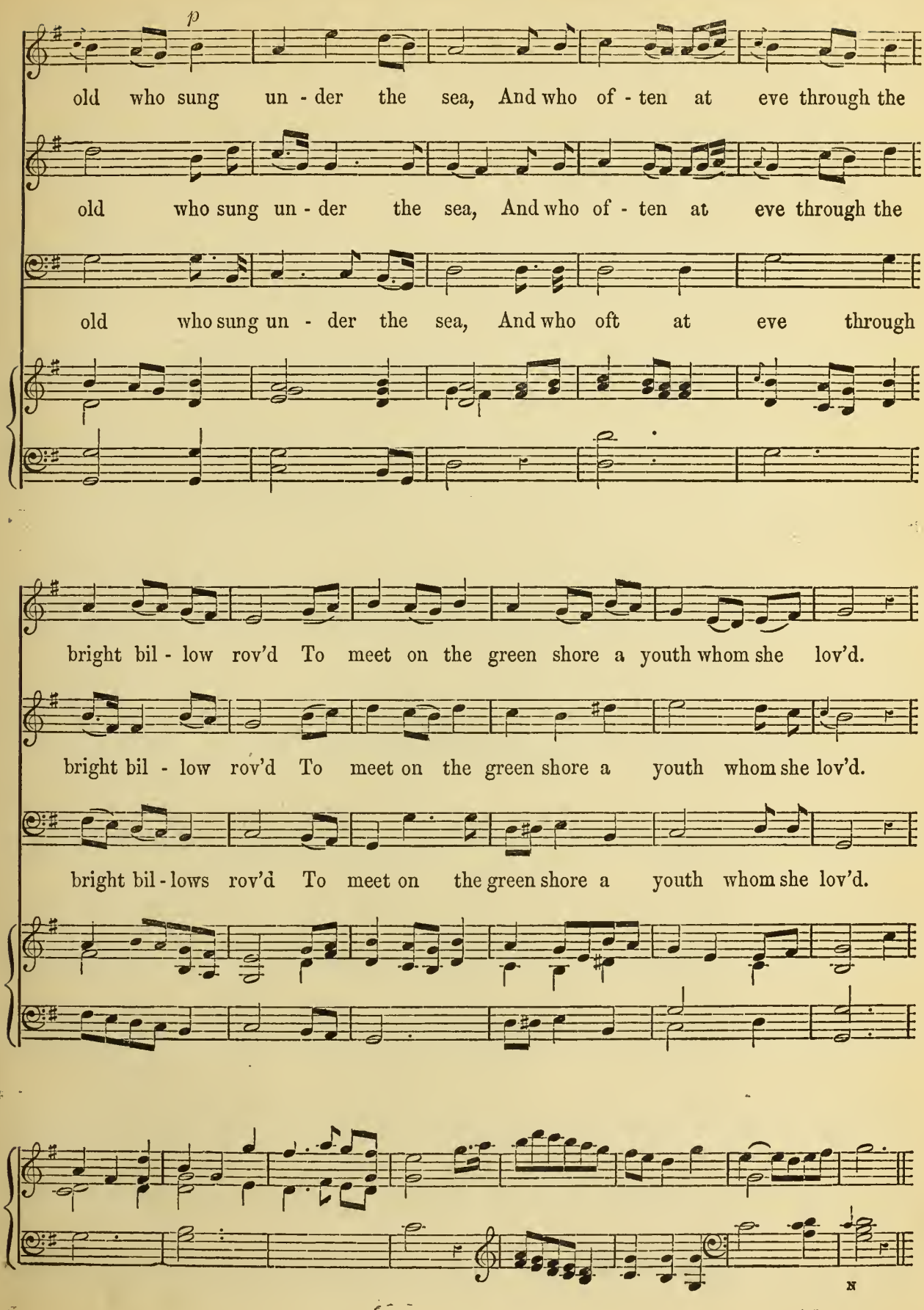




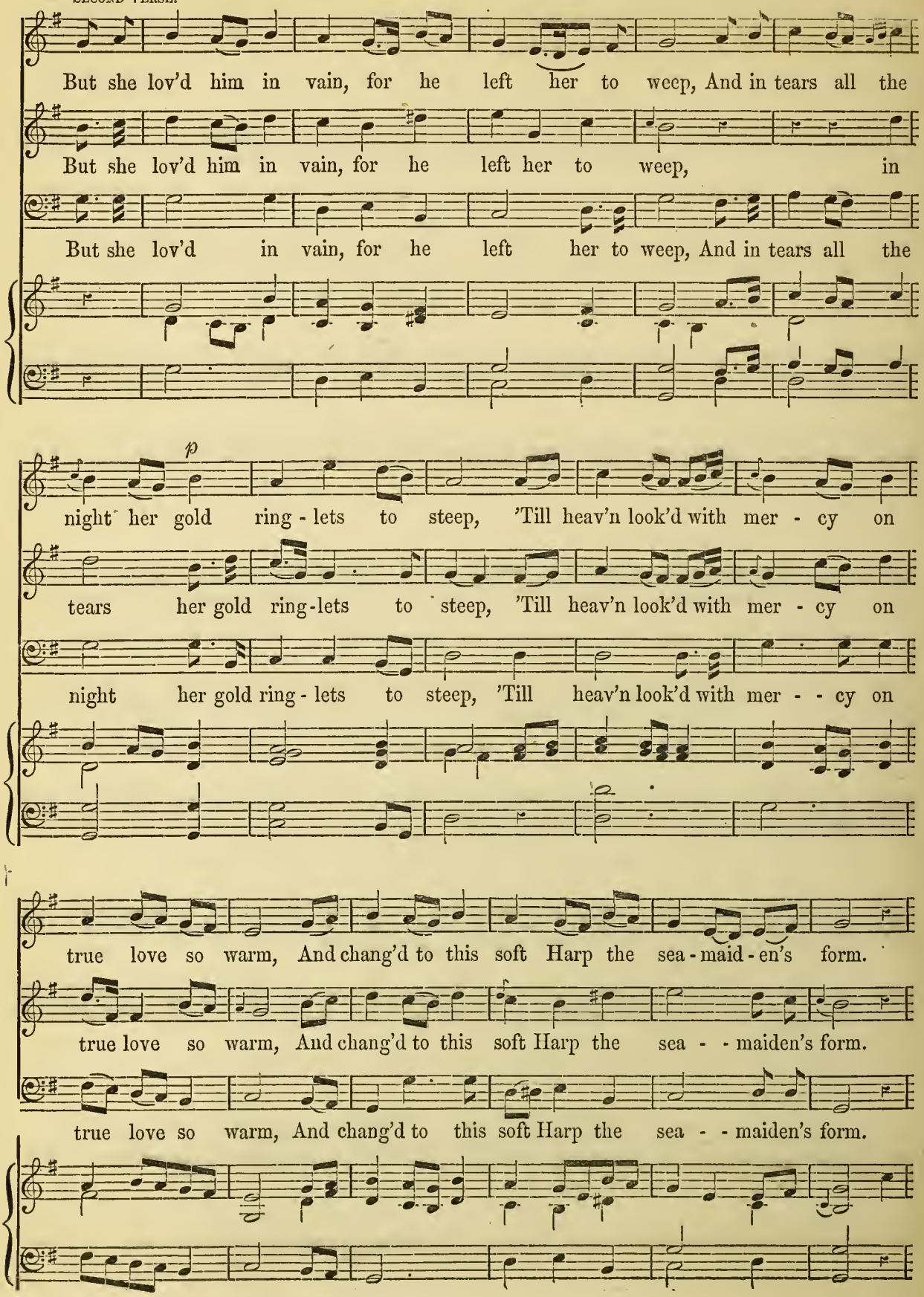
'TIS BELIEV'D THAT THIS HARP WHICH I WAKE NOW FOR THEE.

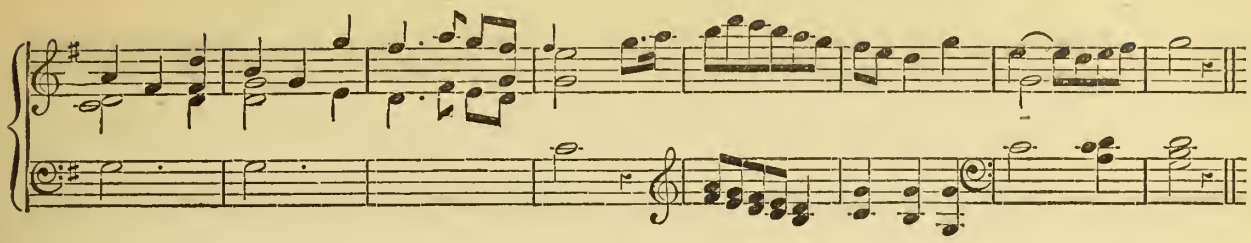
Harmonized for Three Voices.




p
old who sung un - der the sea, And who of - ten at eve through the
old who sung un - der the sea, And who of - ten at eve through the
old who sung un - der the sea, And who oft at eve through
bright bil - low rov'd To meet on the green shore a youth whom she lov'd.
bright bil - low rov'd To meet on the green shore a youth whom she lov'd.
bright bil - lows rov'd To meet on the green shore a youth whom she lov'd.

Second Verse.





Third Verse.

Still her bo - som rose fair, still her cheek smil'd the same, While her sea - beau - ties

Still her bo - som rose fair, still her cheek smil'd the same, her

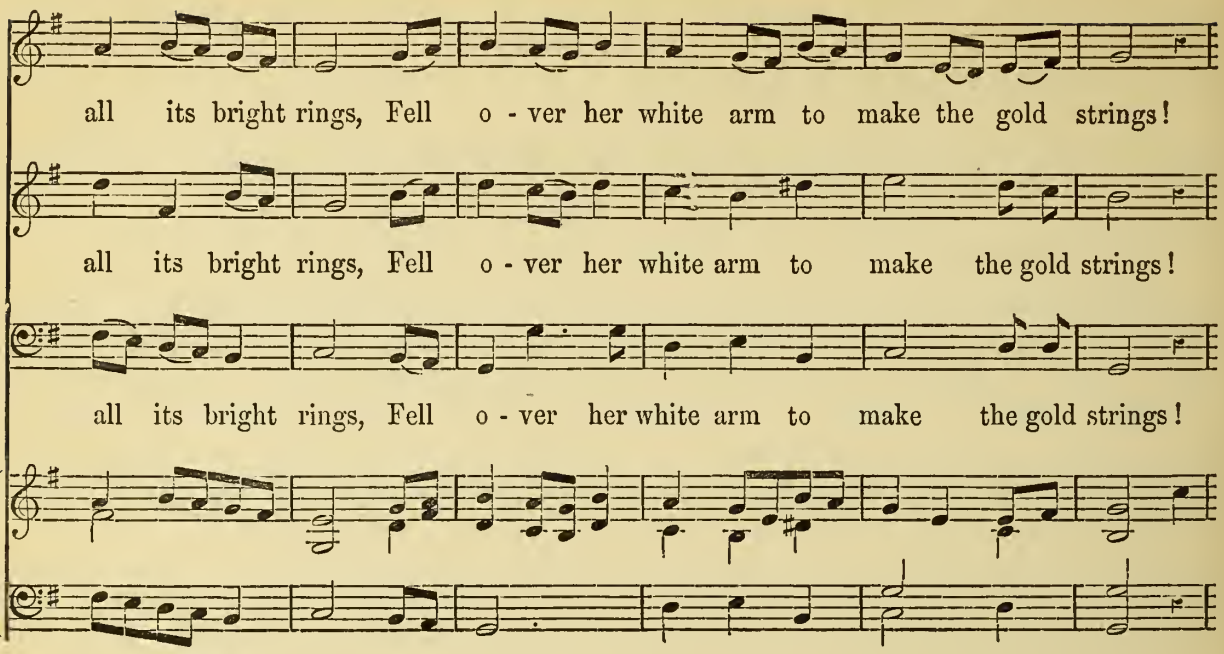
Still her bo - som rose fair, still her cheek smil'd the same, While her sea-beau - ties

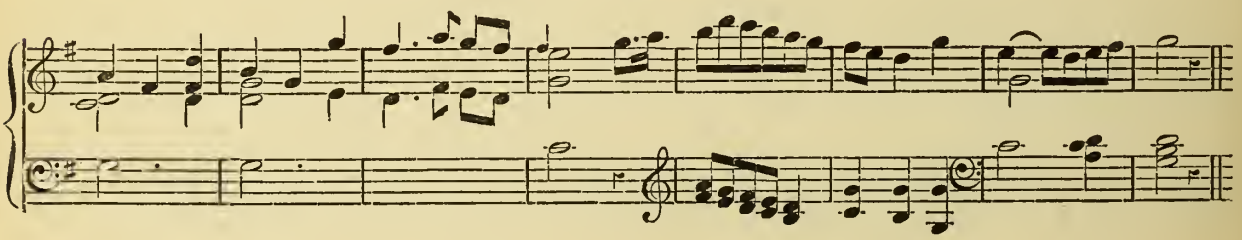
p

grace - ful - ly curl'd round the frame, And her hair shed-ding tear - drops from

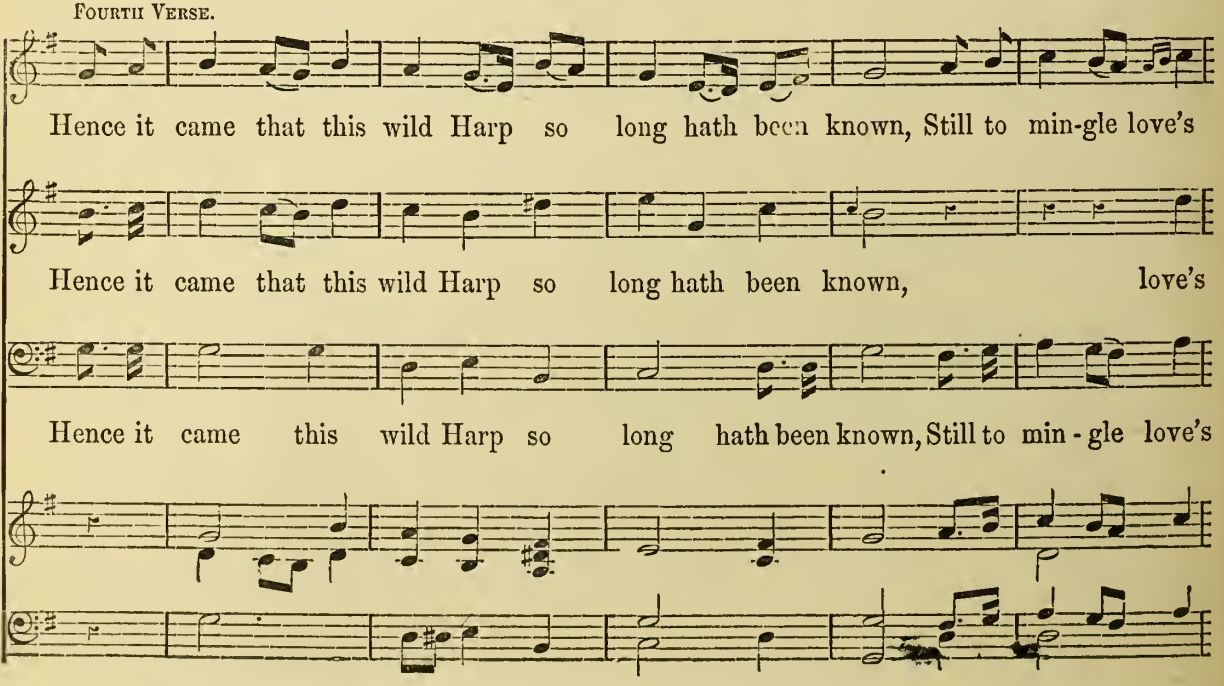
sea - - - beauties curl'd round the frame, And her hair shed-ding tear - drops from

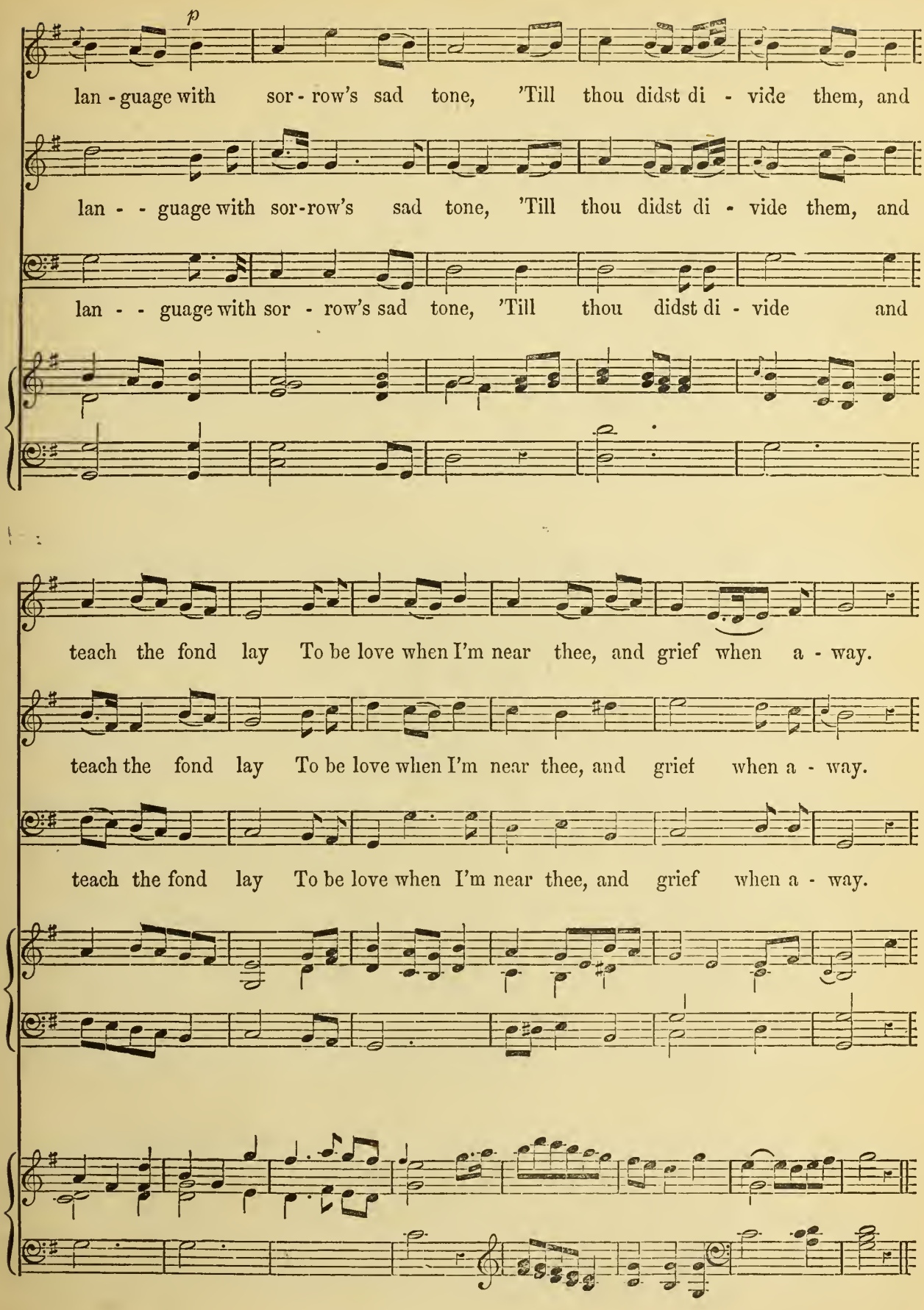
grace - - ful - ly curl'd round the frame, And her hair shedding tear - drops from



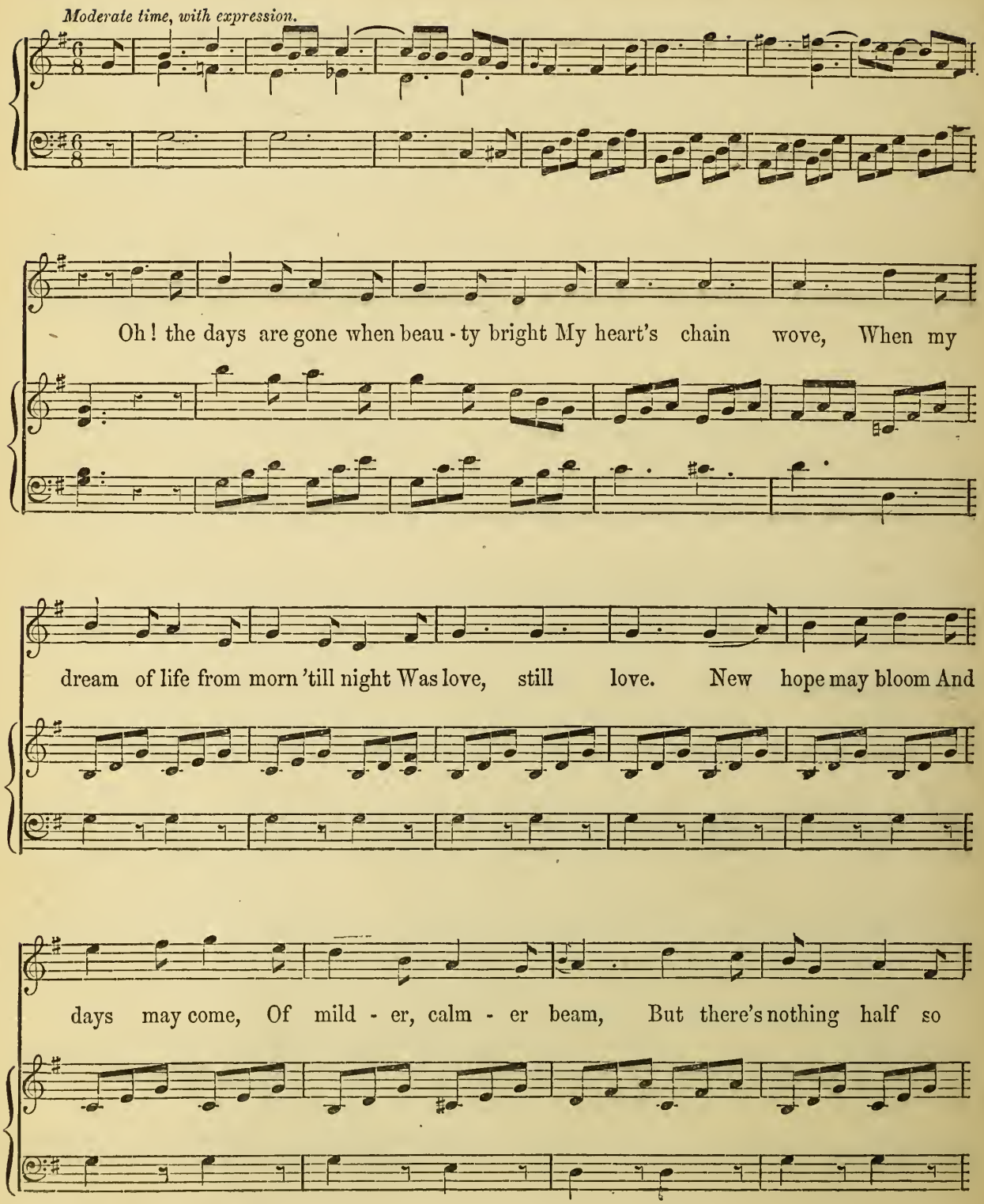


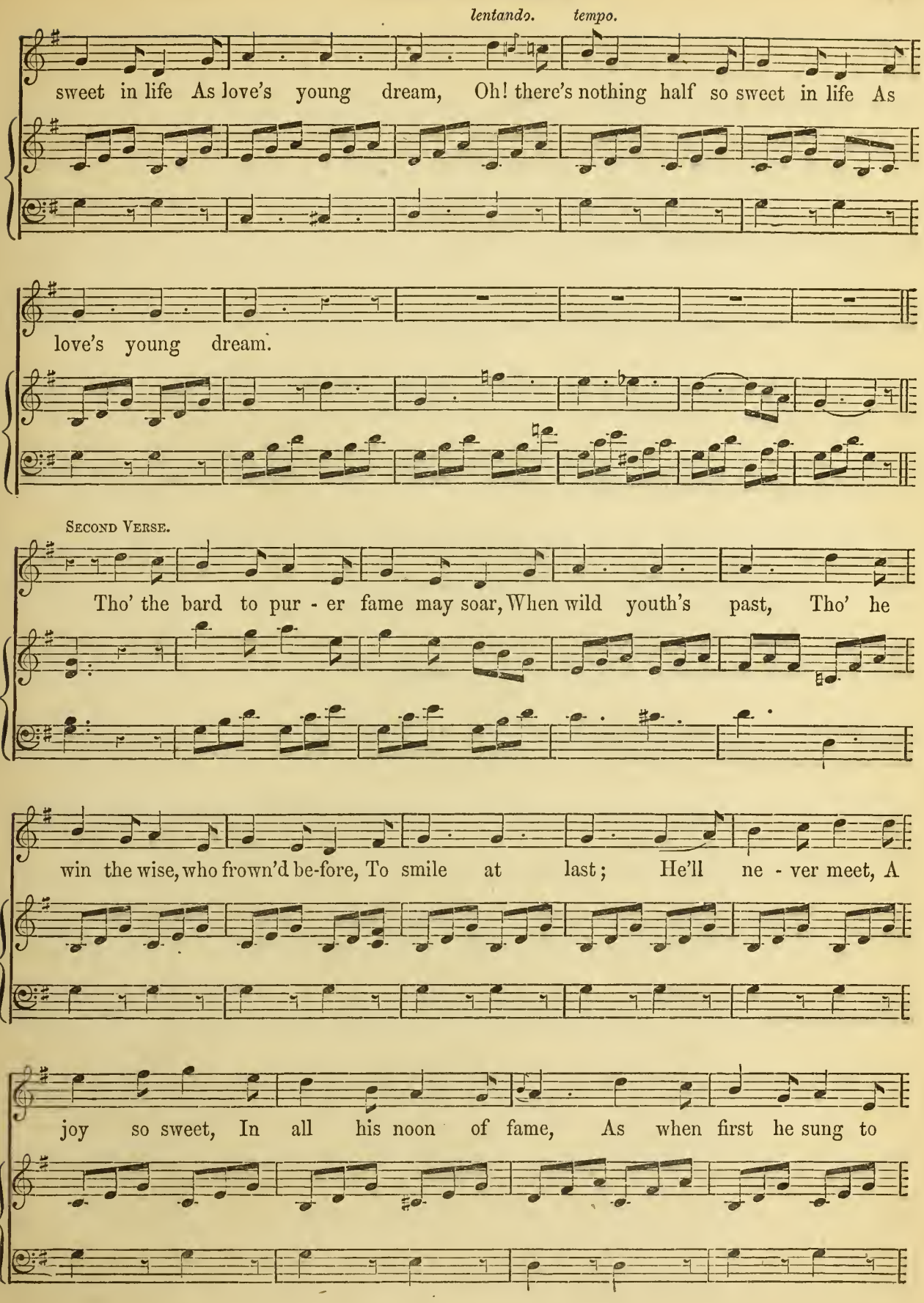
Fourth Verse.

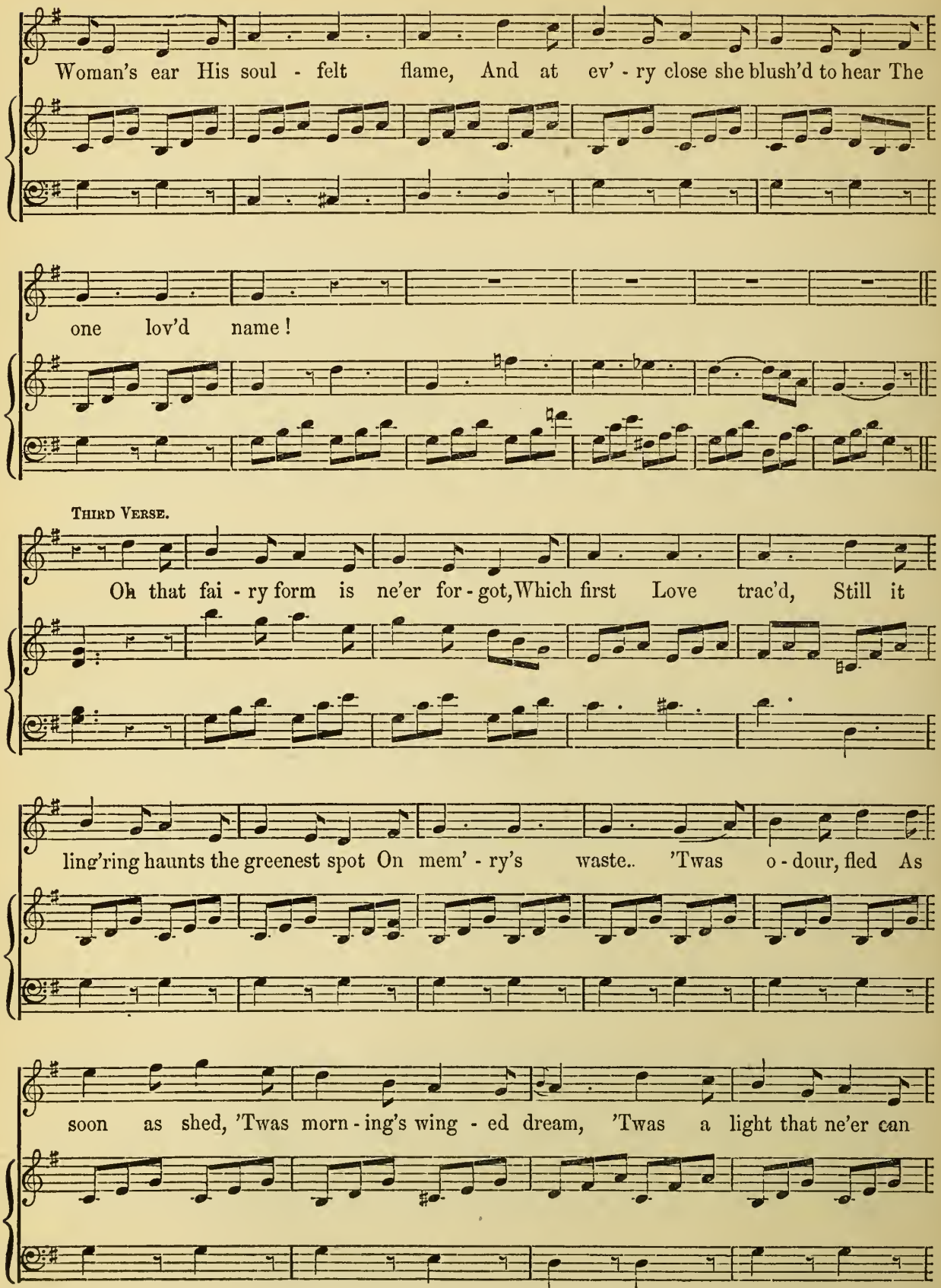


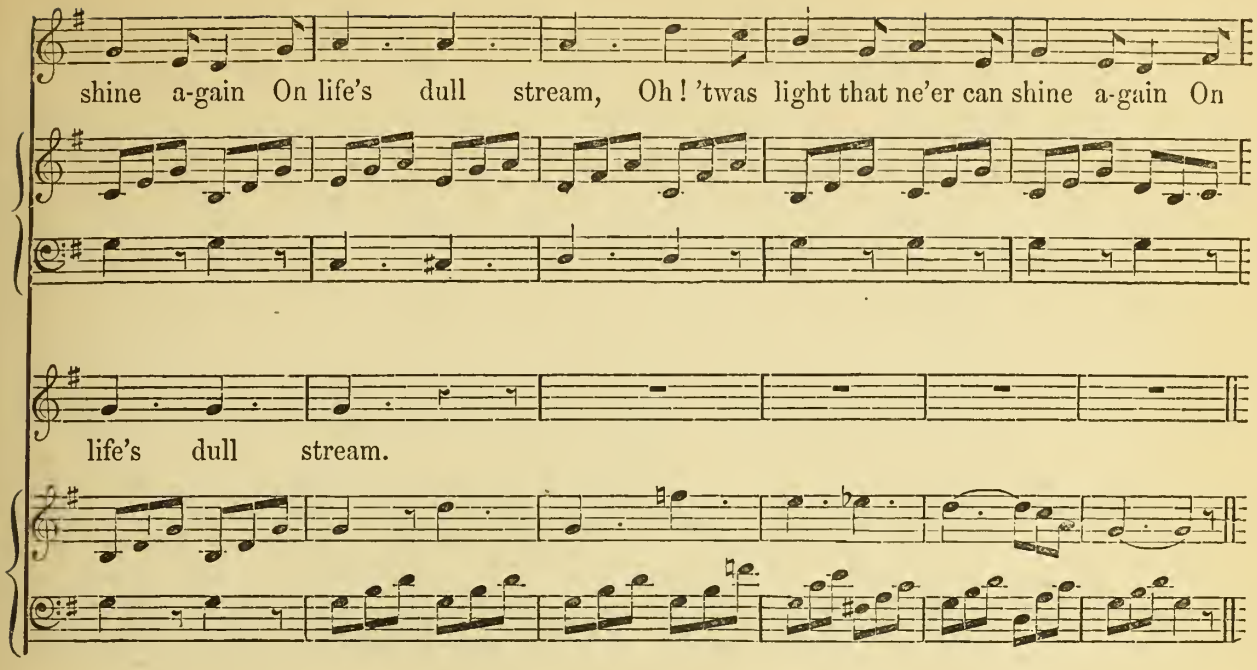

p
lan - guage with sor - row's sad tone, 'Till thou didst di - vide them, and
lan - - guage with sor-row's sad tone, 'Till thou didst di - vide them, and
lan - - guage with sor - row's sad tone, 'Till thou didst di - vide and
teach the fond lay To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when a - way.
teach the fond lay To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when a - way.
teach the fond lay To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when a - way.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.




lentando.
tempo.
sweet in life As love's young dream, Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life As
love's young dream.
SECOND VERSE.
Tho' the bard to pur - er fame may soar, When wild youth's past, Tho' he
win the wise, who frown'd be-fore, To smile at last; He'll ne - ver meet, A
joy so sweet, In all his noon of fame, As when first he sung to

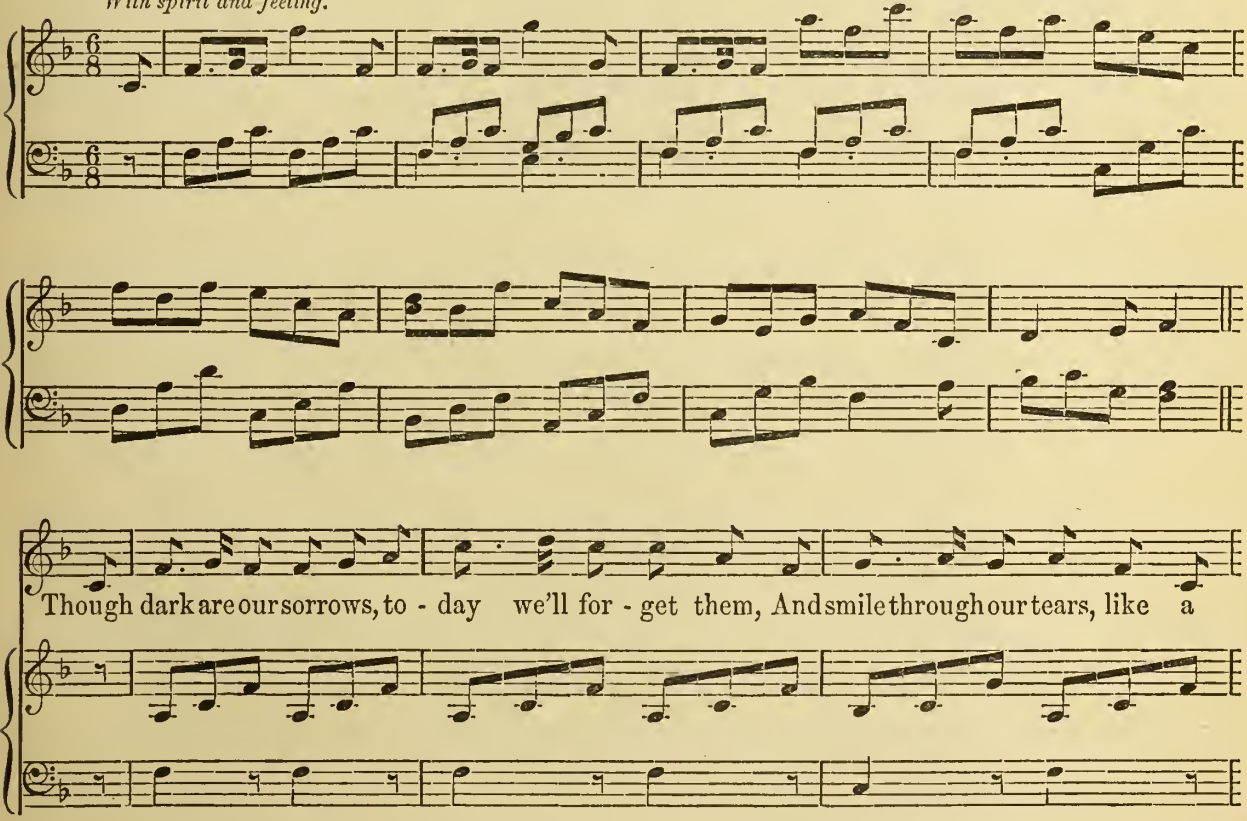

Woman's ear His soul - felt flame, And at ev' - ry close she blush'd to hear The
one lov'd name!
THIRD VERSE.
Oh that fai - ry form is ne'er for - got, Which first Love trac'd, Still it
ling'ring haunts the greenest spot On mem' - ry's waste.. 'Twas o - dour, fled As
soon as shed, 'Twas morn - ing's wing - ed dream, 'Twas a light that ne'er can



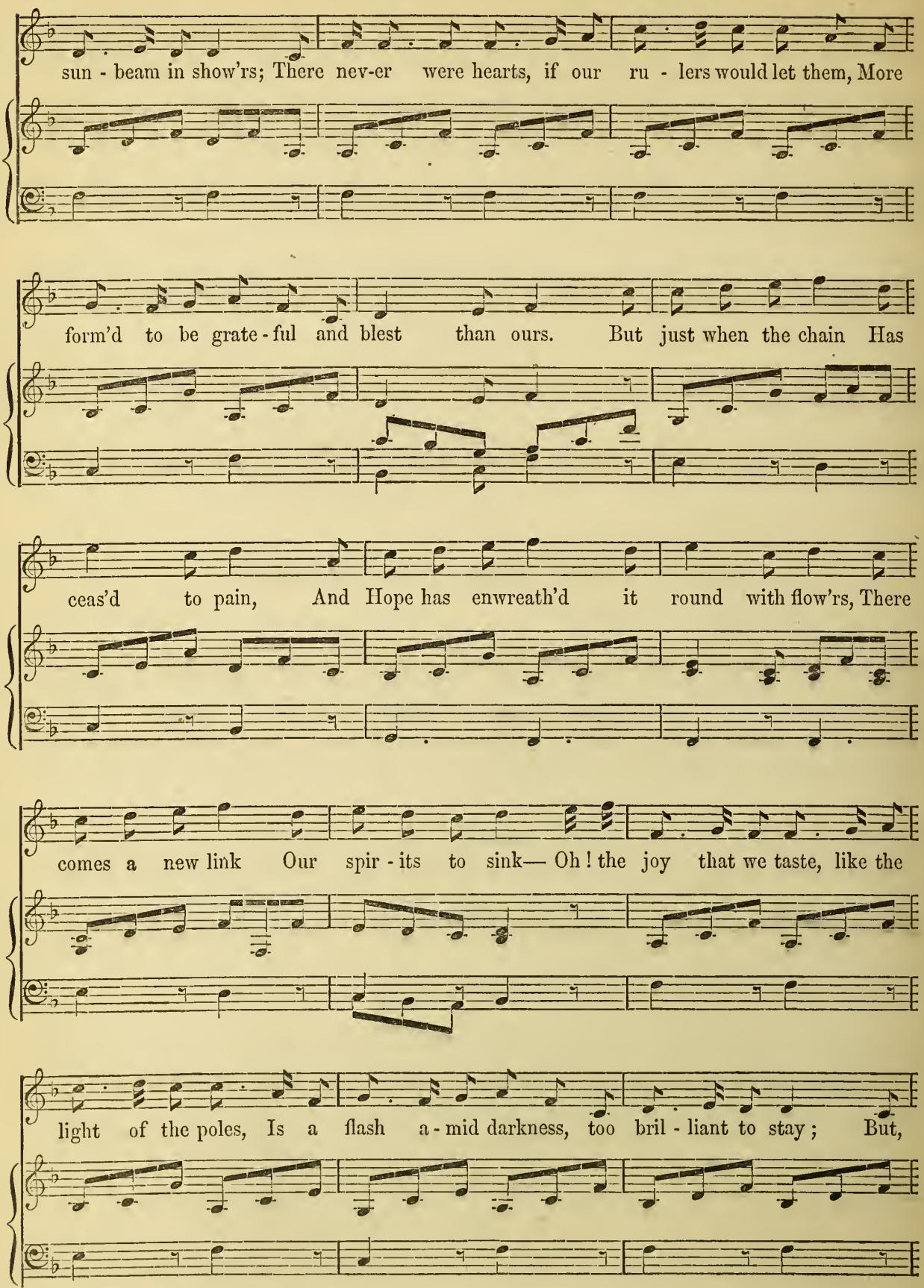
THO' DARK ARE OUR SORROWS.

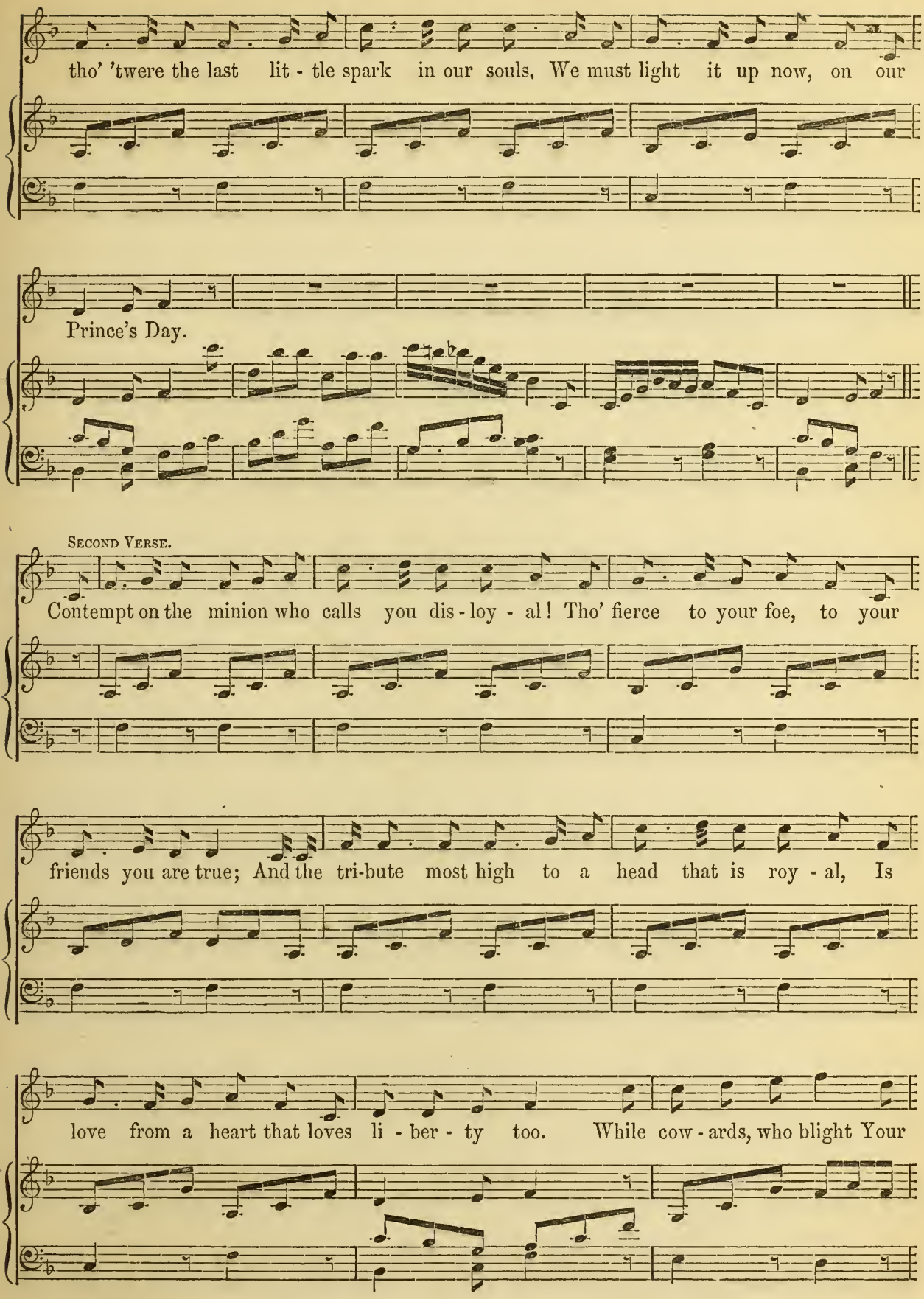
(AIR—ST. PATRICK'S DAY.) (THE PRINCE'S DAY.*)

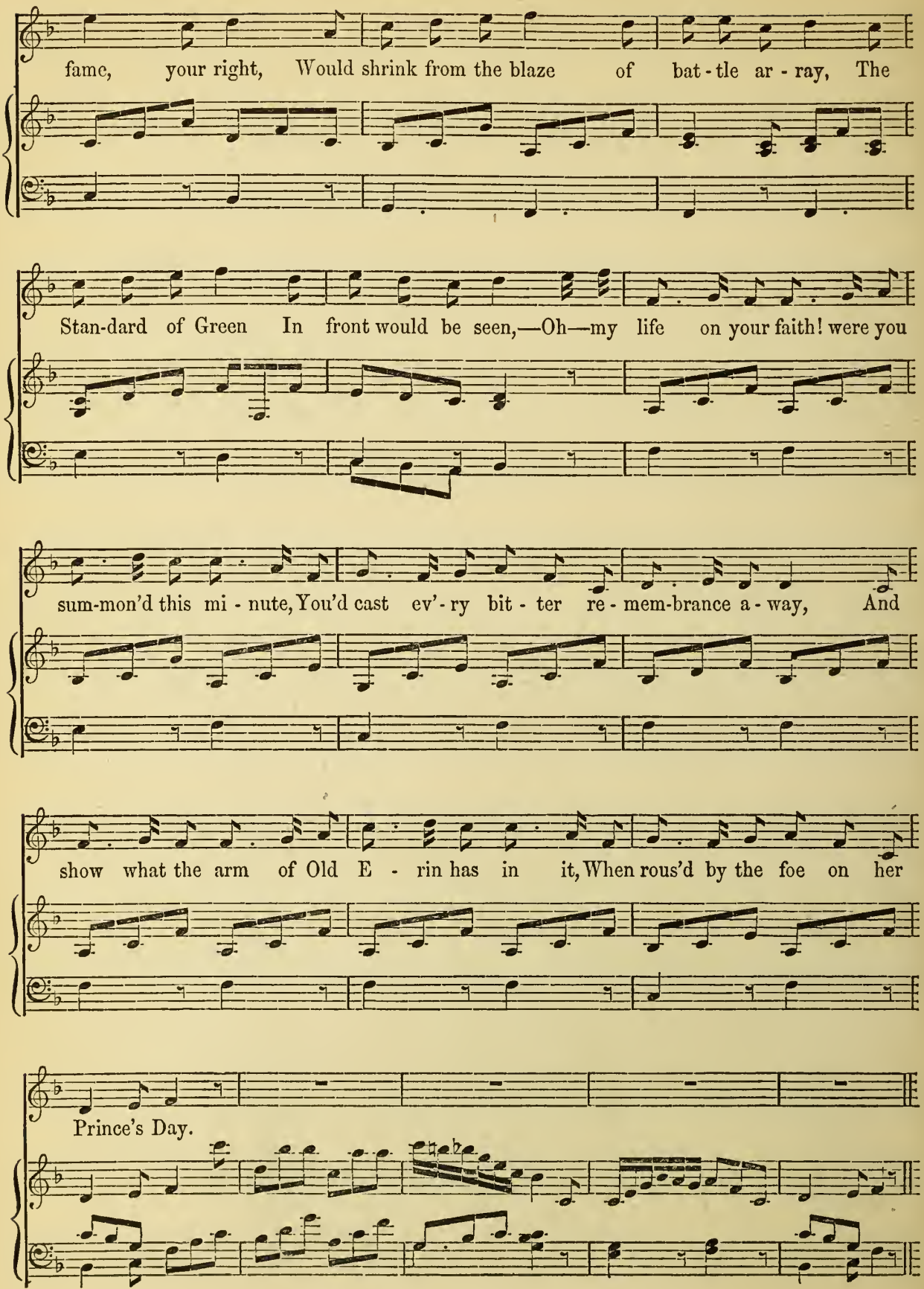
With spirit and feeling.



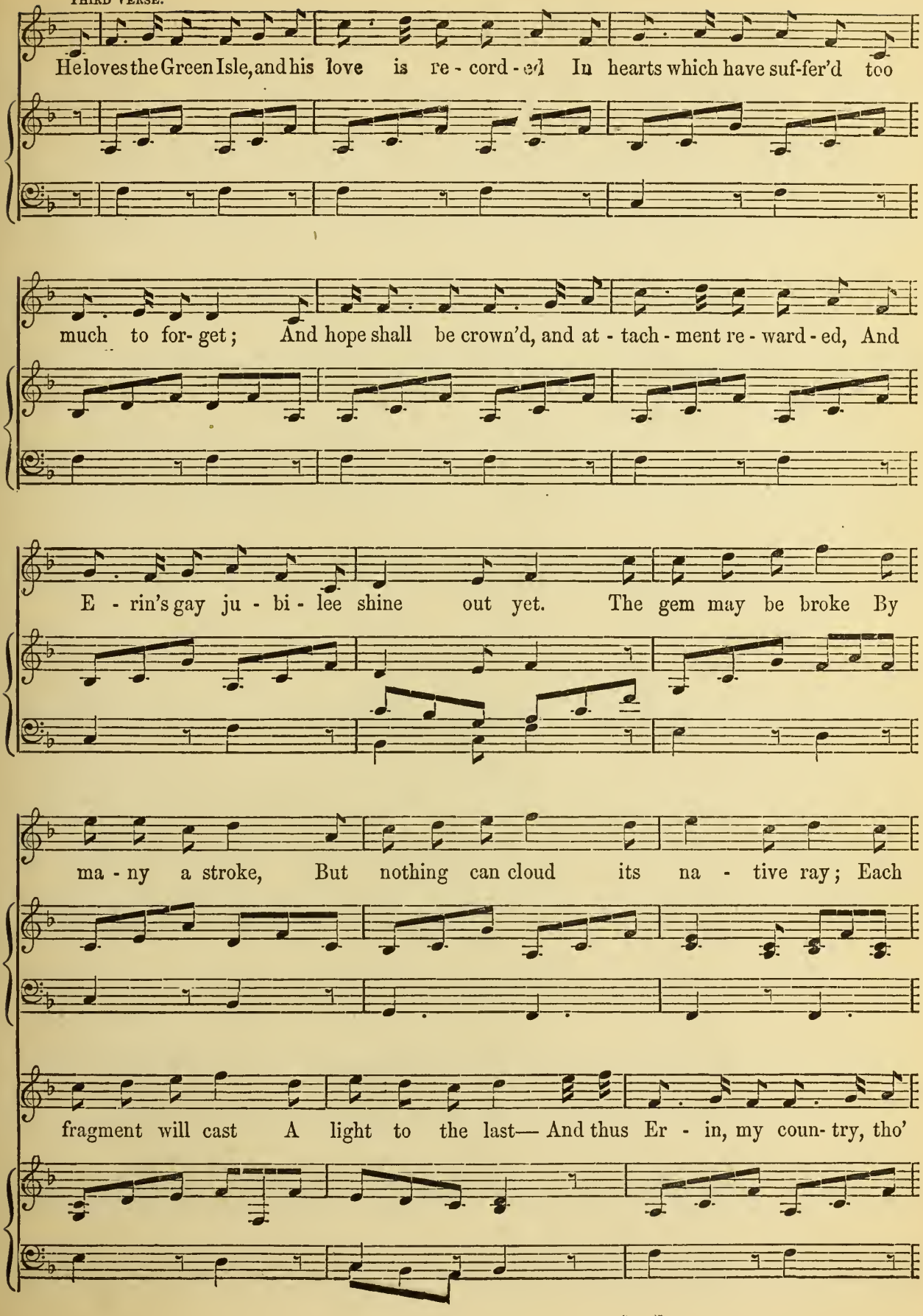
* This song was written for a *fête* in honour of the Prince of Wales' Birth-day, given by my friend Major Bryan, at his seat in the County of Kilkenny.

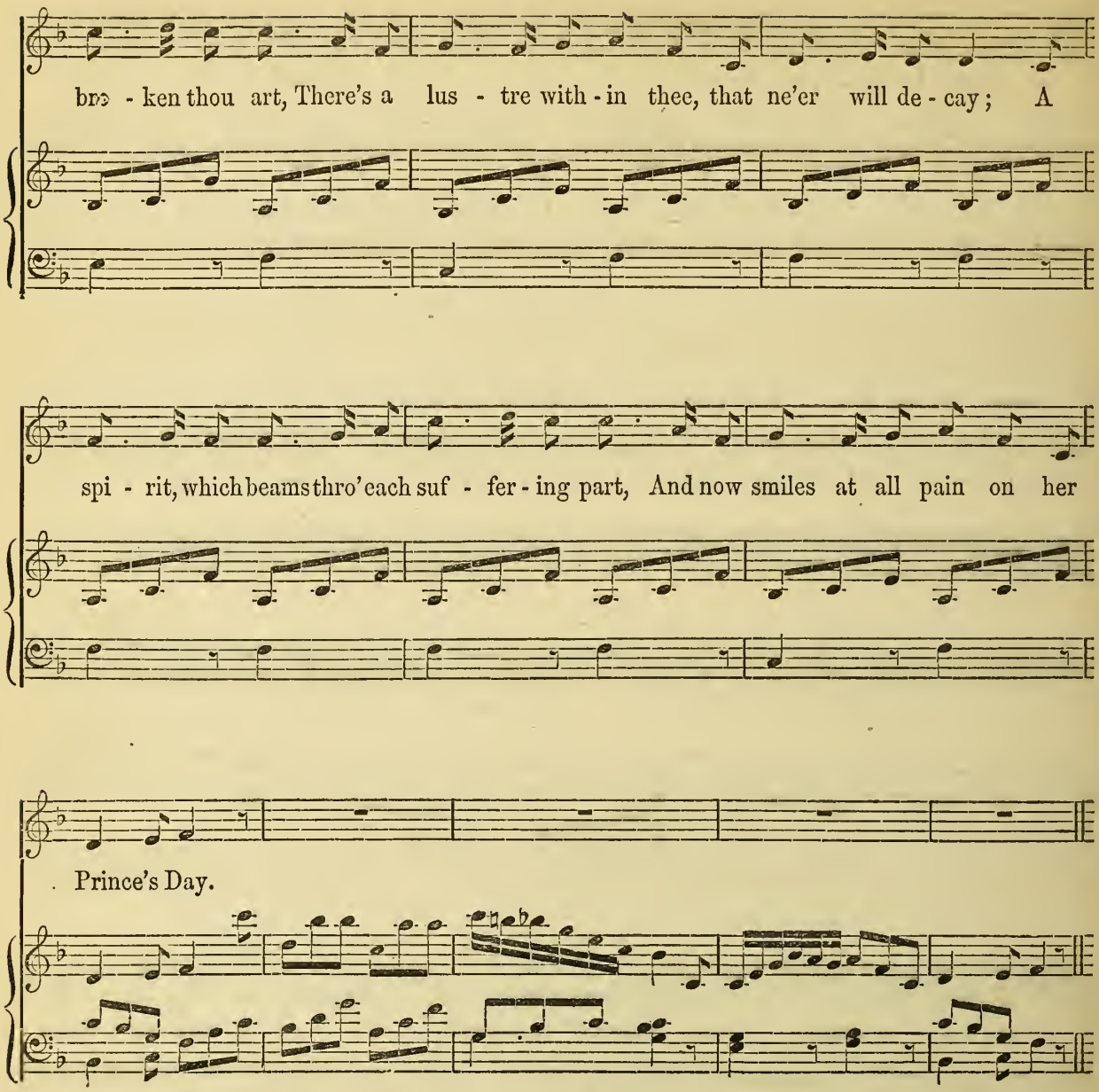

sun - beam in show'rs; There nev-er were hearts, if our ru - lers would let them, More
form'd to be grate - ful and blest than ours. But just when the chain Has
ceas'd to pain, And Hope has enwreath'd it round with flow'rs, There
comes a new link Our spir - its to sink— Oh! the joy that we taste, like the
light of the poles, Is a flash a - mid darkness, too bril - liant to stay; But,


tho' 'twere the last lit - tle spark in our souls, We must light it up now, on our
Prince's Day.
SECOND VERSE.
Contempt on the minion who calls you dis - loy - al! Tho' fierce to your foe, to your
friends you are true; And the tri-bute most high to a head that is roy - al, Is
love from a heart that loves li - ber - ty too. While cow - ards, who blight Your

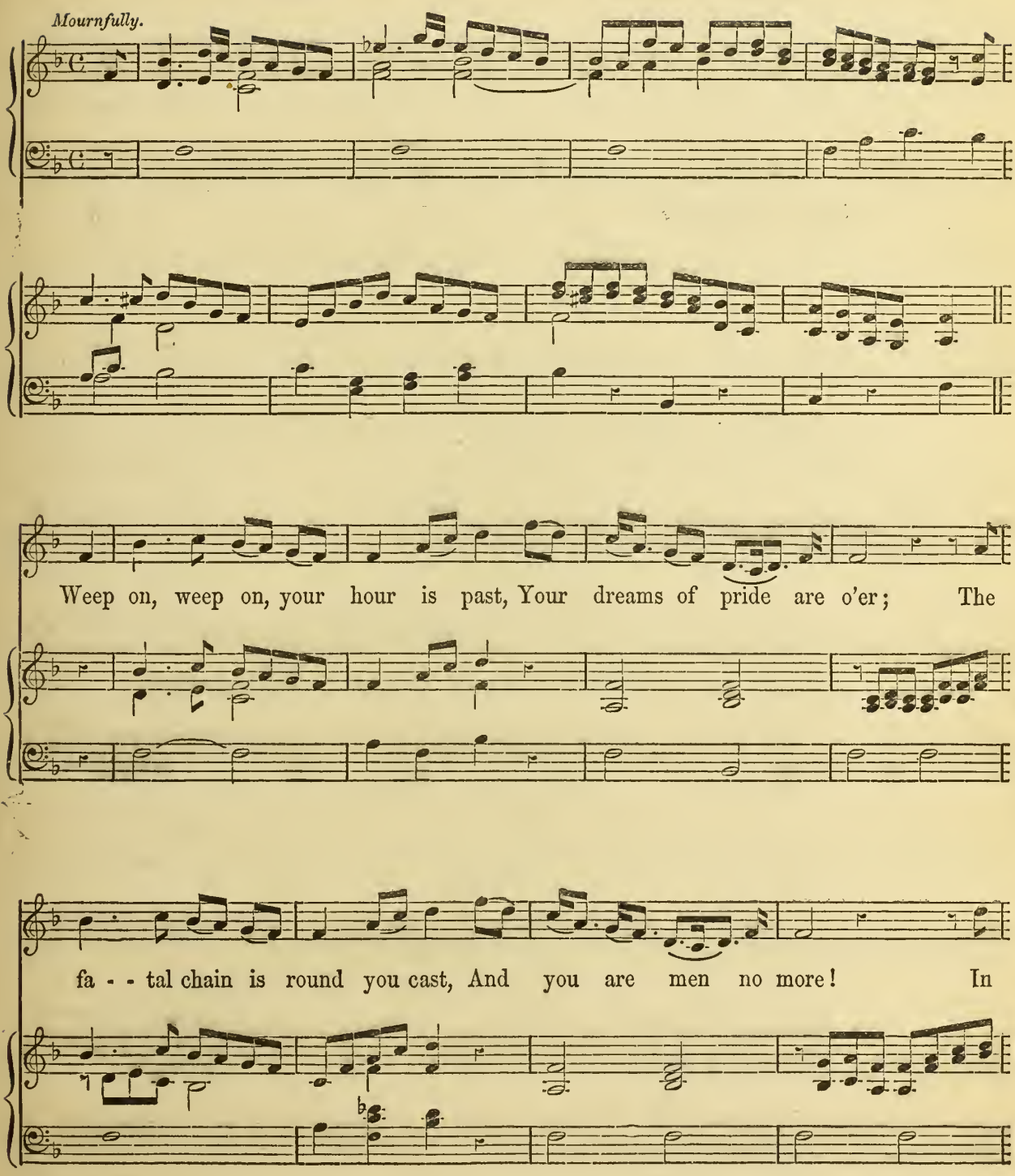

fame, your right, Would shrink from the blaze of bat-tle ar-ray, The
Stan-dard of Green In front would be seen,—Oh—my life on your faith! were you
sum-mon'd this mi-nute, You'd cast ev'-ry bit-ter re-mem-brance a-way, And
show what the arm of Old E-rin has in it, When rous'd by the foe on her
Prince's Day.

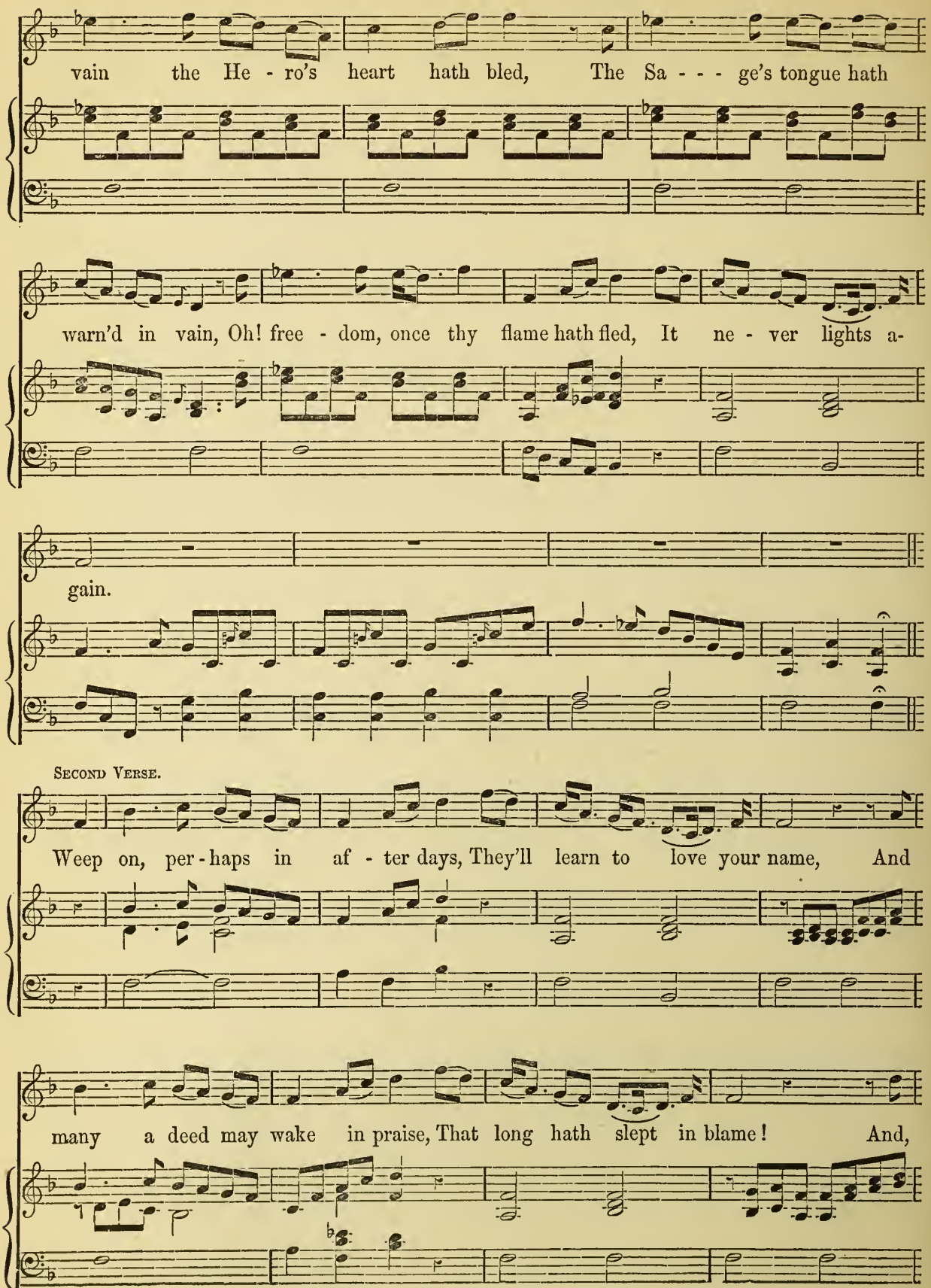
THIRD VERSE.

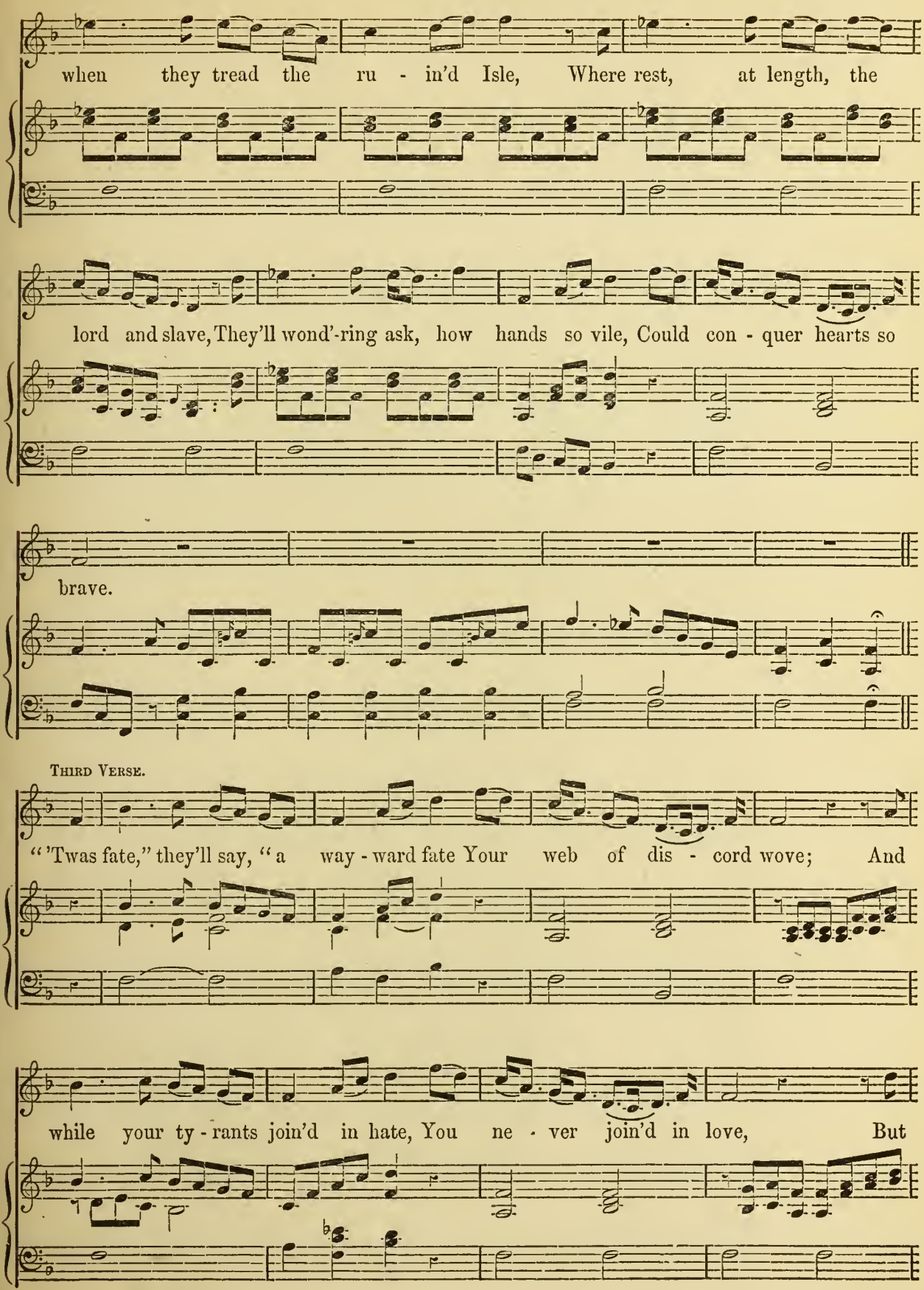

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is re - cord - ed In hearts which have suf-fer'd too
much to for- get; And hope shall be crown'd, and at - tach - ment re - ward - ed, And
E - rin's gay ju - bi - lee shine out yet. The gem may be broke By
ma - ny a stroke, But nothing can cloud its na - tive ray; Each
fragment will cast A light to the last— And thus Er - in, my coun- try, tho'

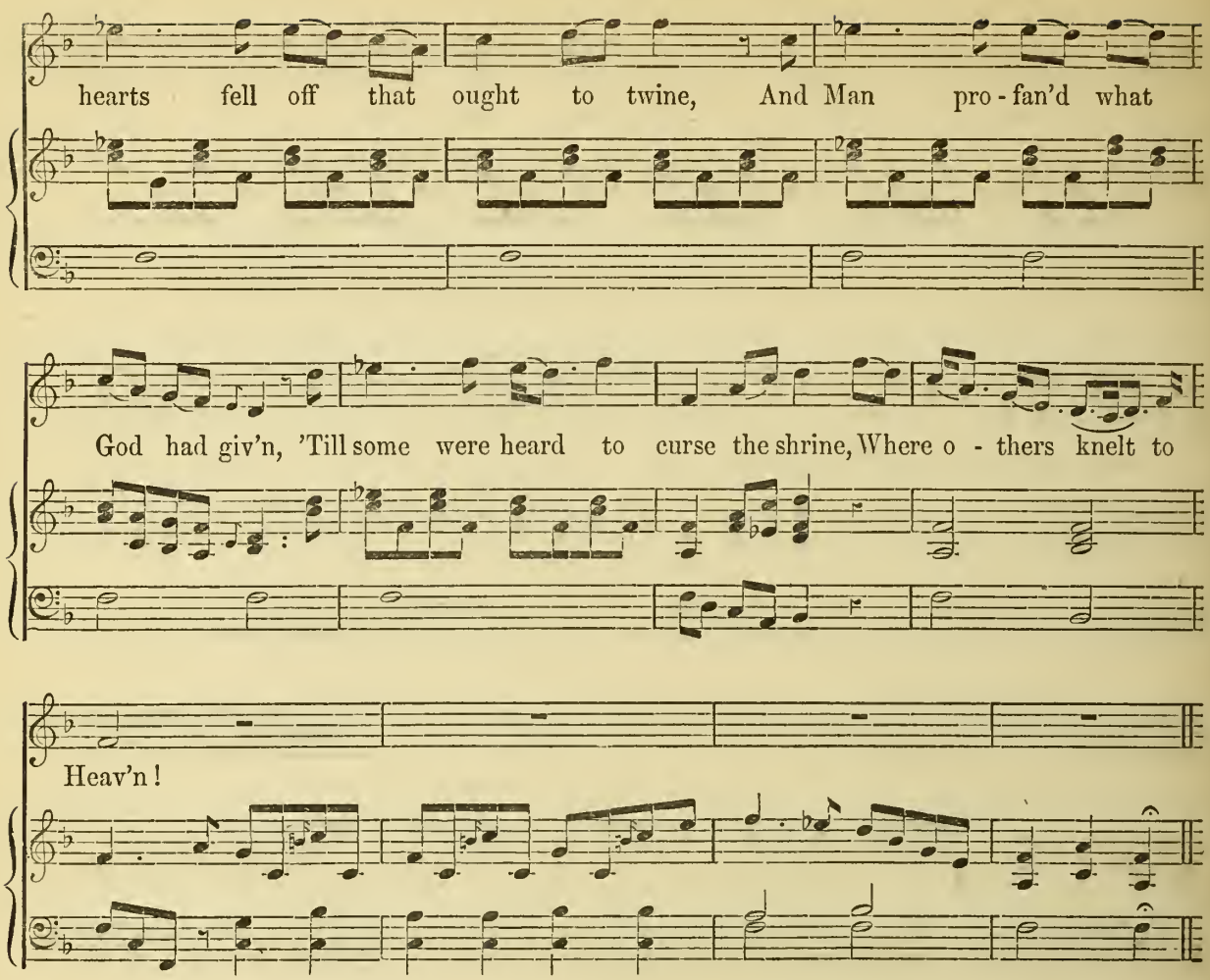

bro - ken thou art, There's a lus - tre with - in thee, that ne'er will de - cay; A
spi - rit, which beams thro' each suf - fer - ing part, And now smiles at all pain on her
Prince's Day.

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

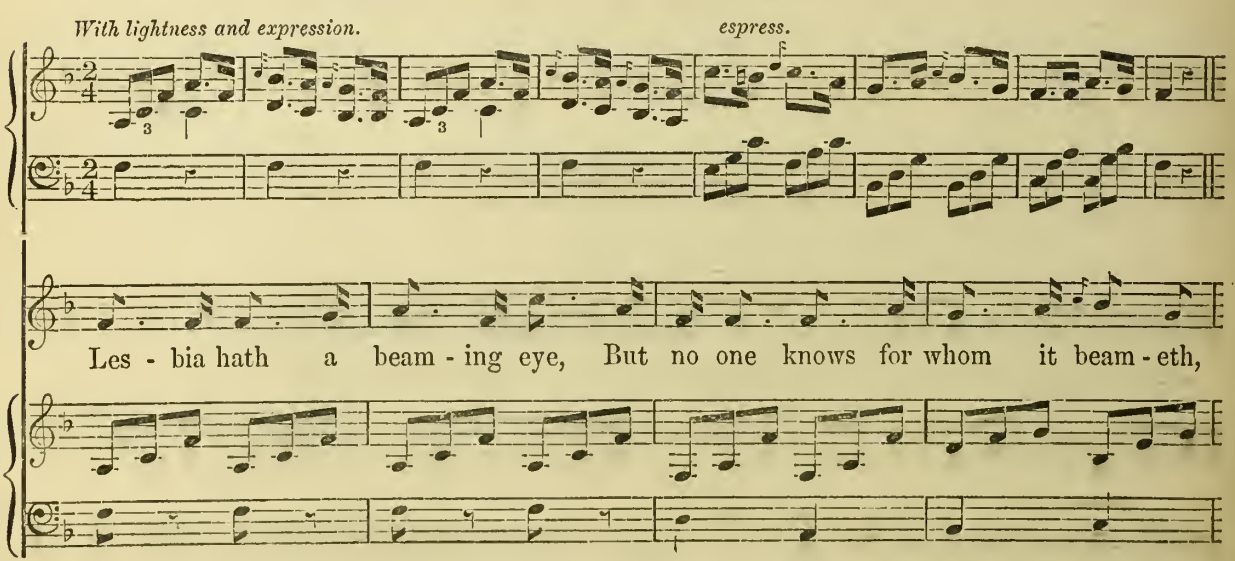


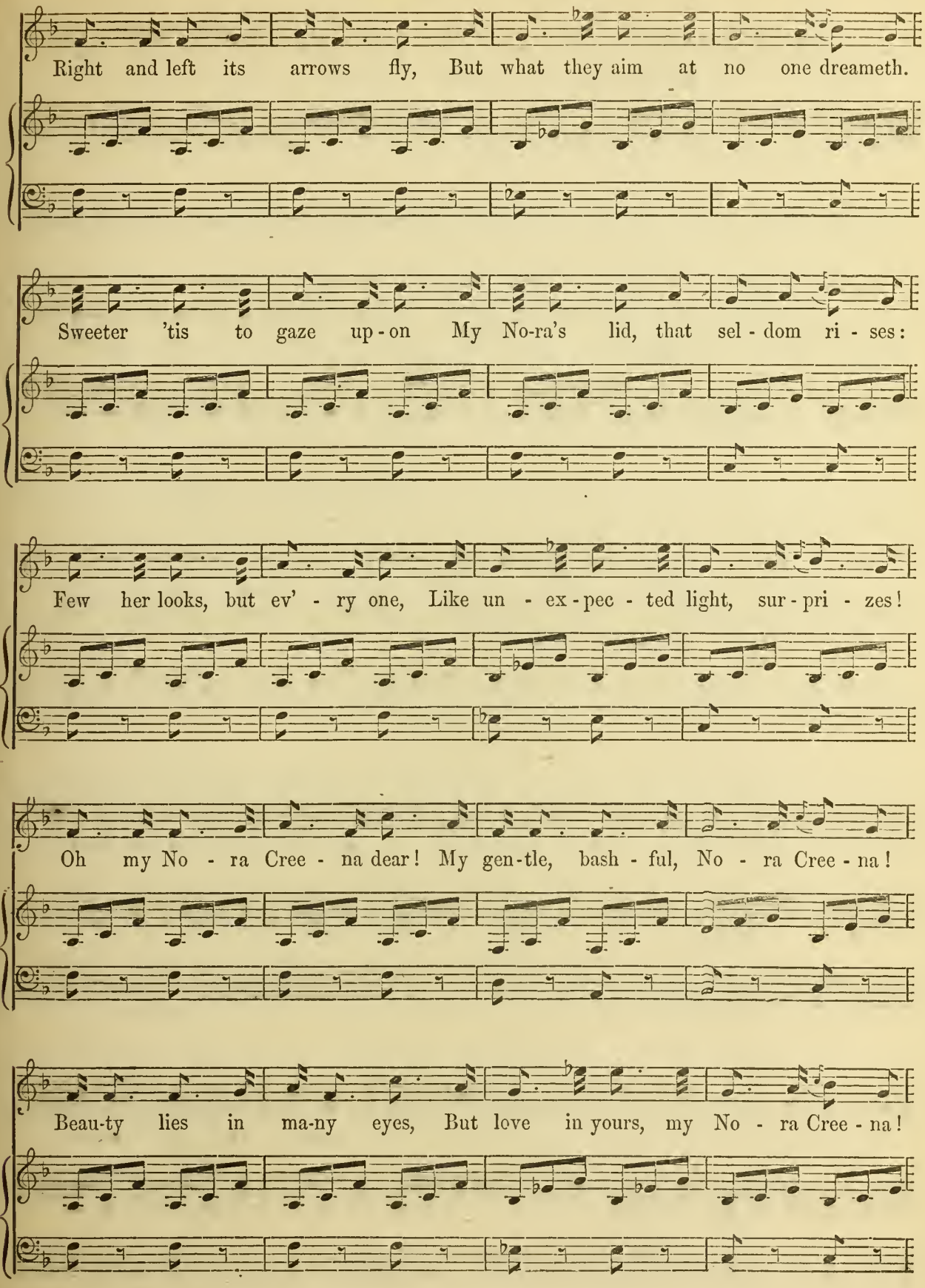

vain the He - ro's heart hath bled, The Sa - - - ge's tongue hath
warn'd in vain, Oh! free - dom, once thy flame hath fled, It ne - ver lights a-
gain.
SECOND VERSE.
Weep on, per - haps in af - ter days, They'll learn to love your name, And
many a deed may wake in praise, That long hath slept in blame! And,

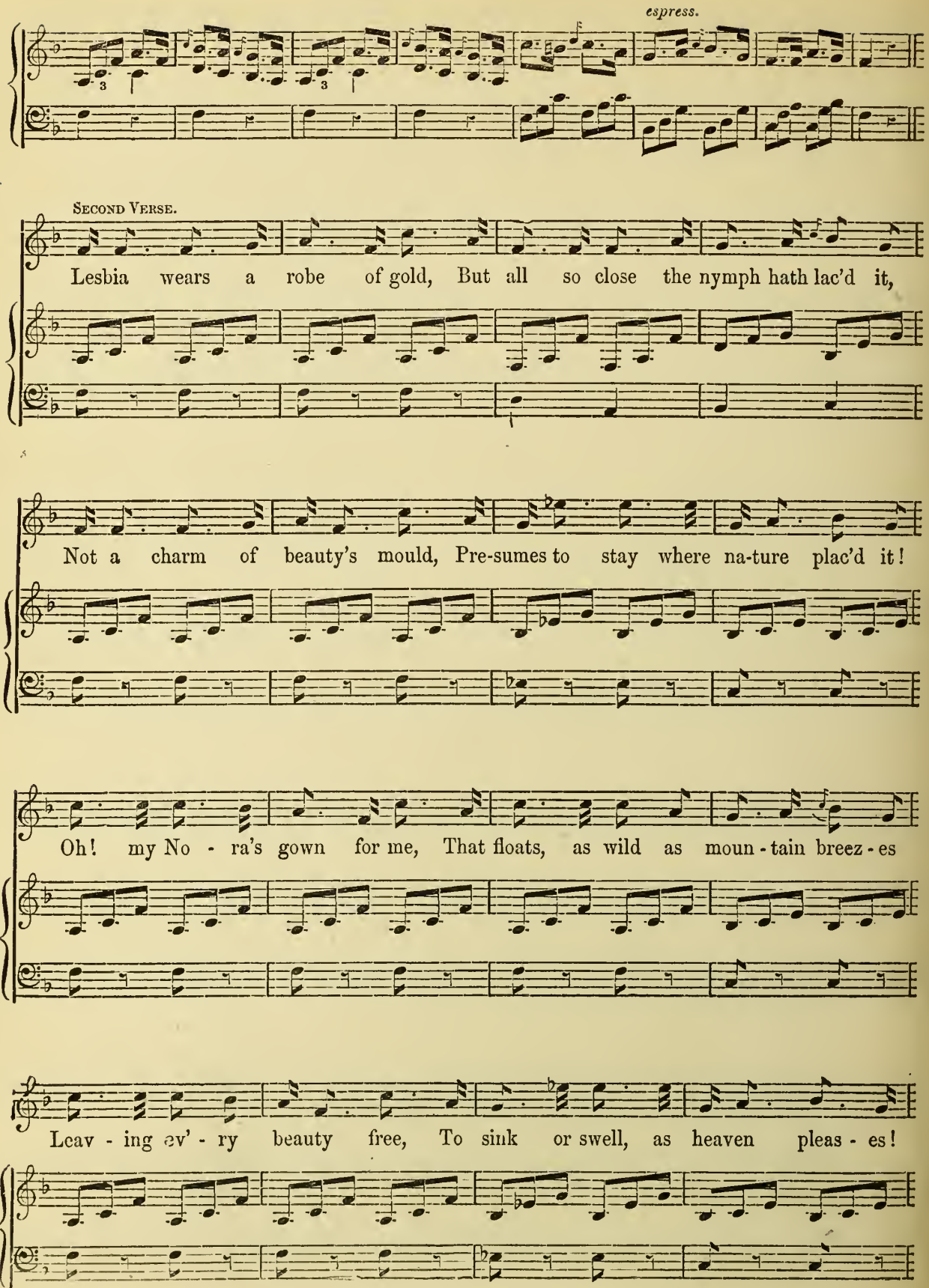

when they tread the ru - in'd Isle, Where rest, at length, the
lord and slave, They'll wond'-ring ask, how hands so vile, Could con - quer hearts so
brave.
THIRD VERSE.
"'Twas fate," they'll say, "a way - ward fate Your web of dis - cord wove; And
while your ty - rants join'd in hate, You ne - ver join'd in love, But

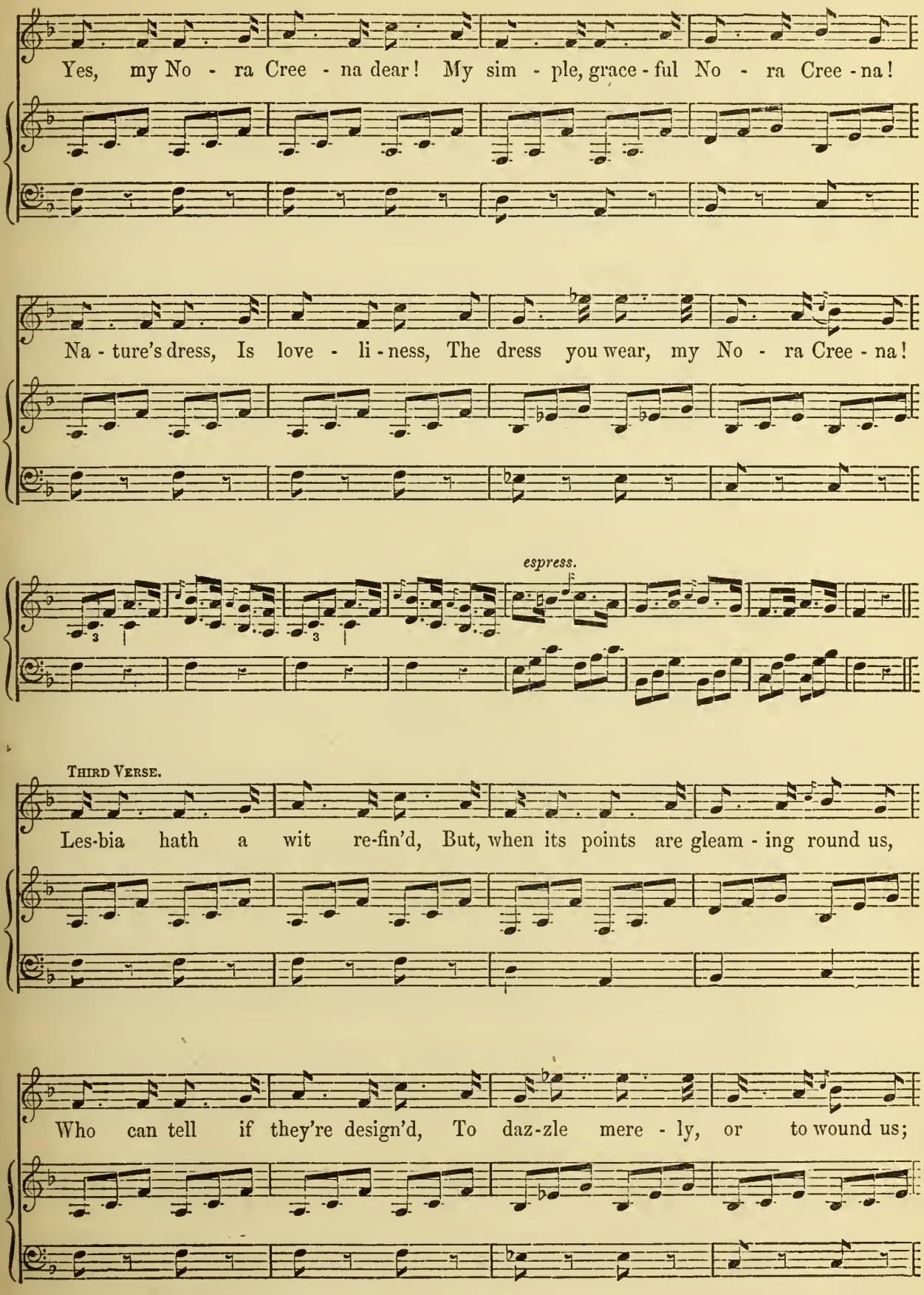


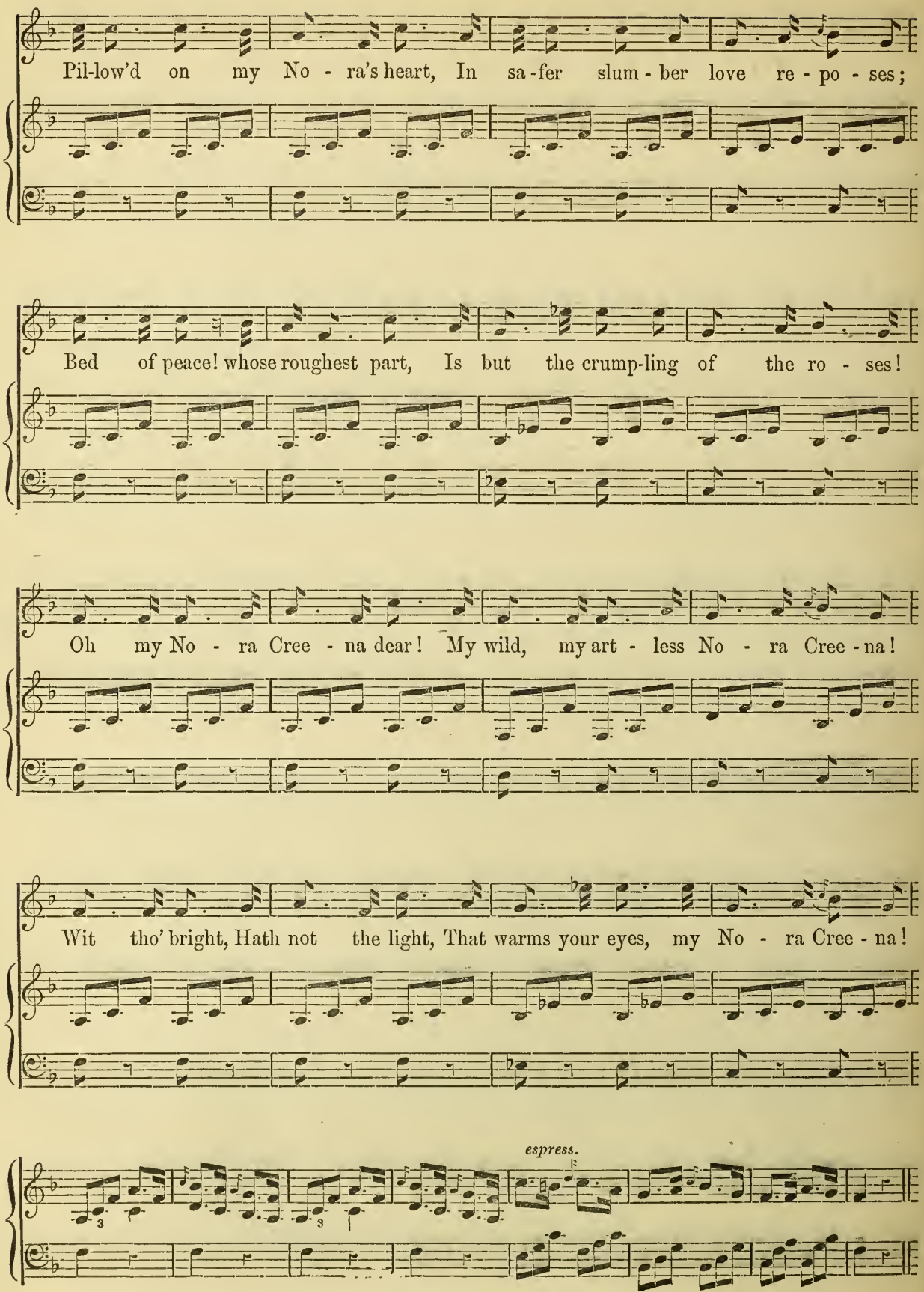
LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.




Right and left its arrows fly, But what they aim at no one dreameth.
Sweeter 'tis to gaze up-on My No-ra's lid, that sel-dom ri-ses:
Few her looks, but ev'-ry one, Like un-ex-pec-ted light, sur-pri-zes!
Oh my No-ra Cree-na dear! My gen-tle, bash-ful, No-ra Cree-na!
Beau-ty lies in ma-ny eyes, But love in yours, my No-ra Cree-na!


espress.
SECOND VERSE.
Lesbia wears a robe of gold, But all so close the nymph hath lac'd it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould, Pre-sumes to stay where na-ture plac'd it!
Oh! my No - ra's gown for me, That floats, as wild as moun - tain breez - es
Leav - ing ev' - ry beauty free, To sink or swell, as heaven pleas - es!

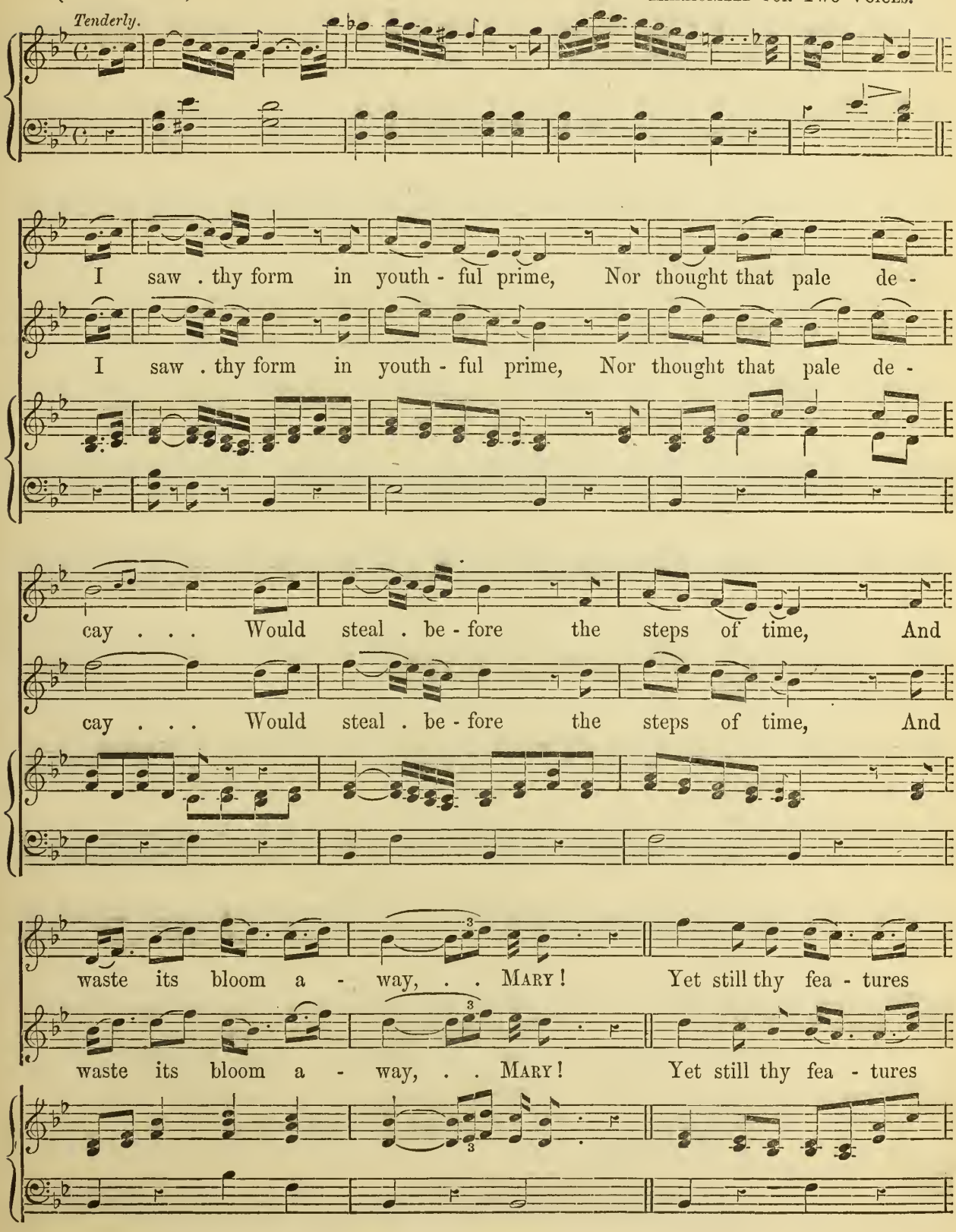

Yes, my No - ra Cree - na dear! My sim - ple, grace - ful No - ra Cree - na!
Na - ture's dress, Is love - li - ness, The dress you wear, my No - ra Cree - na!
espress.
THIRD VERSE.
Les-bia hath a wit re-fin'd, But, when its points are gleam - ing round us,
Who can tell if they're design'd, To daz-zle mere - ly, or to wound us;

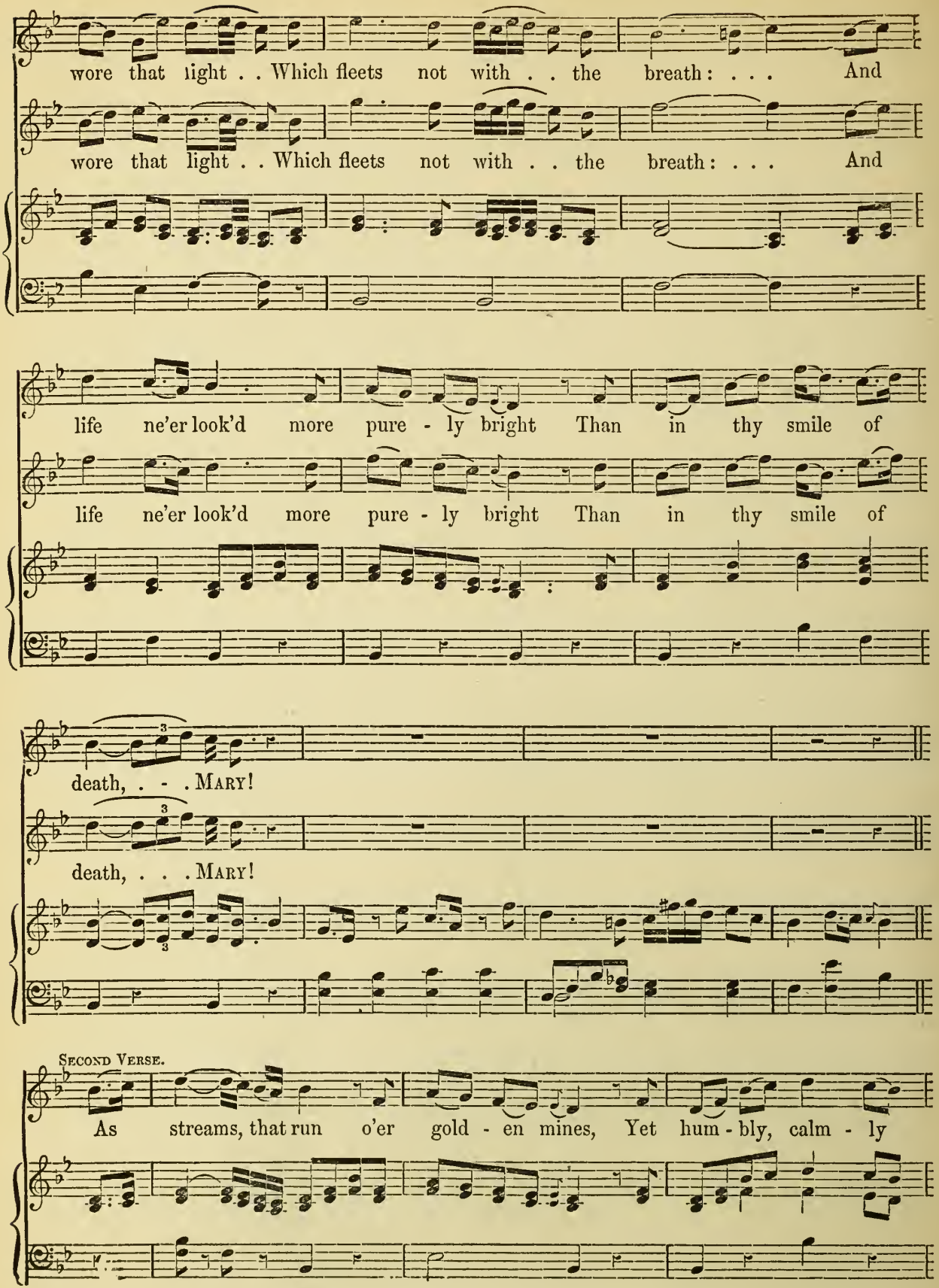

Pil-low'd on my No - ra's heart, In sa-fer slum - ber love re - po - ses;
Bed of peace! whose roughest part, Is but the crump-ling of the ro - ses!
Oh my No - ra Cree - na dear! My wild, my art - less No - ra Cree - na!
Wit tho' bright, Hath not the light, That warms your eyes, my No - ra Cree - na!
espress.

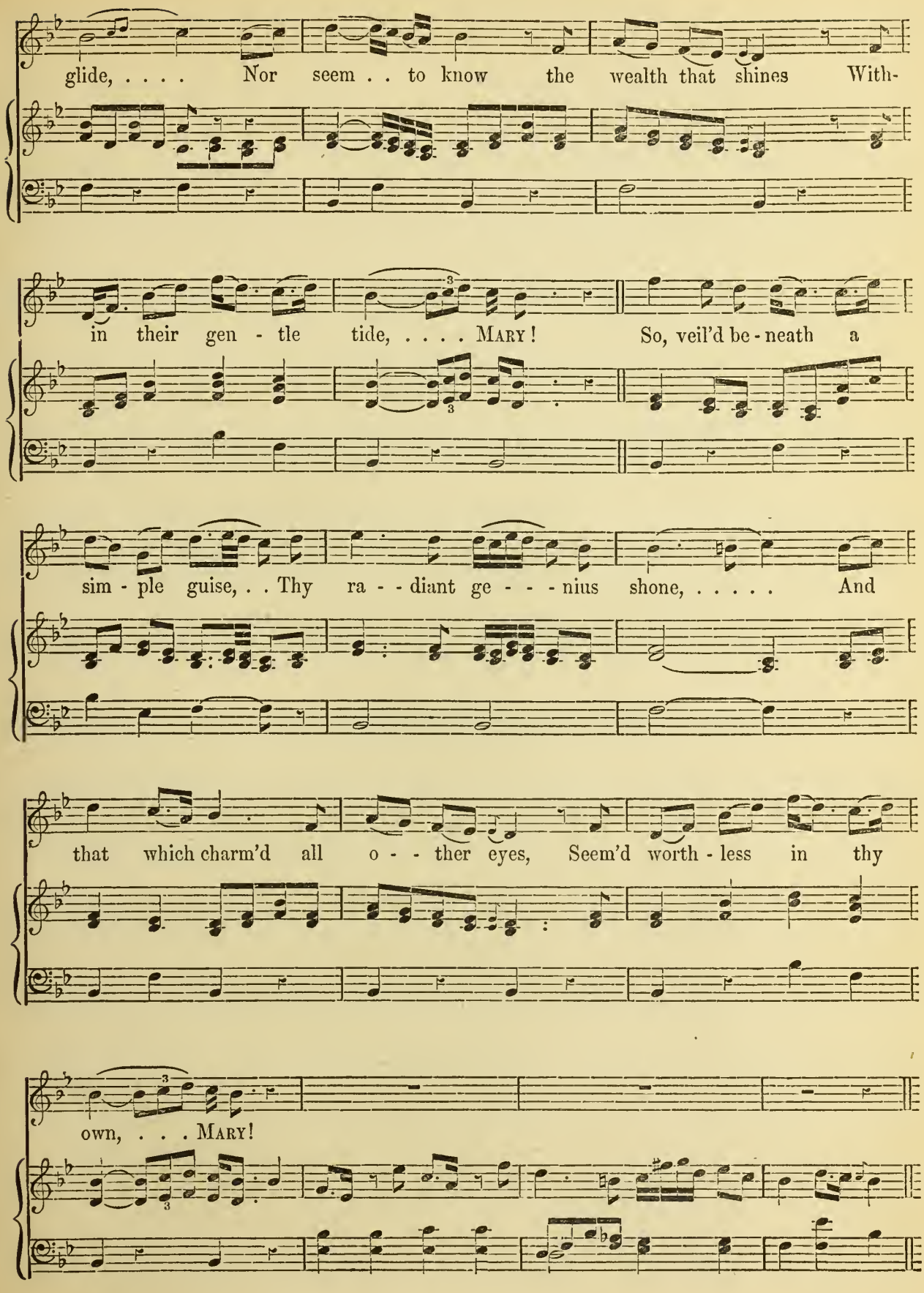
I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

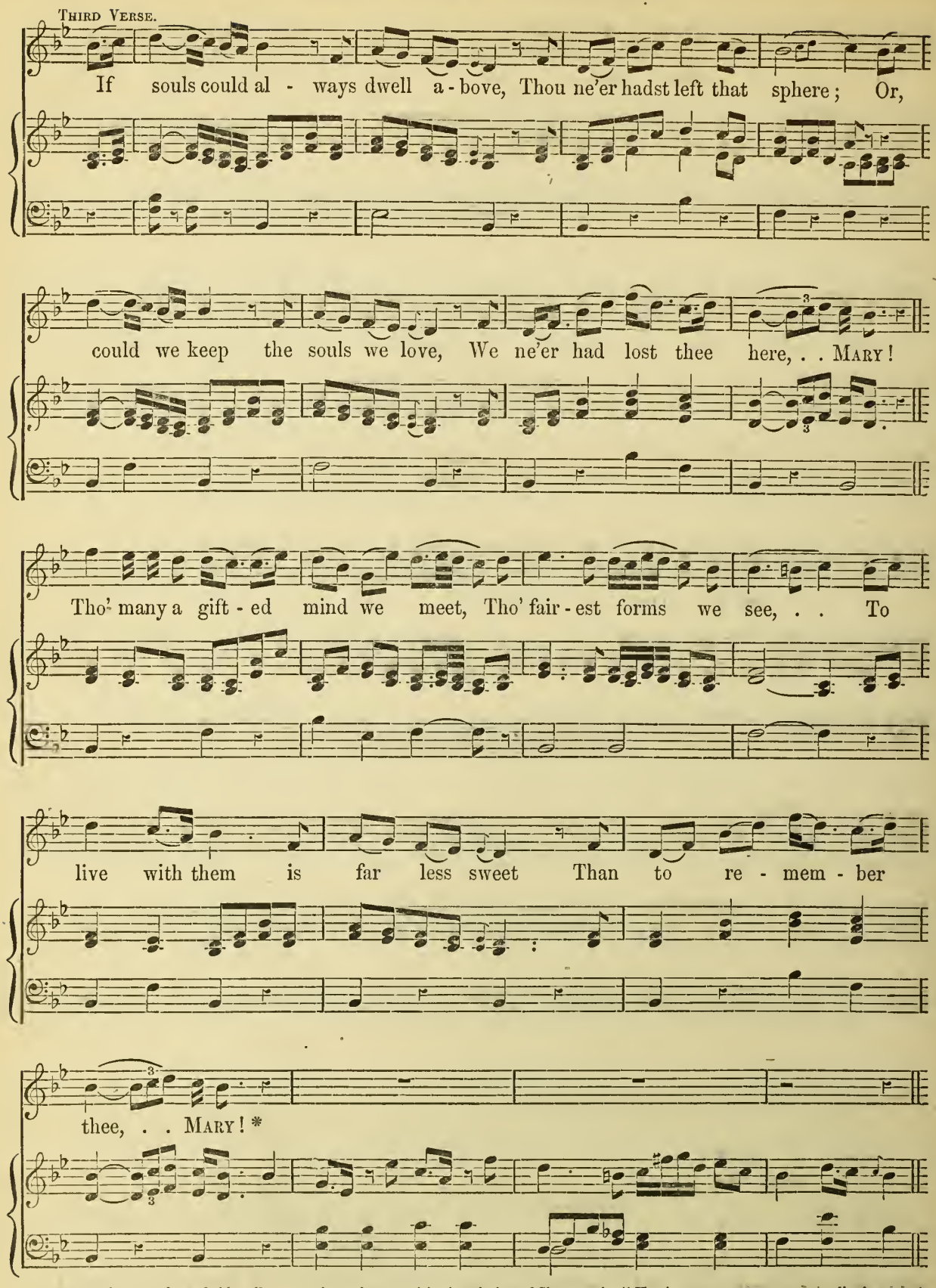
(Air—Domhnall.) Harmonized for Two Voices.

Tenderly.




wore that light . . Which fleets not with . . the breath: . . . And
wore that light . . Which fleets not with . . the breath: . . . And
life ne'er look'd more pure - ly bright Than in thy smile of
life ne'er look'd more pure - ly bright Than in thy smile of
death, . - . MARY!
death, . . . MARY!
SECOND VERSE.
As streams, that run o'er gold - en mines, Yet hum - bly, calm - ly


glide, ... Nor seem . . to know the wealth that shines With-
in their gen - tle tide, ... MARY! So, veil'd be - neath a
sim - ple guise, . . Thy ra - - diant ge - - - - nius shone, ... And
that which charm'd all o - - ther eyes, Seem'd worth - less in thy
own, . . . MARY!

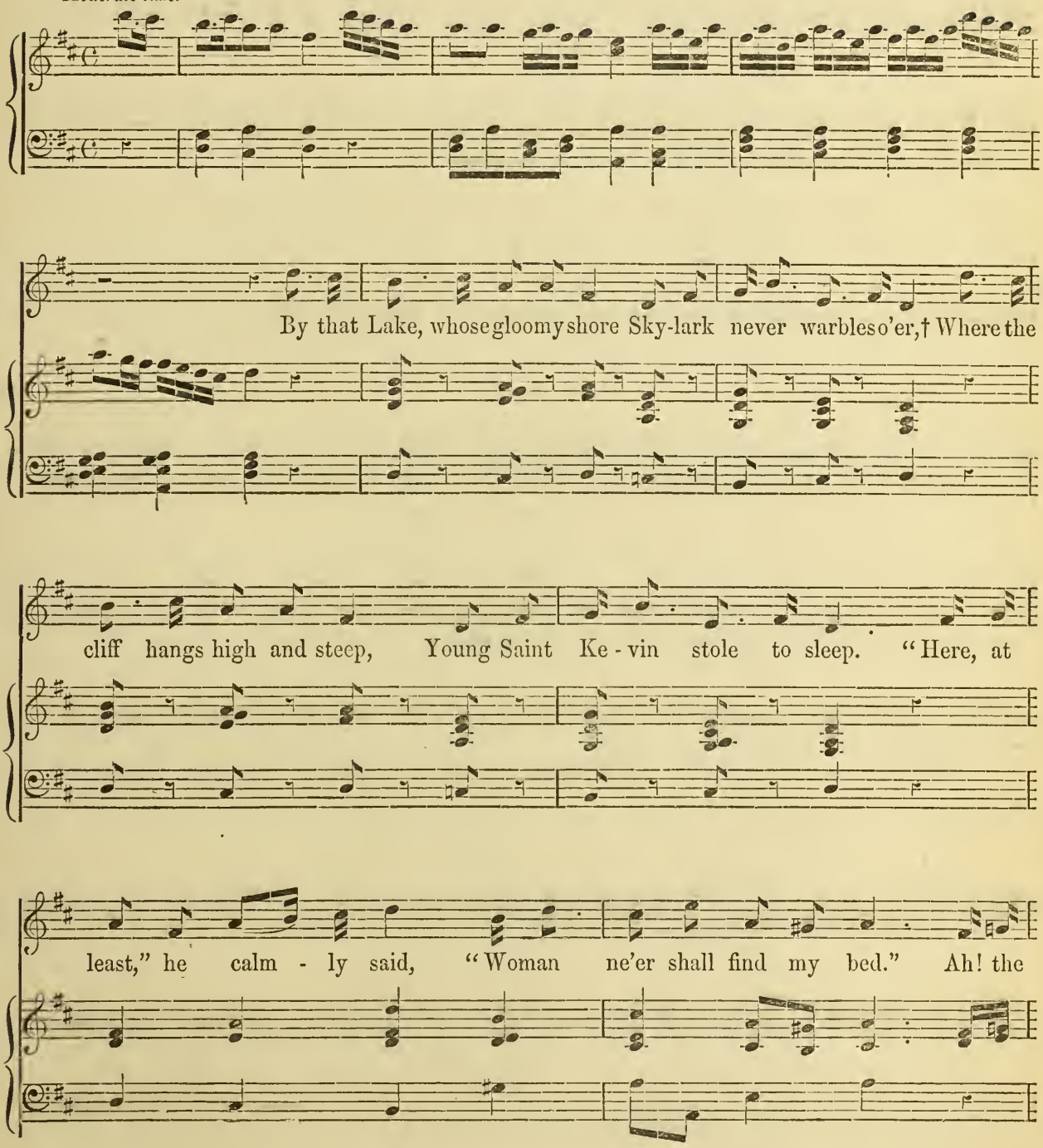


* I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of Shenstone's, "Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!"

BY THAT LAKE WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.*

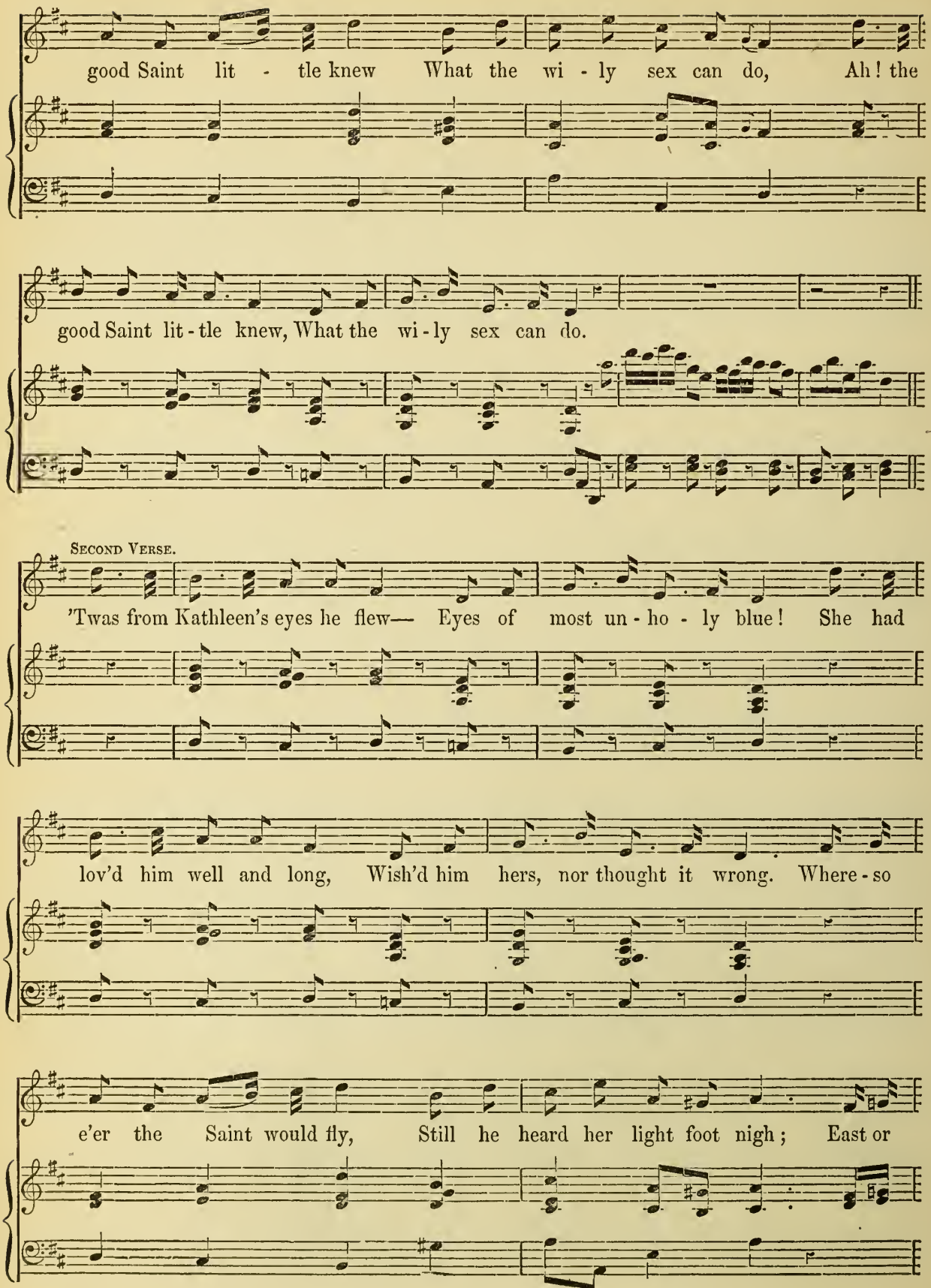
(Air—The Brown Irish Girl.)

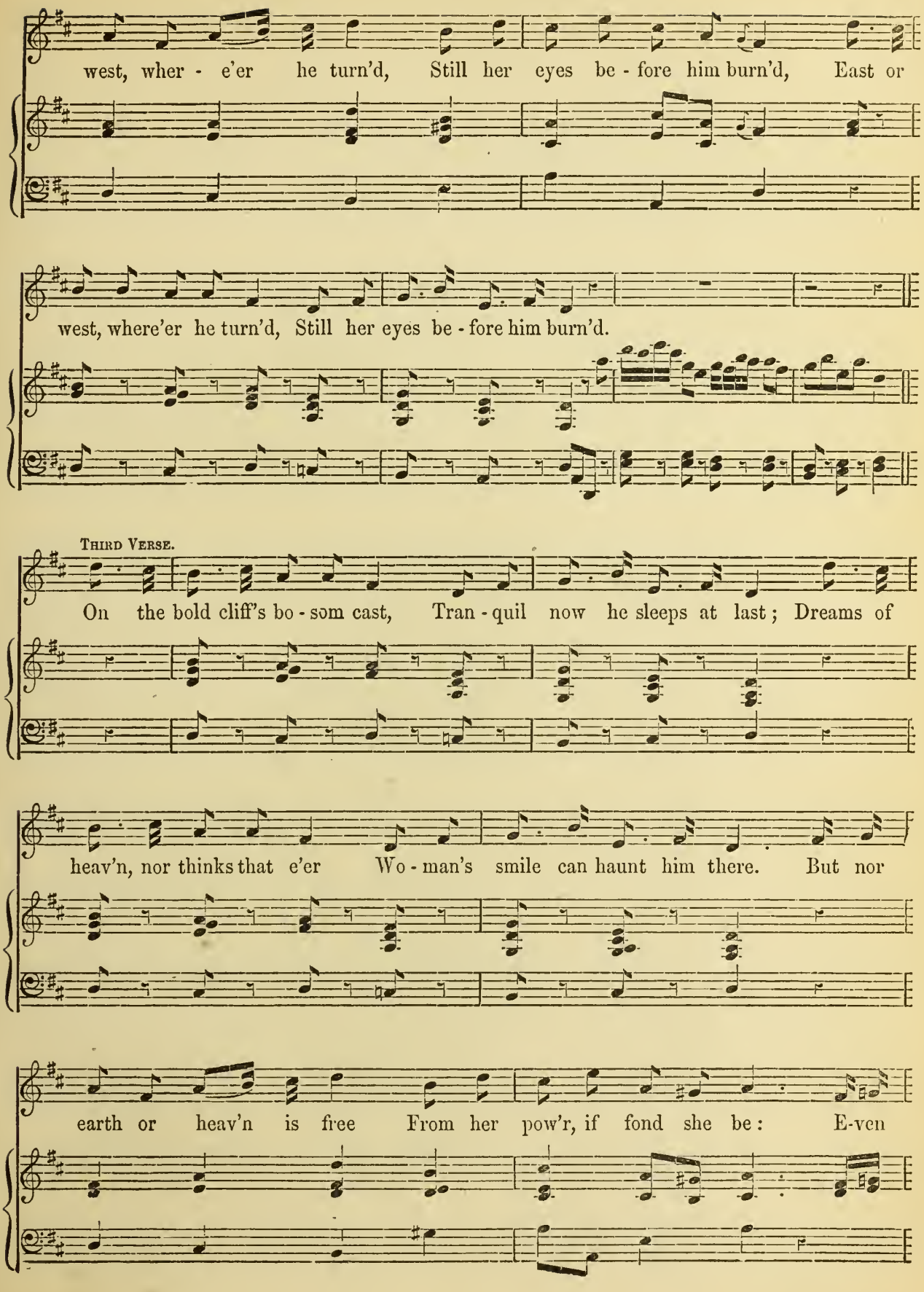
Moderate time.

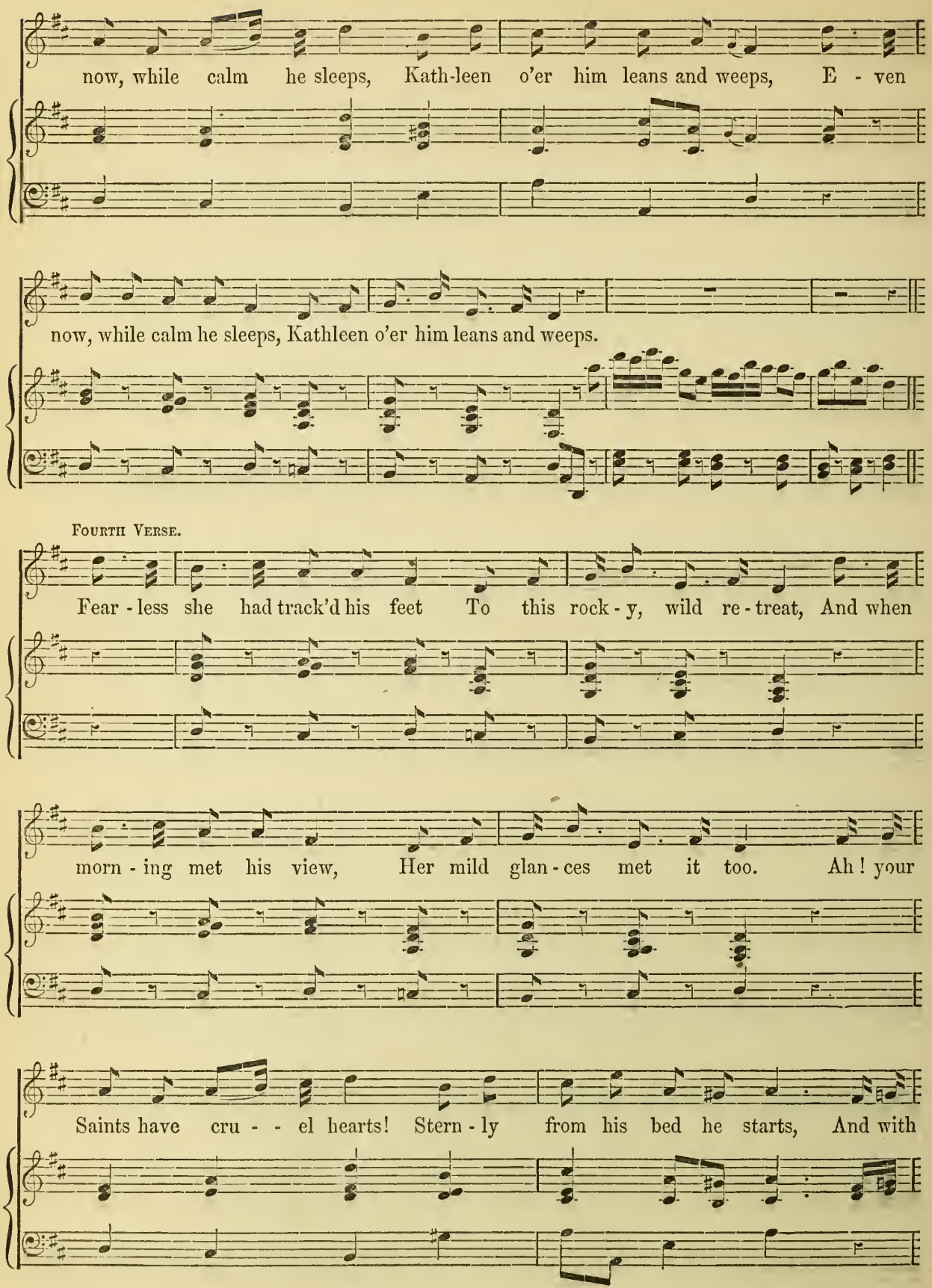


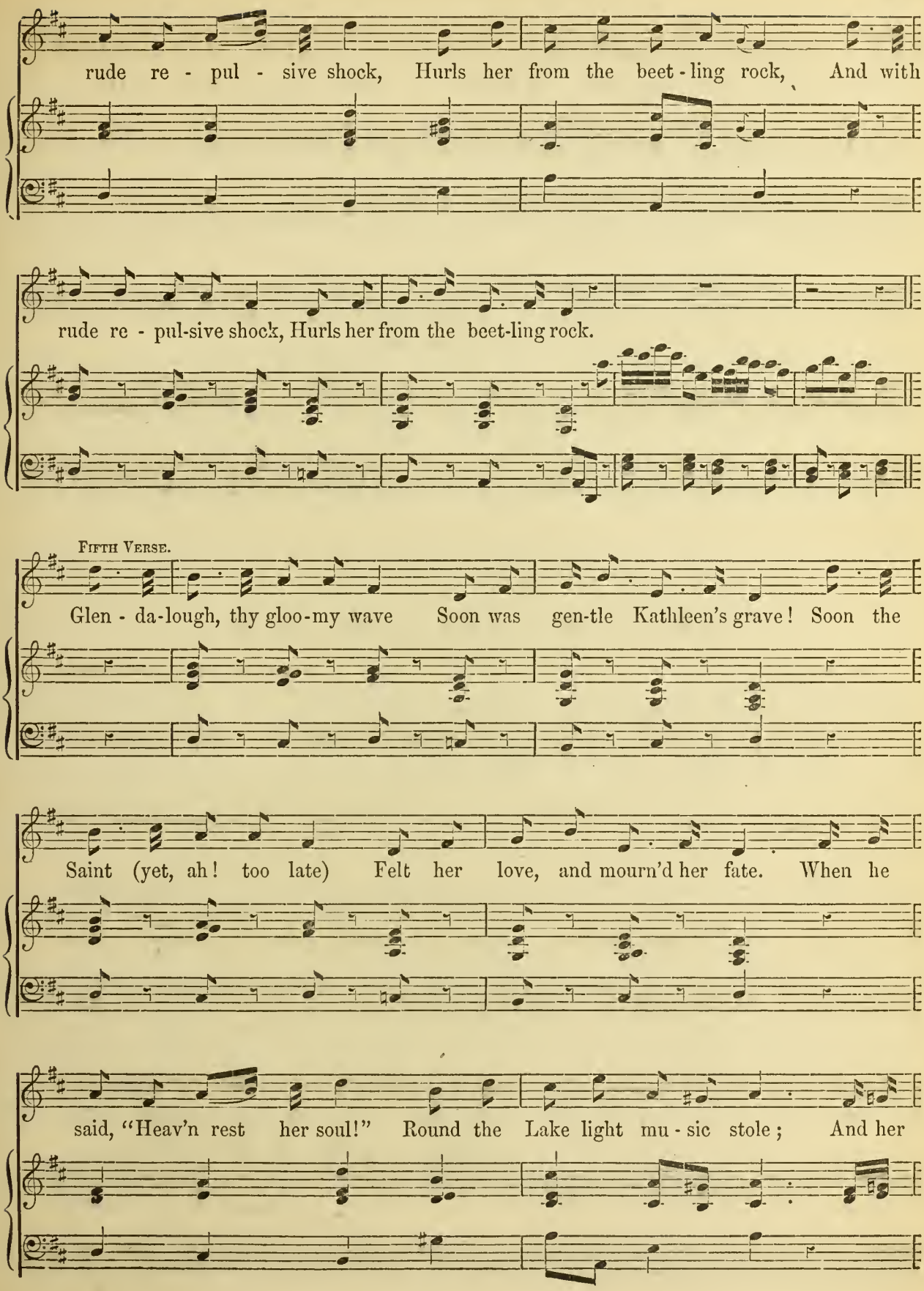
* This Ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

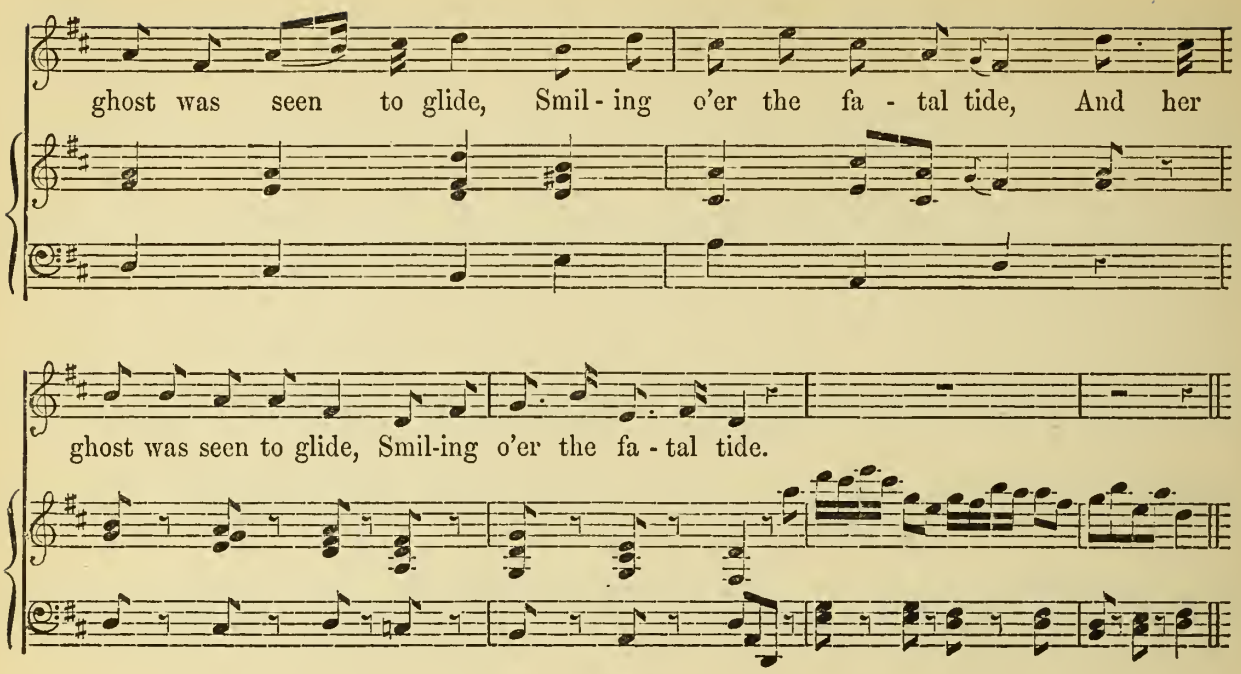
† There are many other curious traditions concerning this Lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Coigan, &c.


good Saint lit - tle knew What the wi - ly sex can do, Ah! the
good Saint lit-tle knew, What the wi-ly sex can do.
SECOND VERSE.
'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew— Eyes of most un - ho - ly blue! She had
lov'd him well and long, Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong. Where - so
e'er the Saint would fly, Still he heard her light foot nigh; East or


west, wher - e'er he turn'd, Still her eyes be - fore him burn'd, East or
west, where'er he turn'd, Still her eyes be - fore him burn'd.
Third Verse.
On the bold cliff's bo - som cast, Tran - quil now he sleeps at last; Dreams of
heav'n, nor thinks that e'er Wo - man's smile can haunt him there. But nor
earth or heav'n is free From her pow'r, if fond she be: E-ven


now, while calm he sleeps, Kath-leen o'er him leans and weeps, E - ven
now, while calm he sleeps, Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.
FOURTH VERSE.
Fear - less she had track'd his feet To this rock - y, wild re - treat, And when
morn - ing met his view, Her mild glan - ces met it too. Ah! your
Saints have cru - - el hearts! Stern - ly from his bed he starts, And with

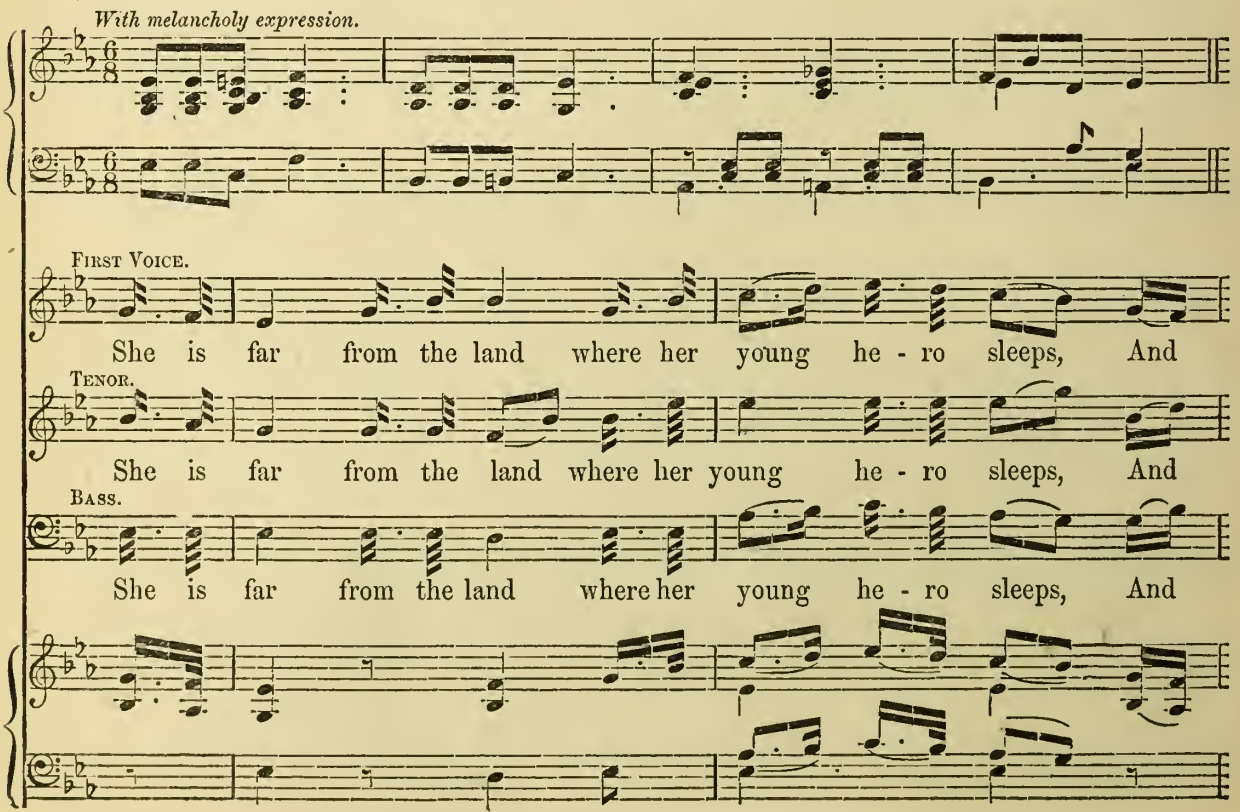

rude re - pul - sive shock, Hurls her from the beet - ling rock, And with
rude re - pul-sive shock, Hurls her from the beet-ling rock.
Fifth Verse.
Glen - da-lough, thy gloo-my wave Soon was gen-tle Kathleen's grave! Soon the
Saint (yet, ah! too late) Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate. When he
said, "Heav'n rest her soul!" Round the Lake light mu - sic stole; And her

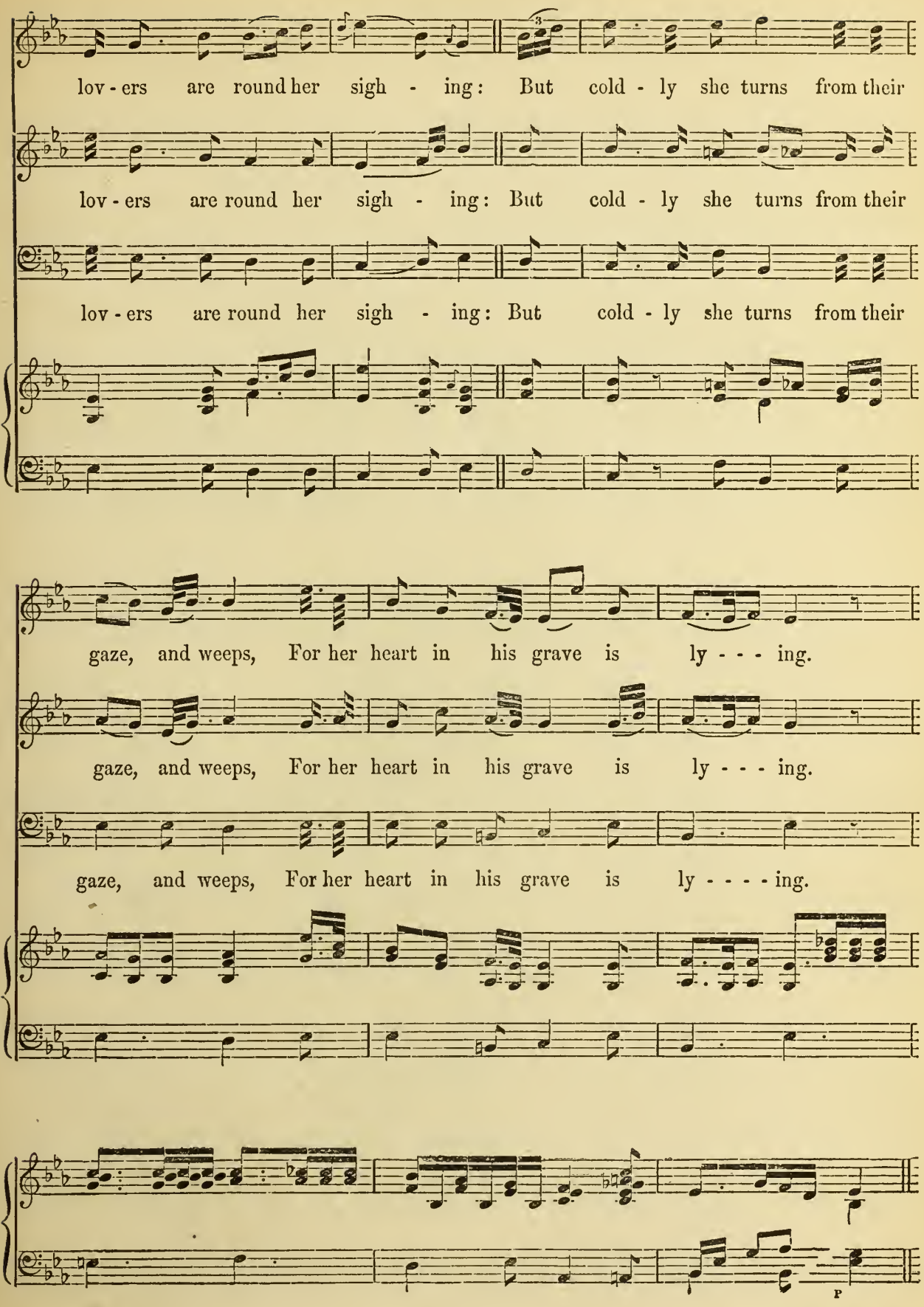


SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

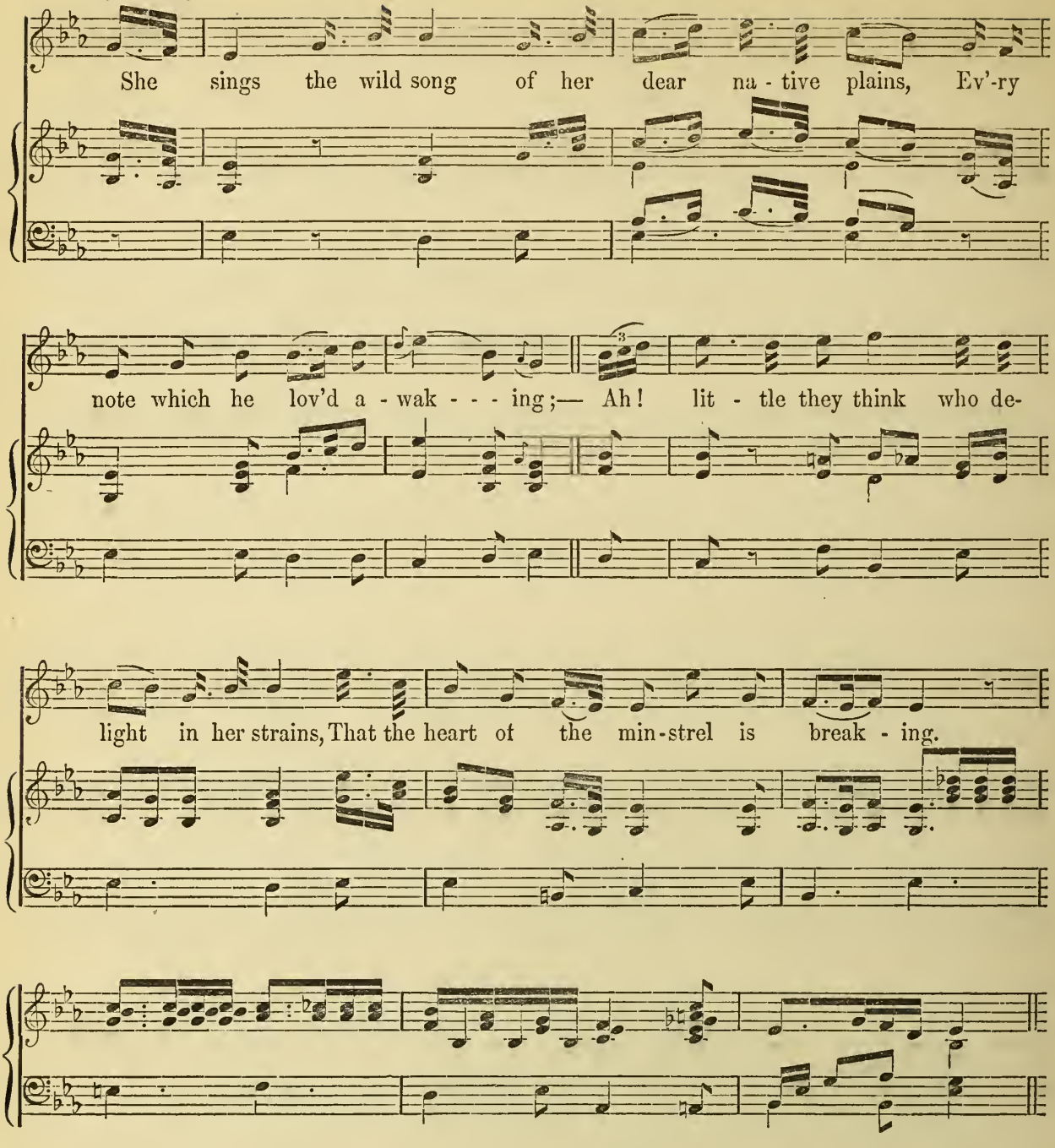
(AIR—OPEN THE DOOR.)

HARMONIZED FOR THREE VOICES.

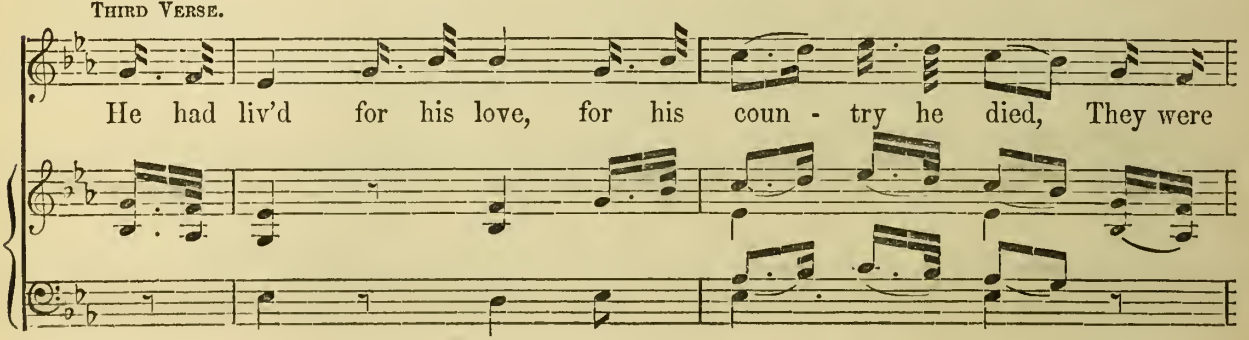


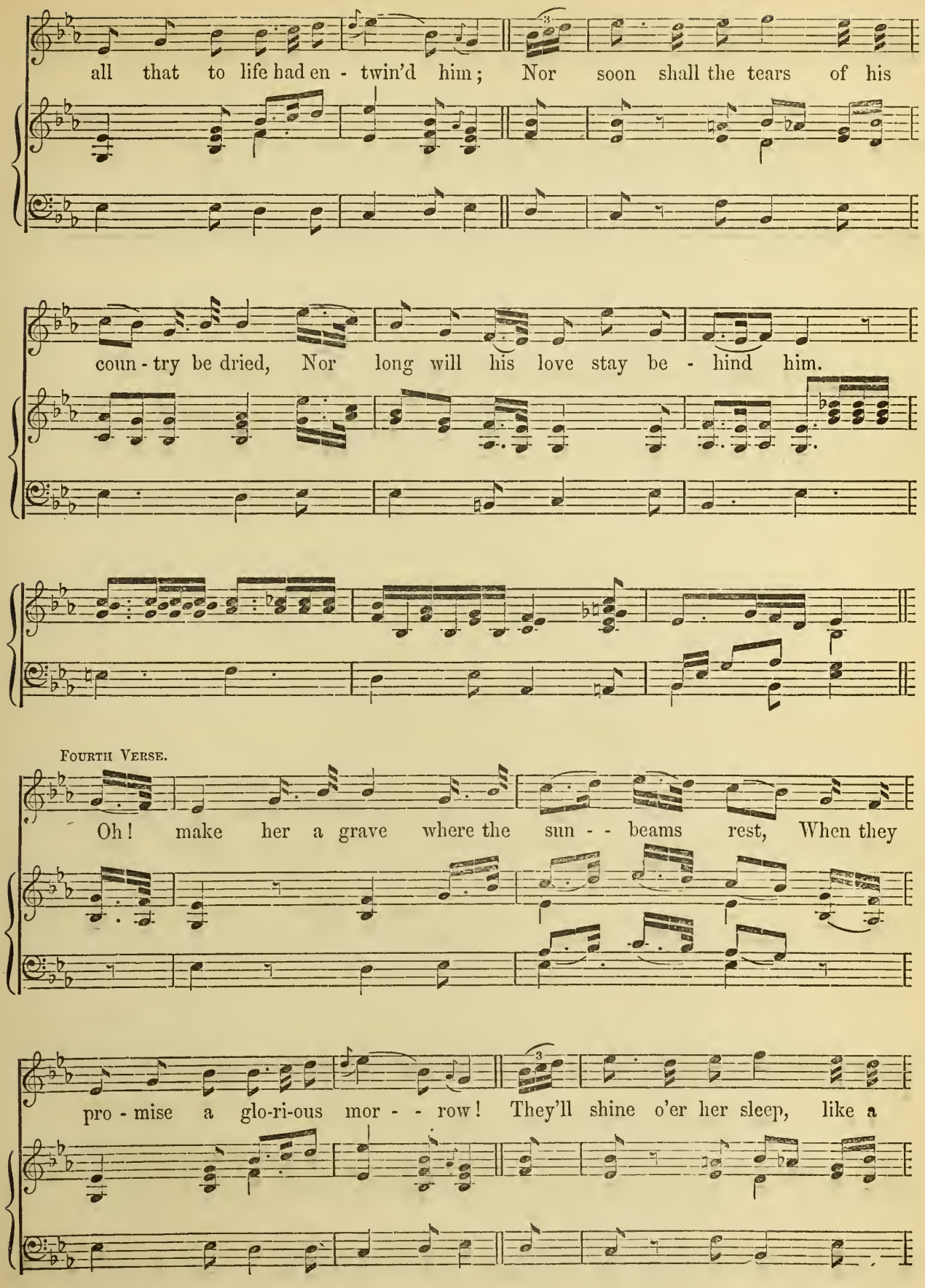

lov - ers are round her sigh - ing: But cold - ly she turns from their
lov - ers are round her sigh - ing: But cold - ly she turns from their
lov - ers are round her sigh - ing: But cold - ly she turns from their
gaze, and weeps, For her heart in his grave is ly - - - ing.
gaze, and weeps, For her heart in his grave is ly - - - ing.
gaze, and weeps, For her heart in his grave is ly - - - - ing.
P

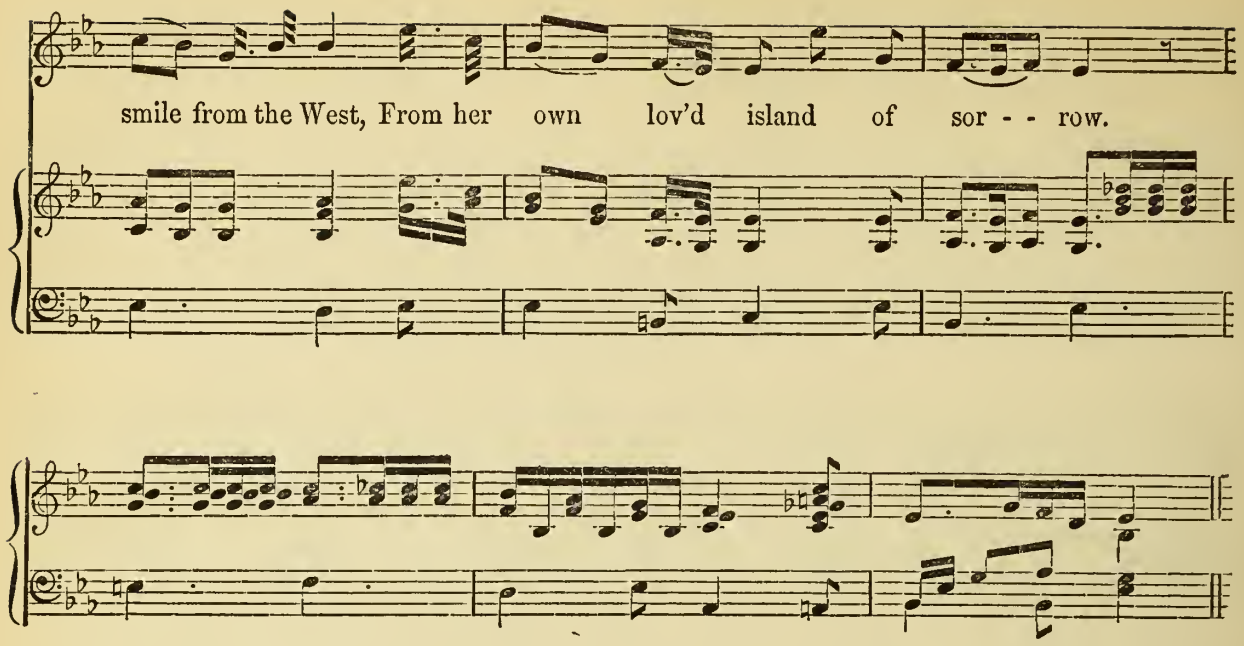
SECOND VERSE.



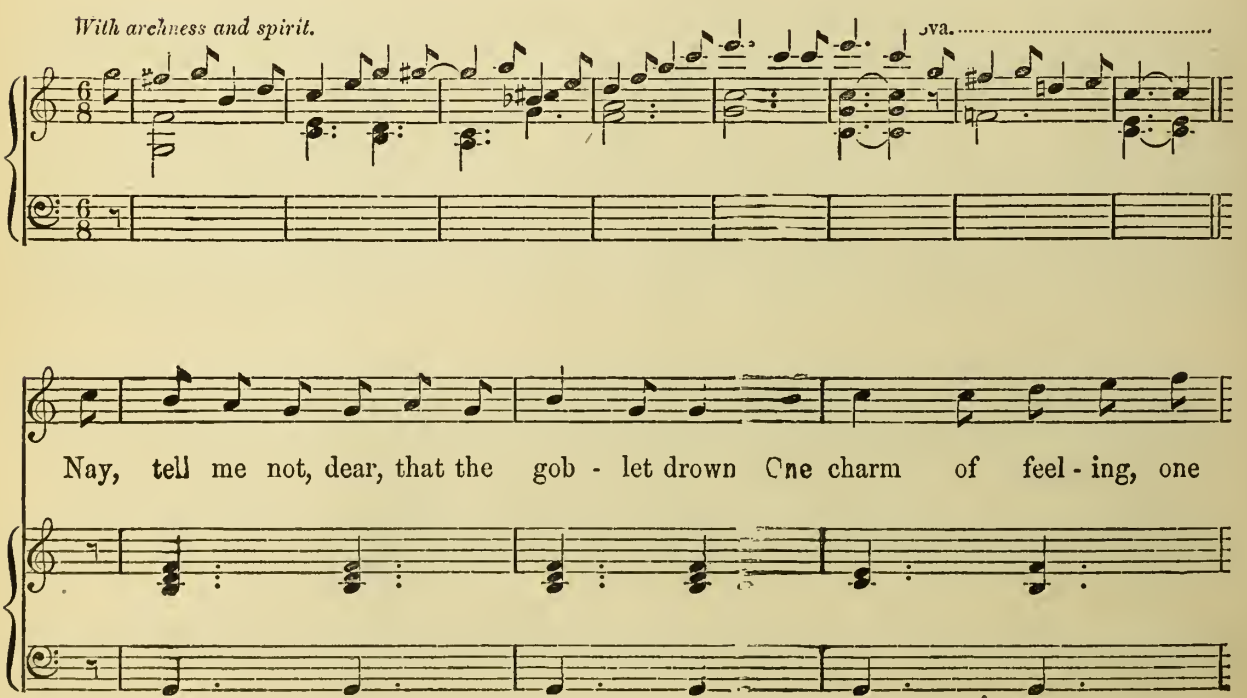
THIRD VERSE.

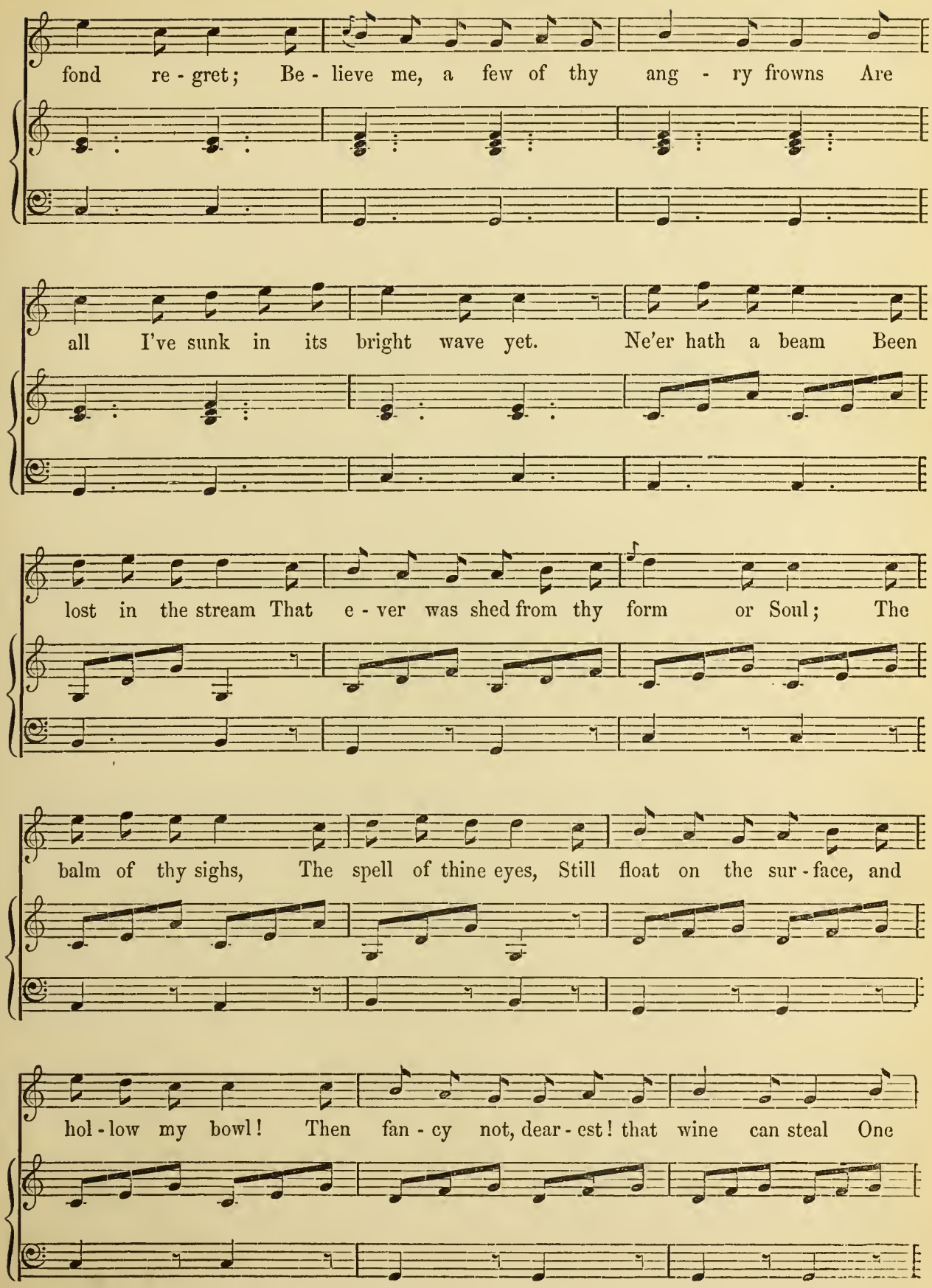


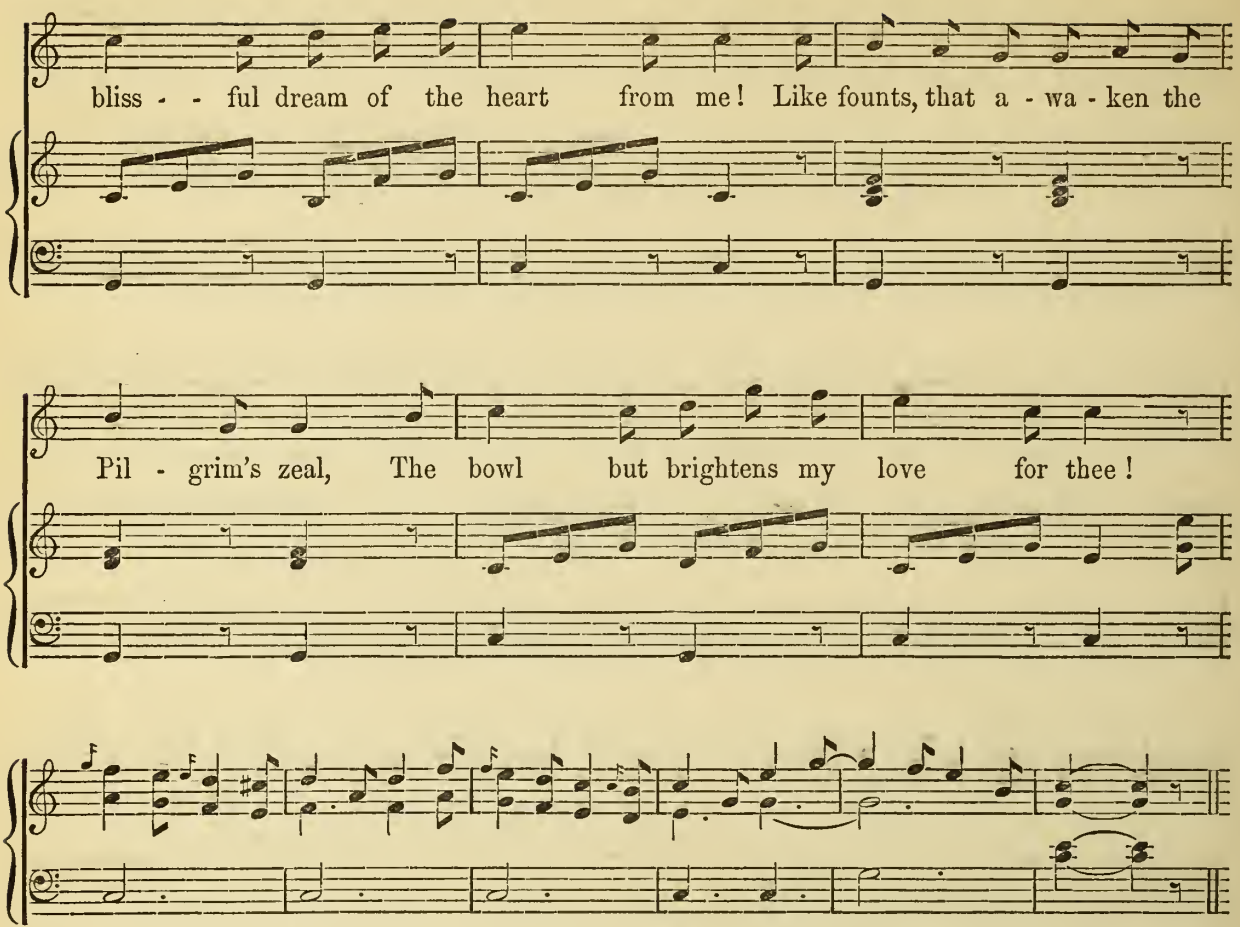

all that to life had en - twin'd him; Nor soon shall the tears of his
coun - try be dried, Nor long will his love stay be - hind him.
FOURTH VERSE.
Oh! make her a grave where the sun - - beams rest, When they
pro - mise a glo-ri-ous mor - - row! They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a



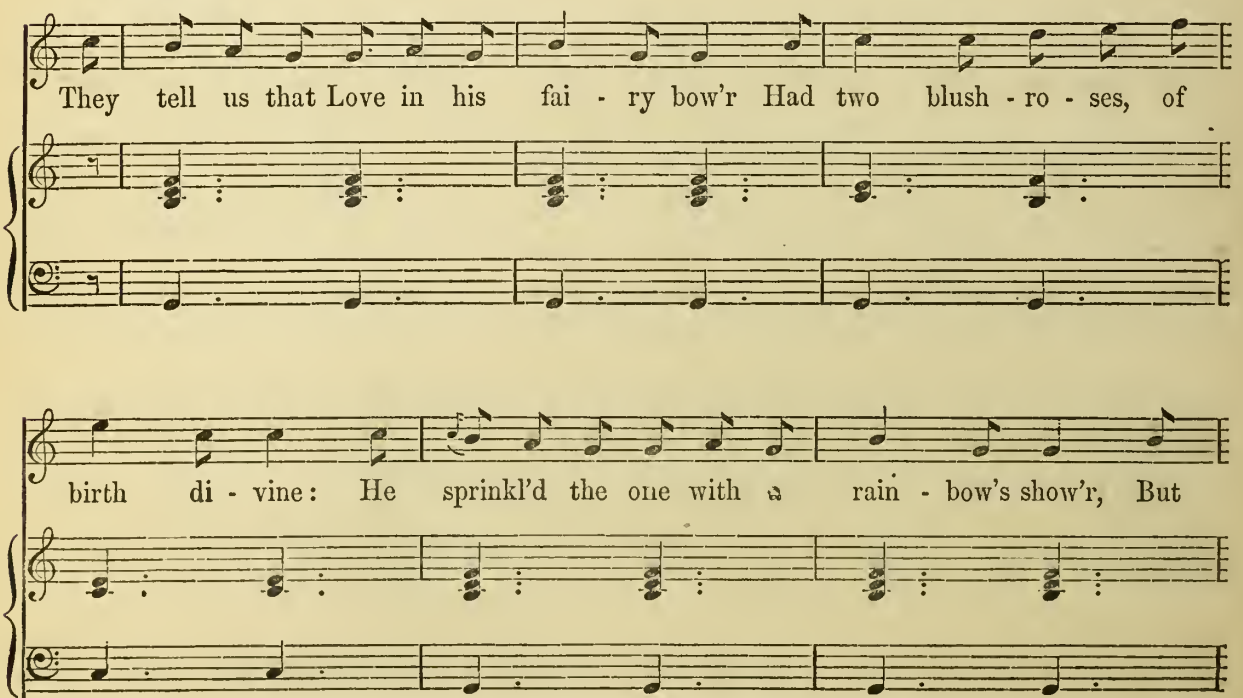
NAY TELL ME NOT.

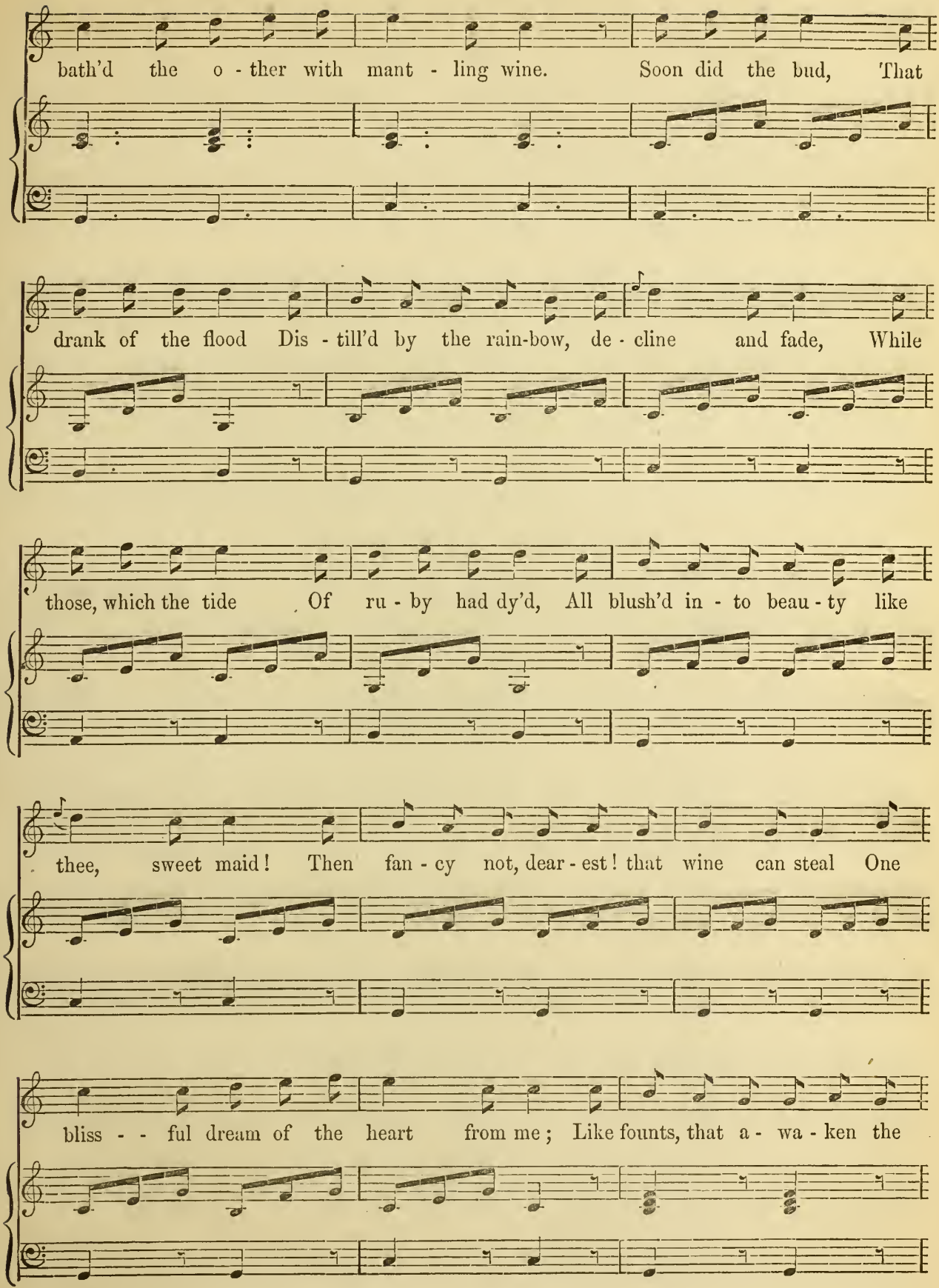


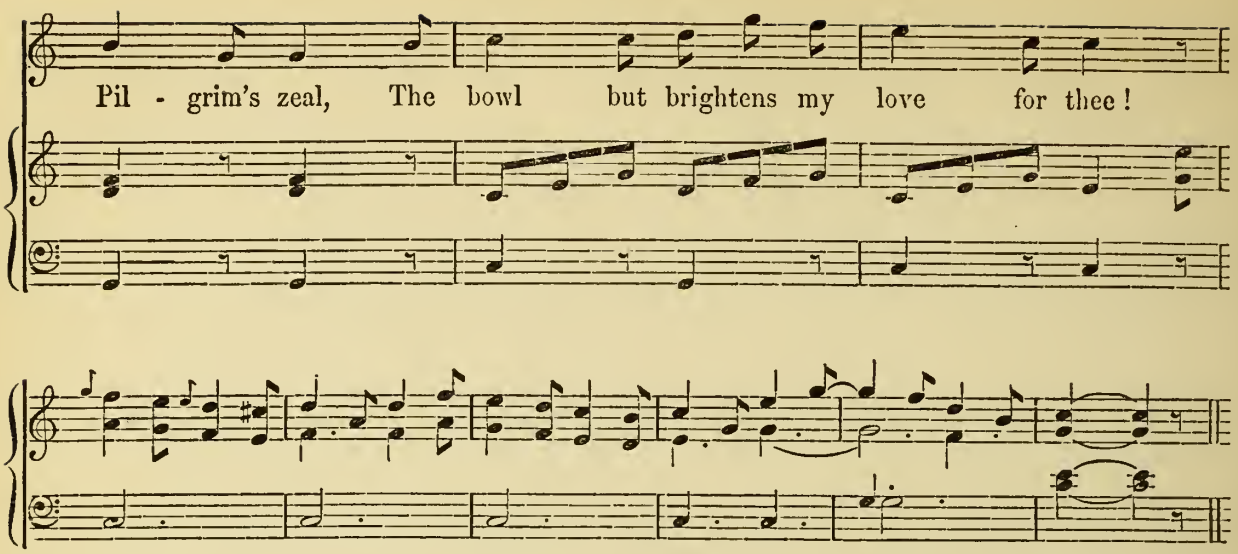

fond re - gret; Be - lieve me, a few of thy ang - ry frowns Are
all I've sunk in its bright wave yet. Ne'er hath a beam Been
lost in the stream That e - ver was shed from thy form or Soul; The
balm of thy sighs, The spell of thine eyes, Still float on the sur - face, and
hol - low my bowl! Then fan - cy not, dear - est! that wine can steal One



SECOND VERSE.

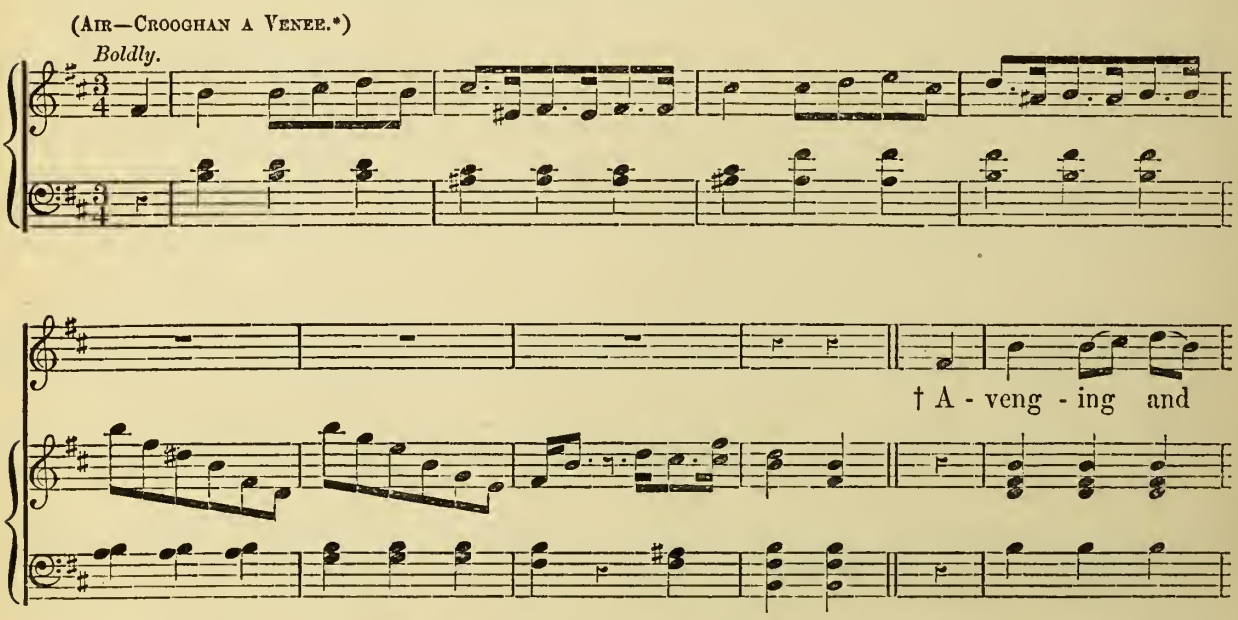



bath'd the o - ther with mant - ling wine. Soon did the bud, That
drank of the flood Dis - till'd by the rain-bow, de - cline and fade, While
those, which the tide Of ru - by had dy'd, All blush'd in - to beau - ty like
thee, sweet maid! Then fan - cy not, dear - est! that wine can steal One
bliss - - ful dream of the heart from me; Like founts, that a - wa - ken the



AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

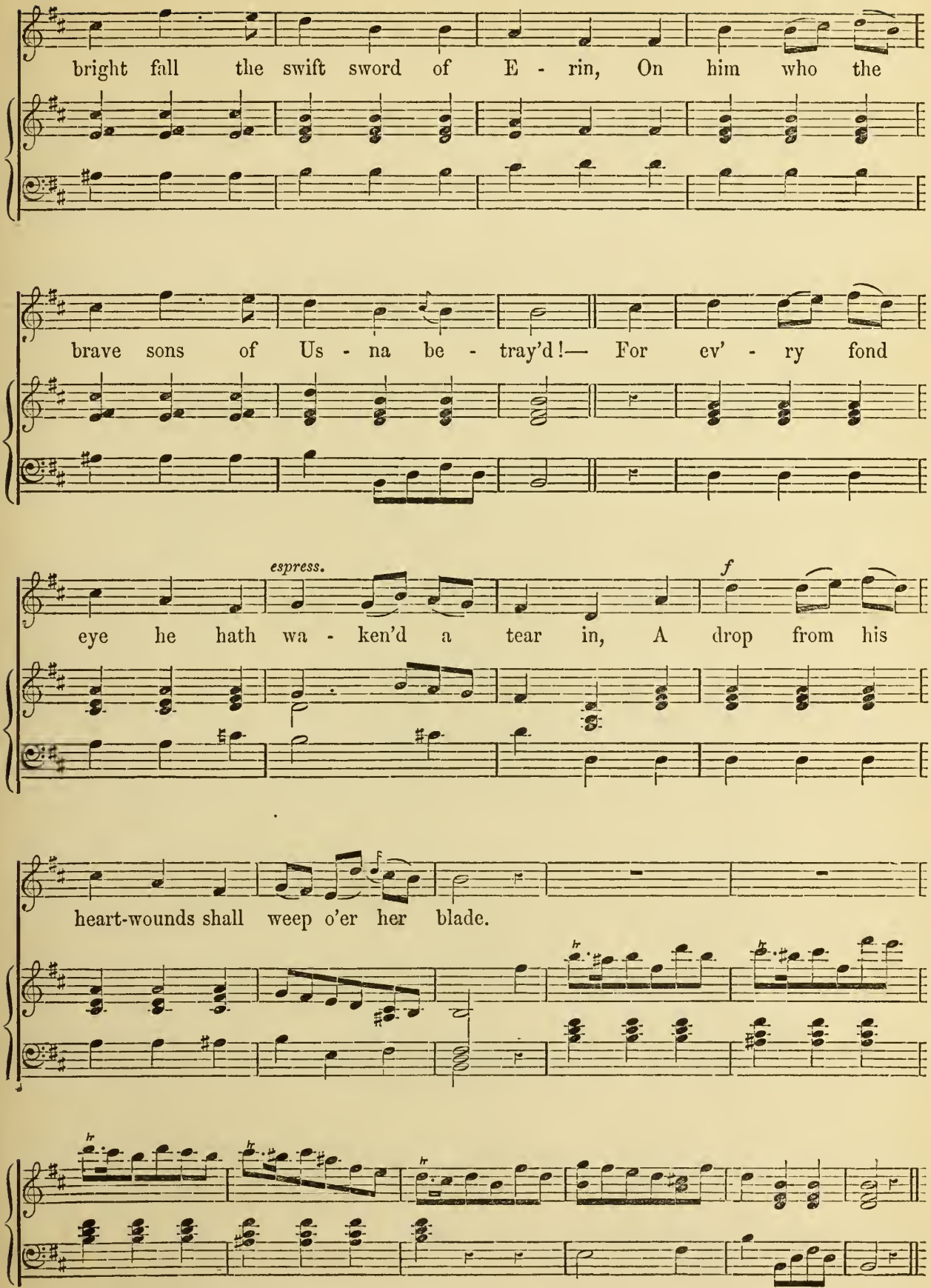
(AIR—CROOGHAN A VENEE.*)

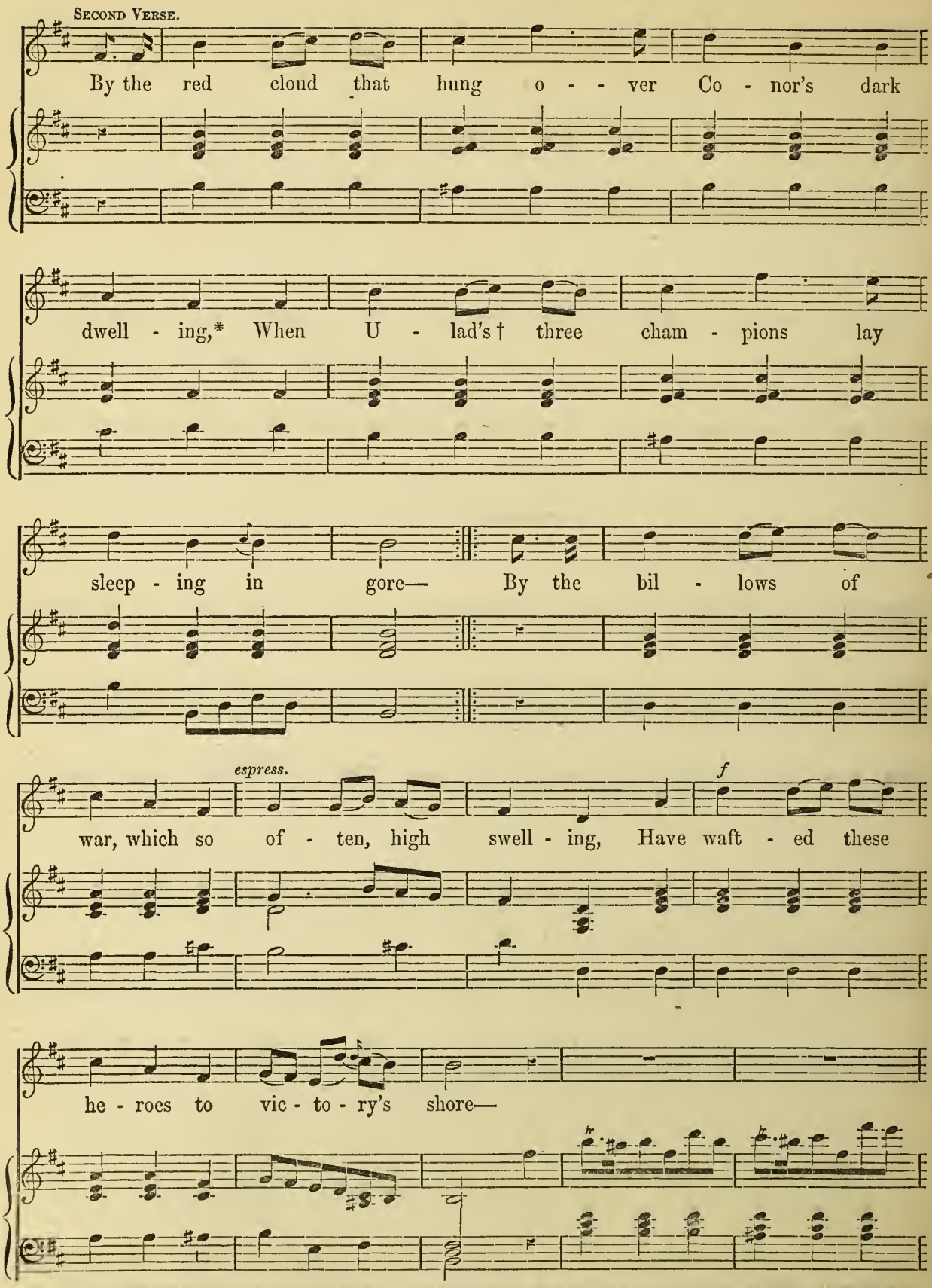


* The name of this beautiful and truly Irish air is, I am told, properly written *Cruchàn na Fèine*—i.e., the Fenian Mount, or Mount of the Finnian heroes, those brave followers of *Fin Mac Cool*, so celebrated in the early history of our country.

† The words of this Song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri, or the Lamentable Fate of the Sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic by Mr. O'Flanagan—(see Vol. I. of *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin*), —and upon which it appears that the "Darthula" of Macpherson is founded. The treachery of Conor, King of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. "This story," says Mr. O'Flanagan, "has been from time immemorial held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are—'The death of the children of Tourman;' 'The death of the children of Lear'—(both regarding Tuatha de Danans); and this, 'The death of the children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story." It will be recollected that, in the Second Number of these Melodies, there is a ballad upon the story of the children of Lear, or Lir,—"Silent, O Moyle!" &c.

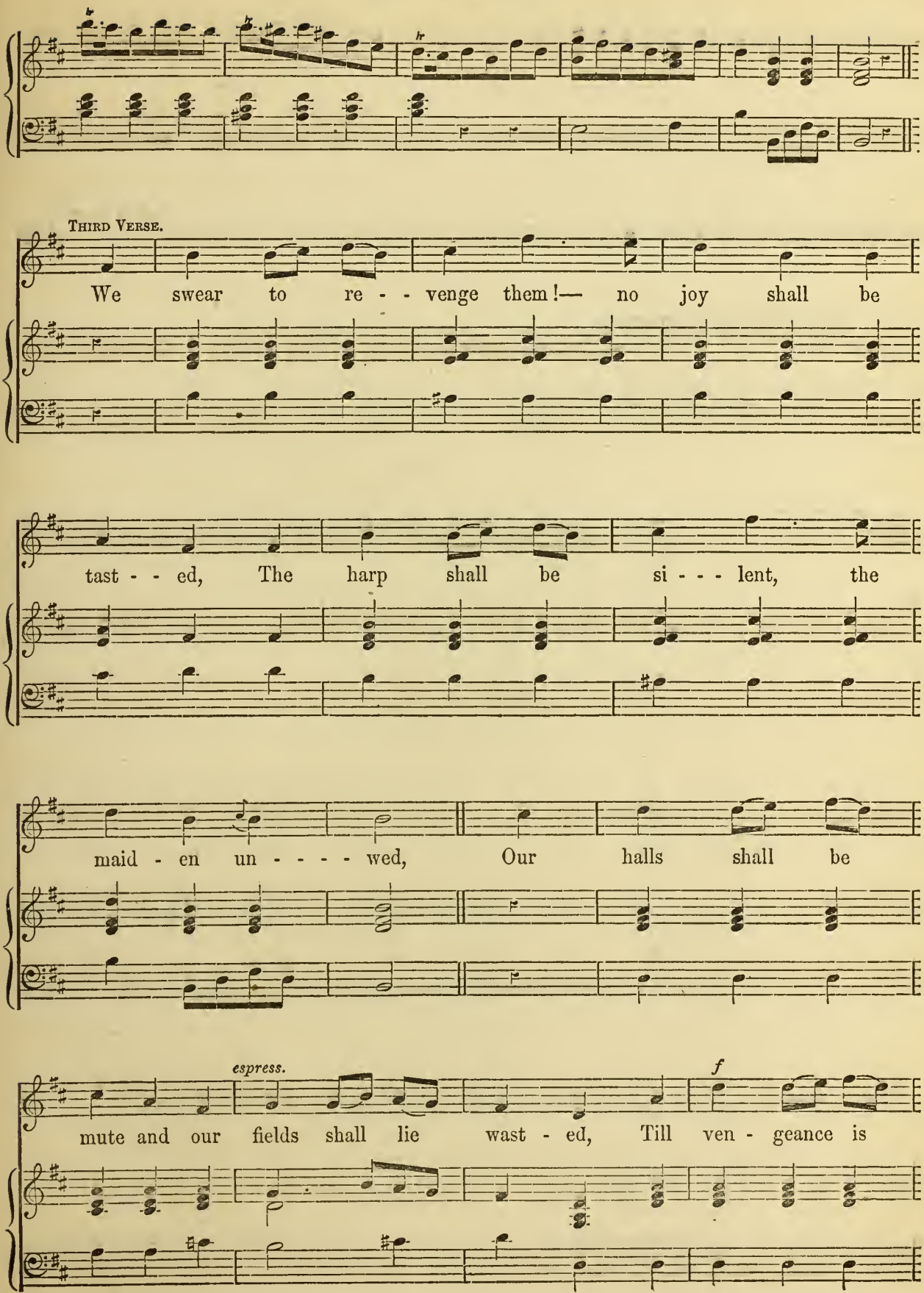
Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr. O'Flanagan and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a lasting reproach upon our nationality if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement they so well merit.

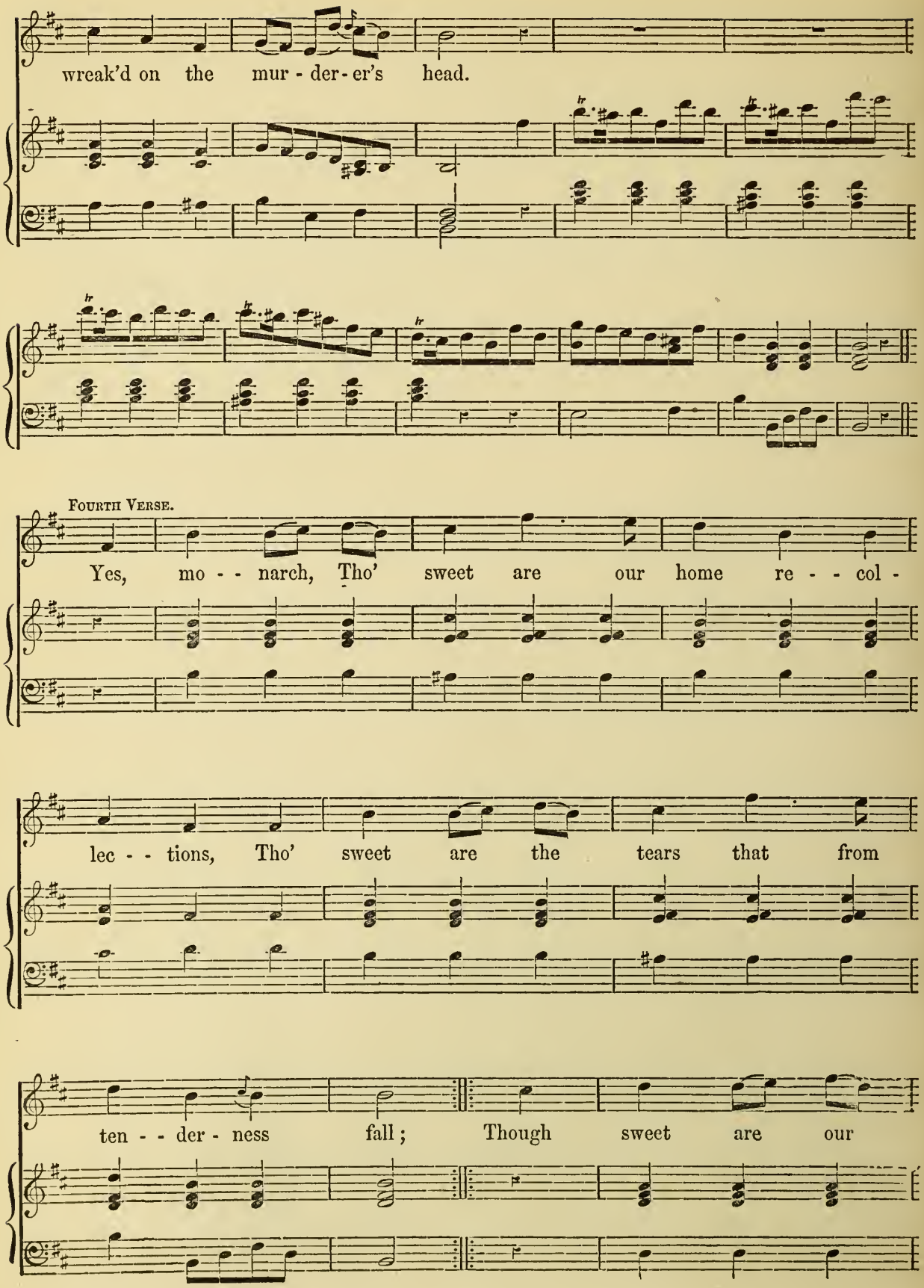

bright fall the swift sword of E - rin, On him who the
brave sons of Us - na be - tray'd!— For ev' - ry fond
espress.
f
eye he hath wa - ken'd a tear in, A drop from his
heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

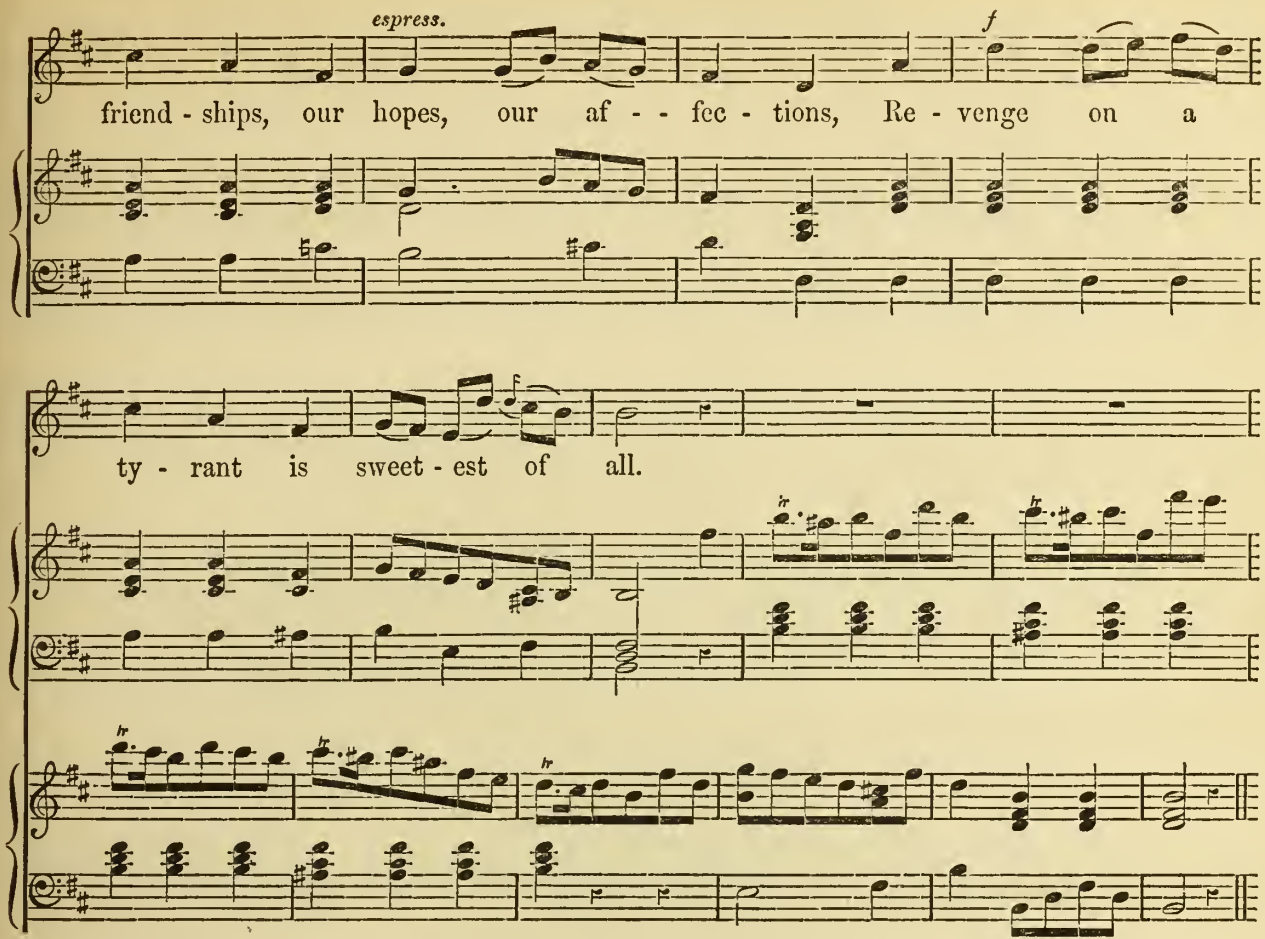


* "O Nasi! view that cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Eman green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red."—*Deirdri's Song.*

† Ulster


THIRD VERSE.
We swear to re - - venge them!— no joy shall be
tast - - ed, The harp shall be si - - - lent, the
maid - en un - - - - wed, Our halls shall be
espress.
f
mute and our fields shall lie wast - ed, Till ven - geance is

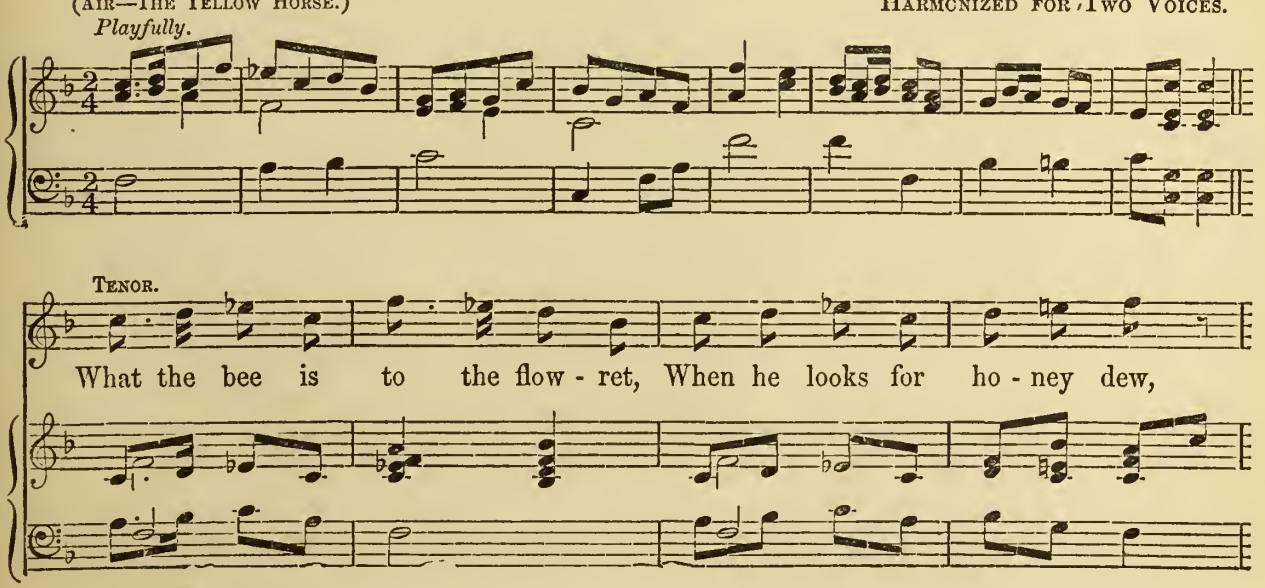

wreak'd on the mur - der - er's head.
FOURTH VERSE.
Yes, mo - - narch, Tho' sweet are our home re - - col -
lec - - tions, Tho' sweet are the tears that from
ten - - der - ness fall; Though sweet are our

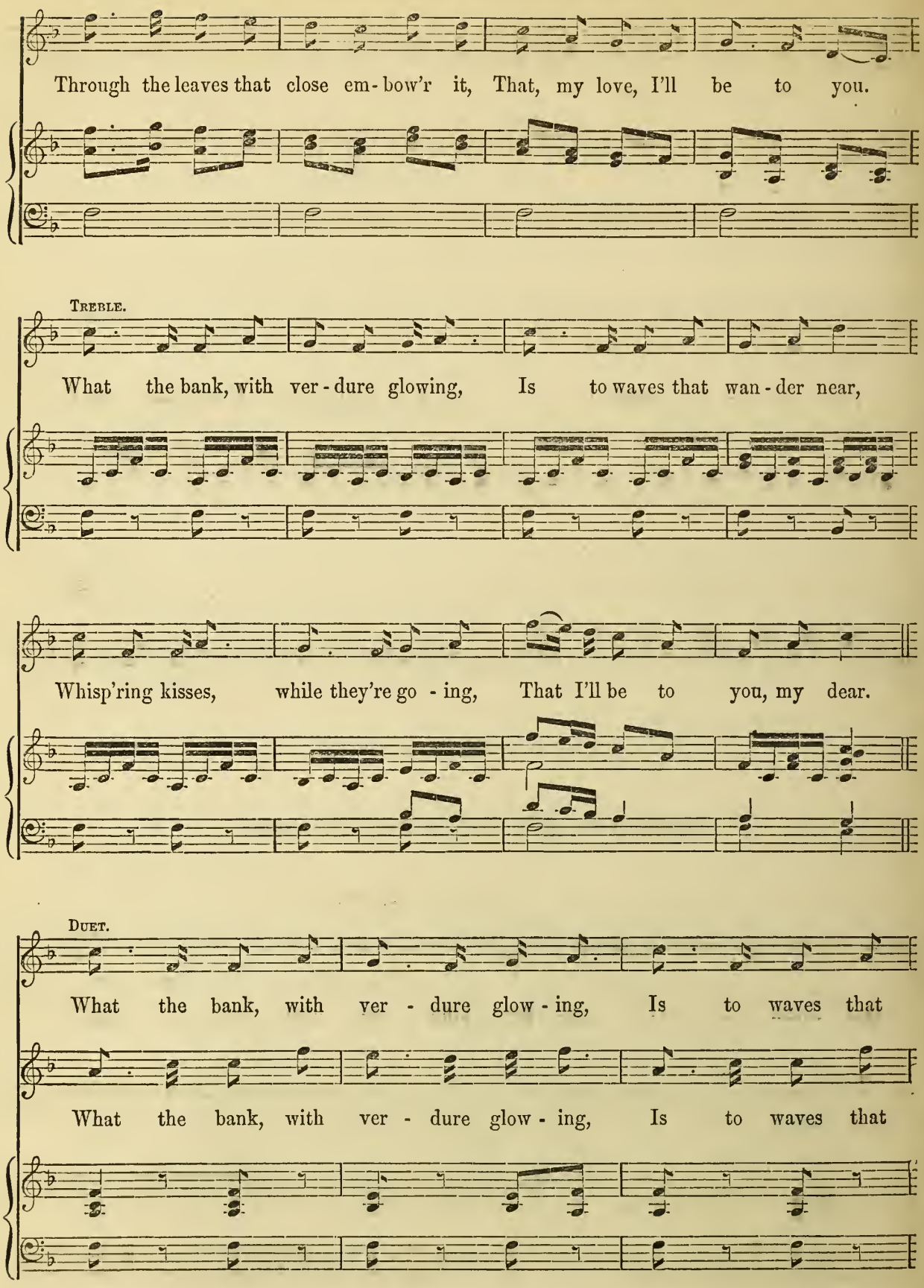


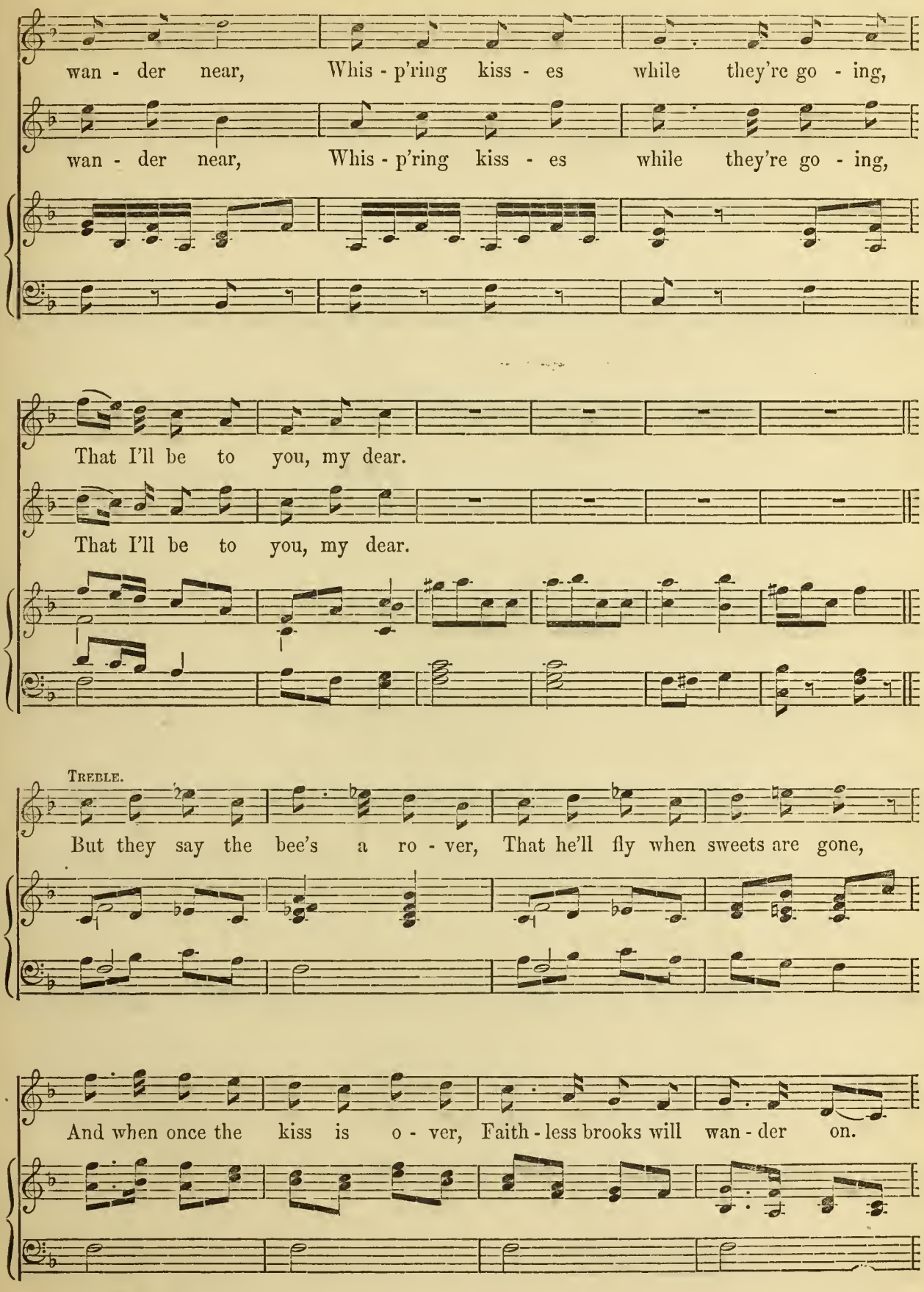
WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWRET.

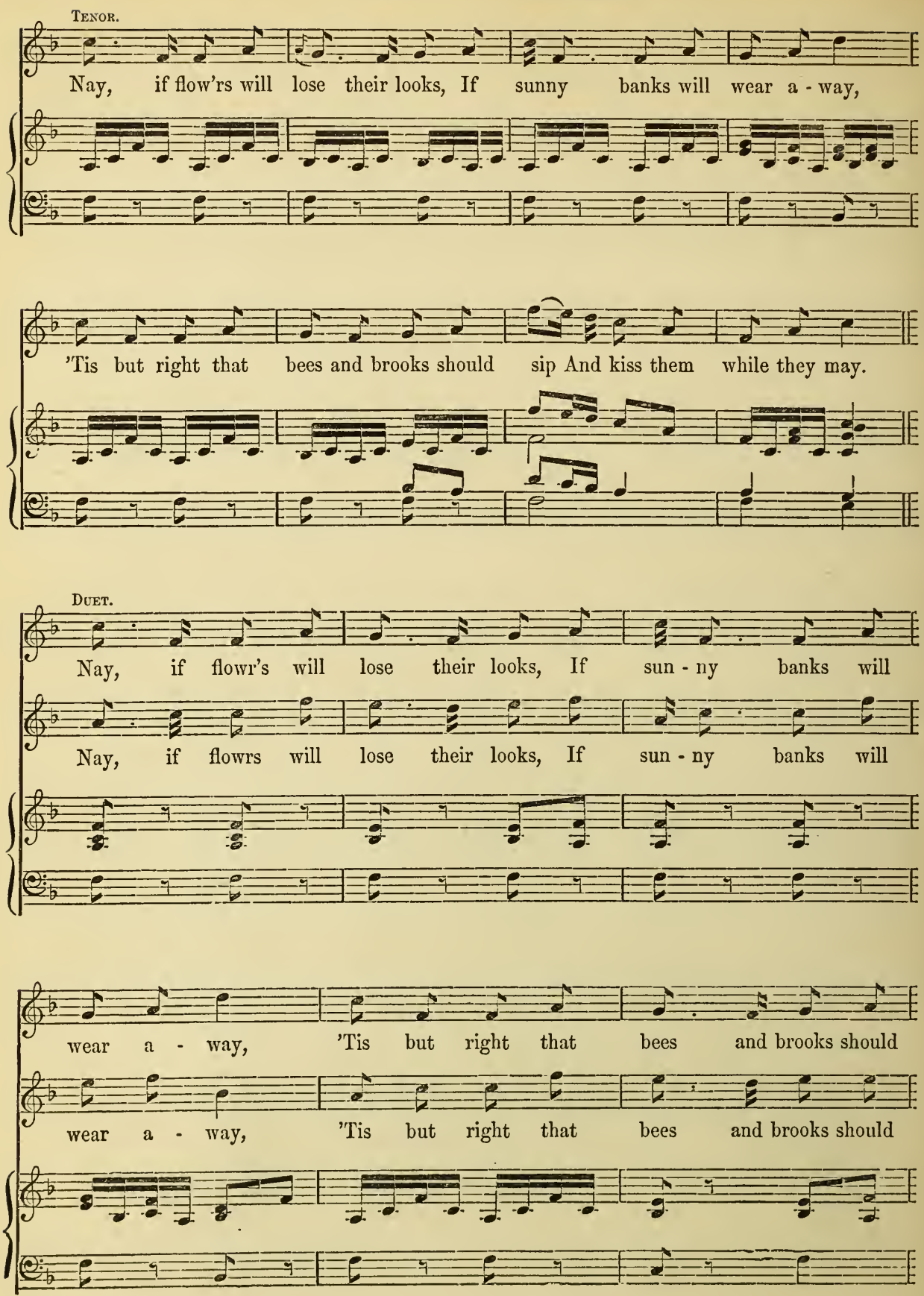
(AIR—THE YELLOW HORSE.)

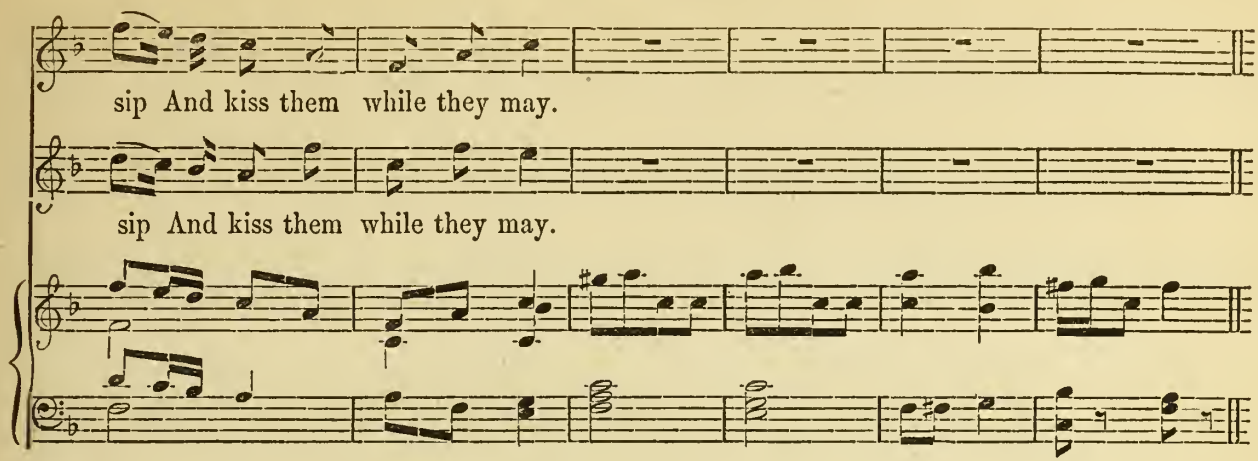
HARMONIZED FOR TWO VOICES.




Through the leaves that close em-bow'r it, That, my love, I'll be to you.
TREBLE.
What the bank, with ver-dure glowing, Is to waves that wan-der near,
Whisp'ring kisses, while they're go-ing, That I'll be to you, my dear.
DUET.
What the bank, with ver-dure glow-ing, Is to waves that
What the bank, with ver-dure glow-ing, Is to waves that


wan - der near, Whis - p'ring kiss - es while they're go - ing,
wan - der near, Whis - p'ring kiss - es while they're go - ing,
That I'll be to you, my dear.
That I'll be to you, my dear.
TREBLE.
But they say the bee's a ro - ver, That he'll fly when sweets are gone,
And when once the kiss is o - ver, Faith - less brooks will wan - der on.


TENOR.
Nay, if flow'rs will lose their looks, If sunny banks will wear a - way,
'Tis but right that bees and brooks should sip And kiss them while they may.
DUET.
Nay, if flowr's will lose their looks, If sun - ny banks will
Nay, if flowrs will lose their looks, If sun - ny banks will
wear a - way, 'Tis but right that bees and brooks should
wear a - way, 'Tis but right that bees and brooks should

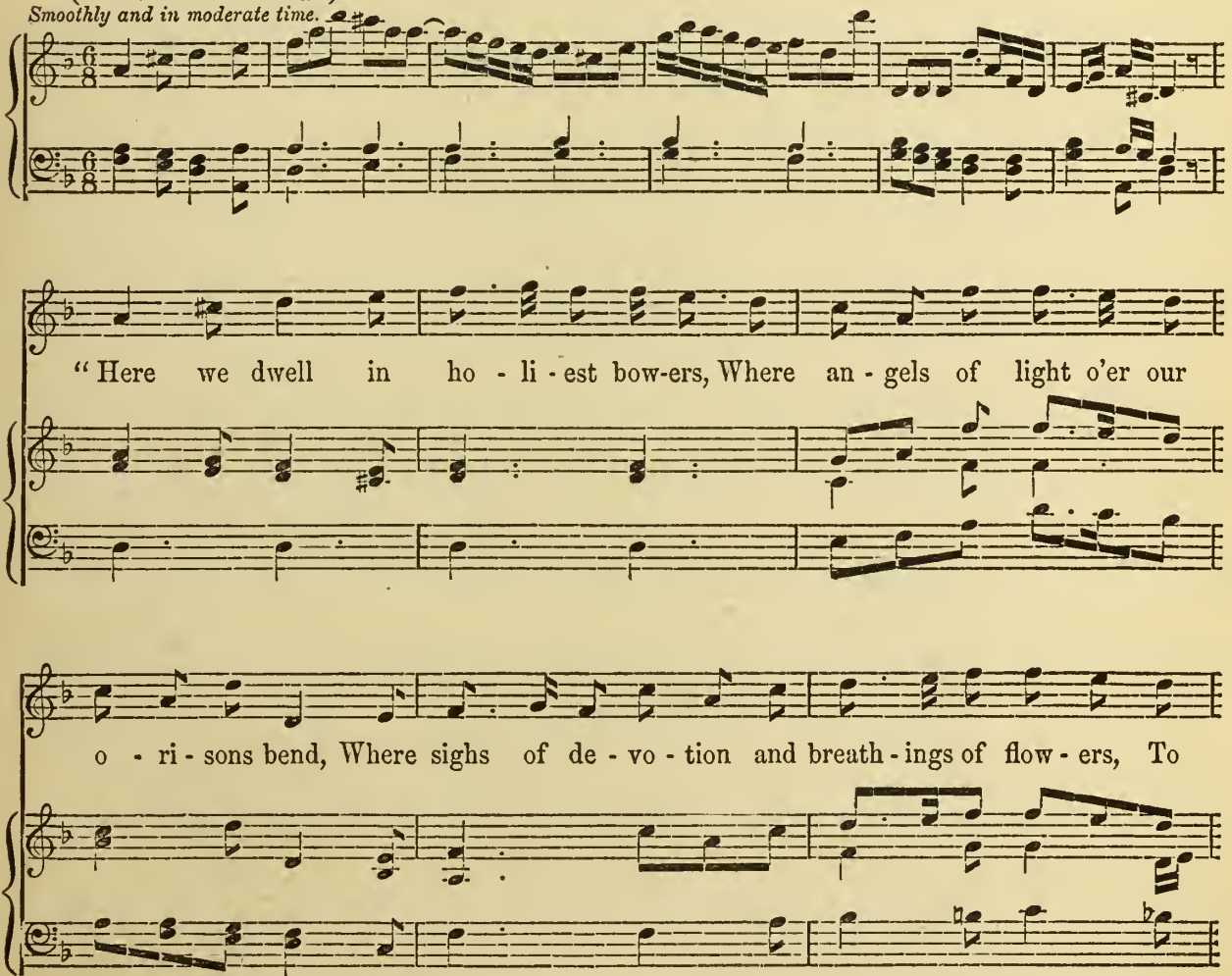


LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

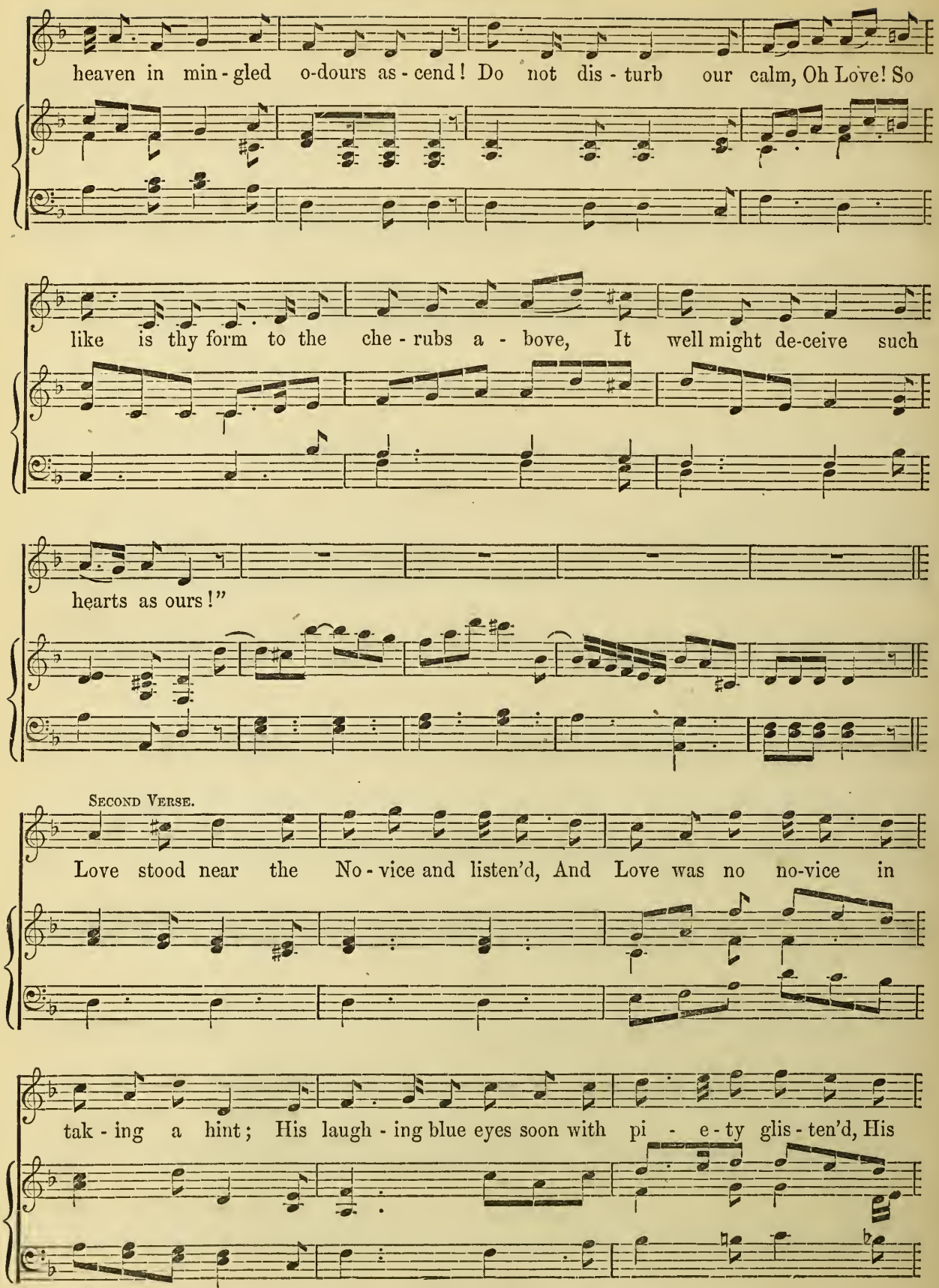
HERE WE DWELL.

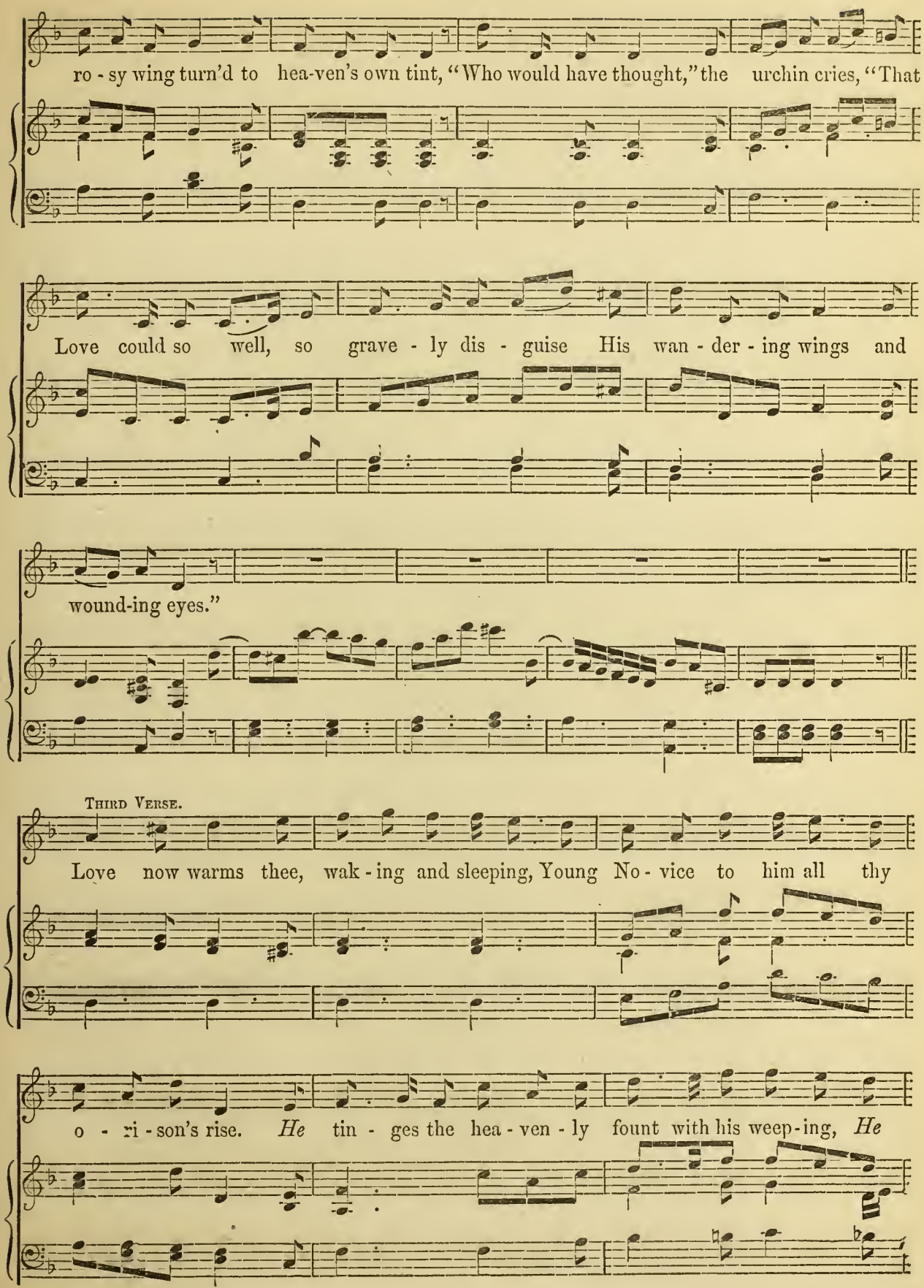
(AIR—CEAN DUBH DELISH.*)

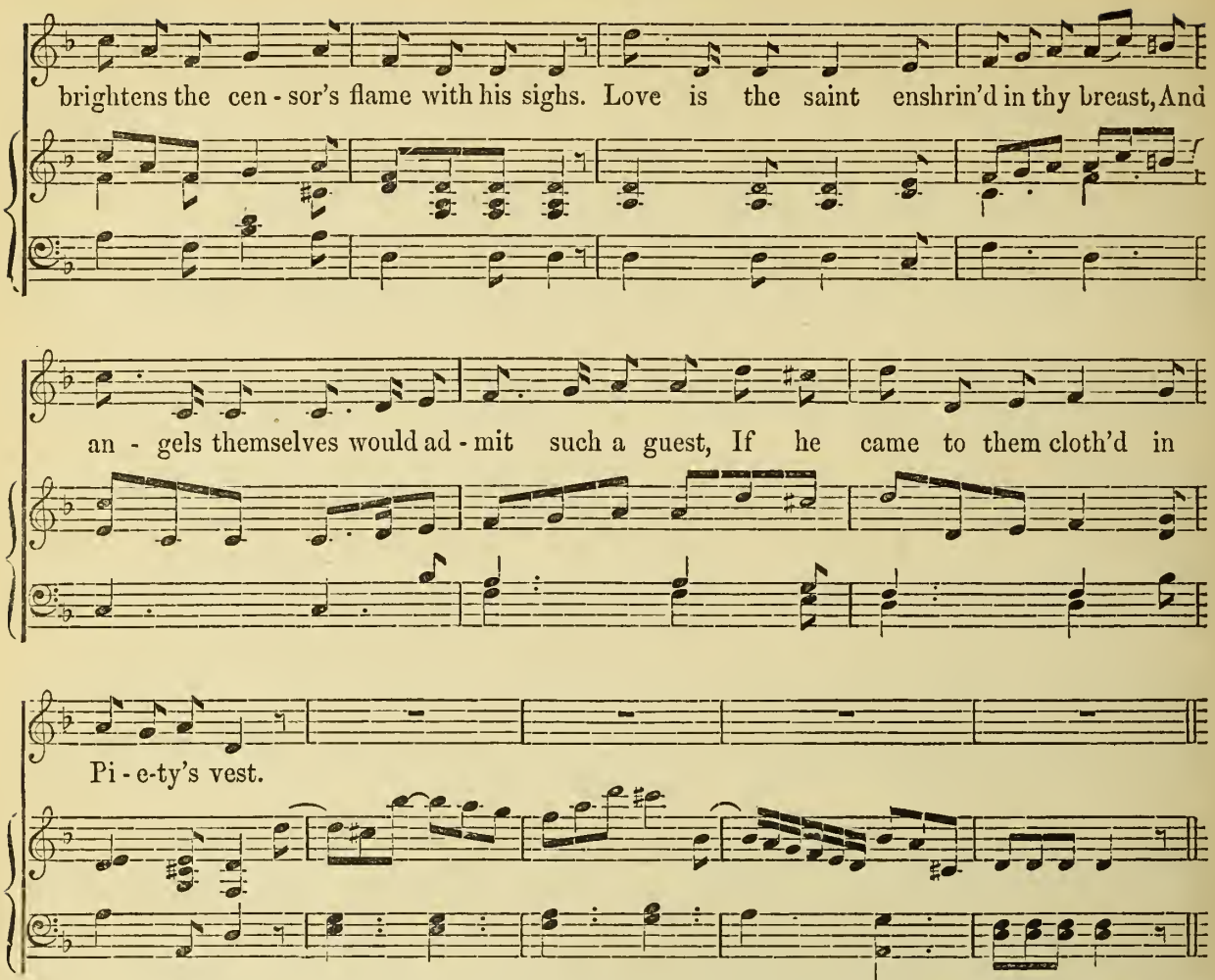
Smoothly and in moderate time.



* See page 228.

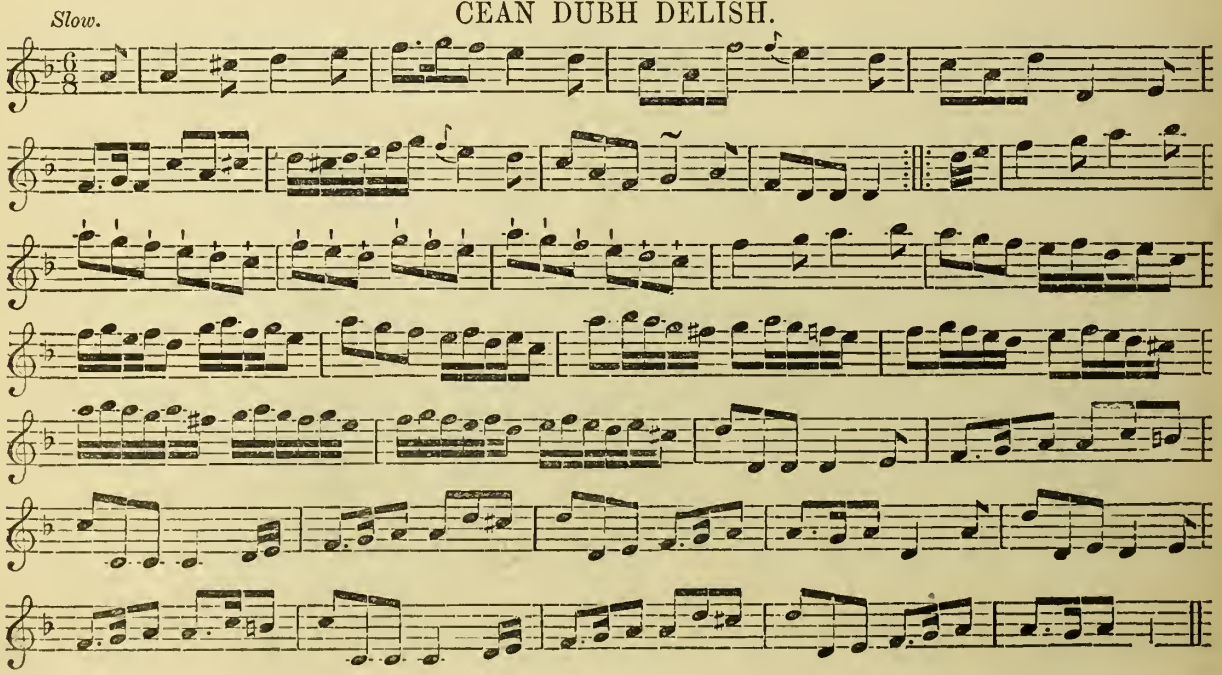

heaven in min-gled o-dours as-cend! Do not dis-turb our calm, Oh Love! So
like is thy form to the che-rubs a-bove, It well might de-ceive such
hearts as ours!"
SECOND VERSE.
Love stood near the No-vice and listen'd, And Love was no no-vice in
tak-ing a hint; His laugh-ing blue eyes soon with pi-e-ty glis-ten'd, His


ro - sy wing turn'd to hea-ven's own tint, "Who would have thought," the urchin cries, "That
Love could so well, so grave - ly dis - guise His wan - der - ing wings and
wound-ing eyes."
THIRD VERSE.
Love now warms thee, wak - ing and sleeping, Young No - vice to him all thy
o - ri - son's rise. He tin - ges the hea - ven - ly fount with his weep - ing, He



We have taken the liberty of omitting a part of this Air, which appeared to us to wander rather unmanageably out of the compass of the voice. It is given, however, in its perfect form below.

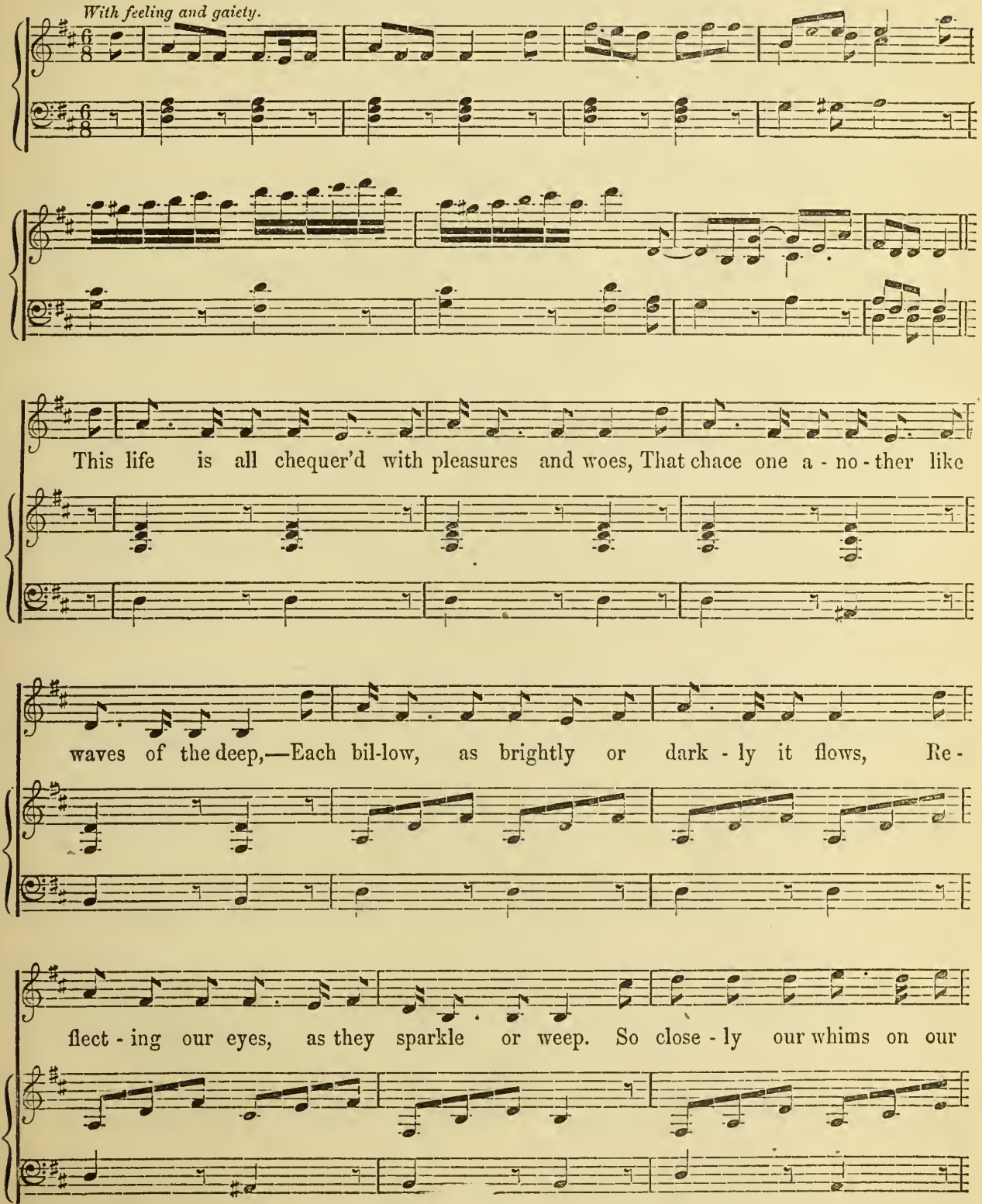
CEAN DUBH DELISH.

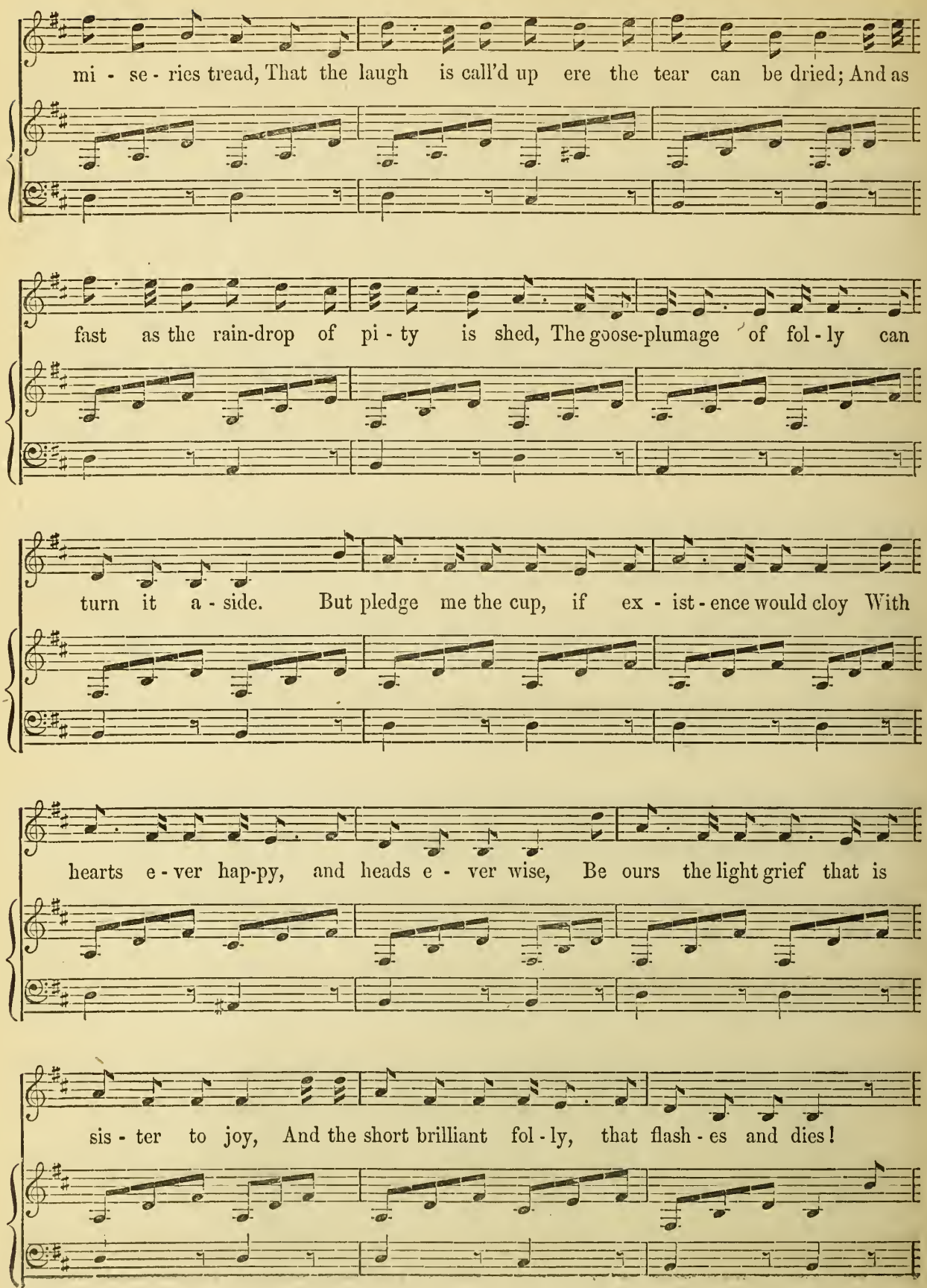


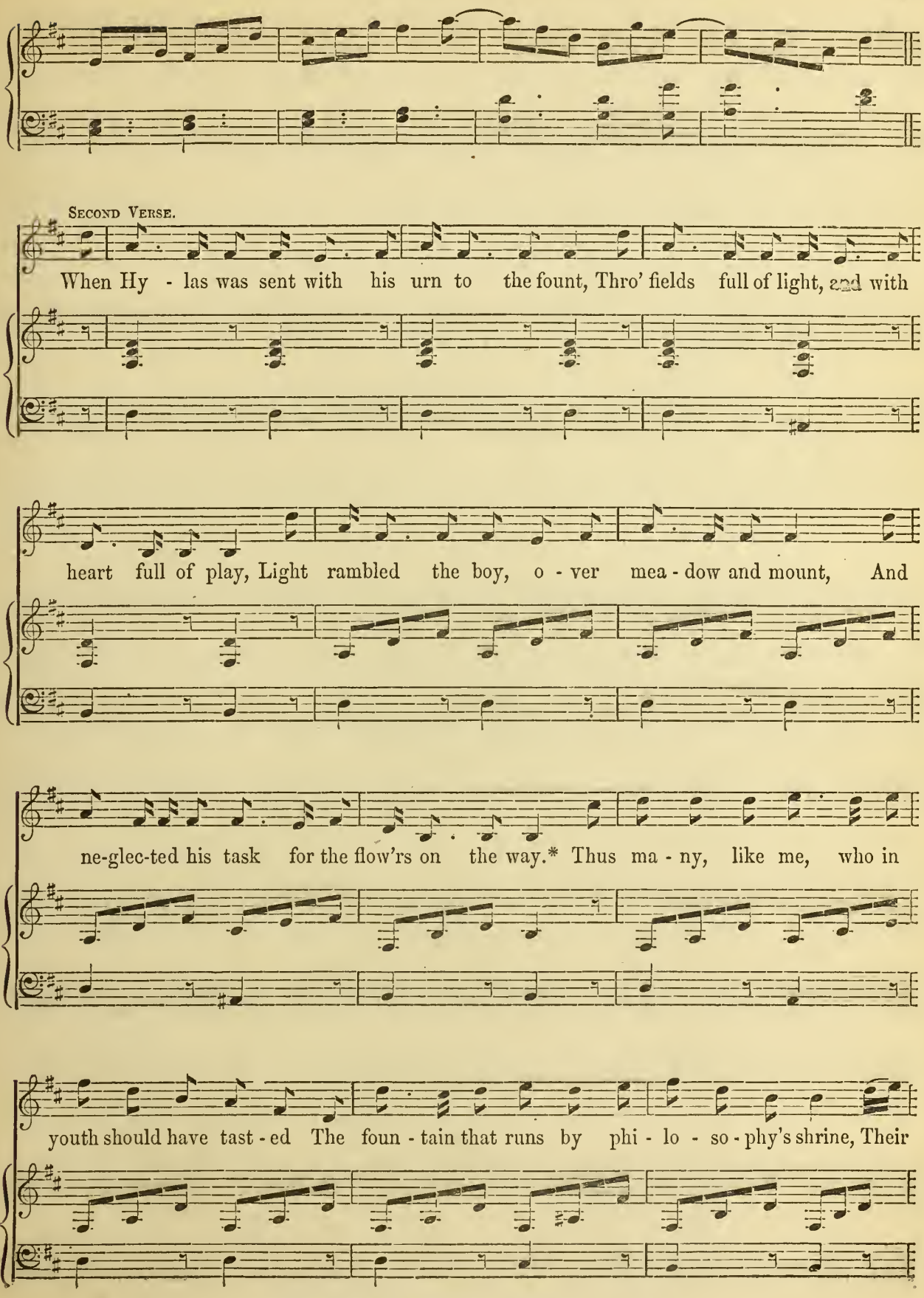
THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D WITH PLEASURES AND WOES.

(Air—The Bunch of Green Rushes that grew at the brim.)

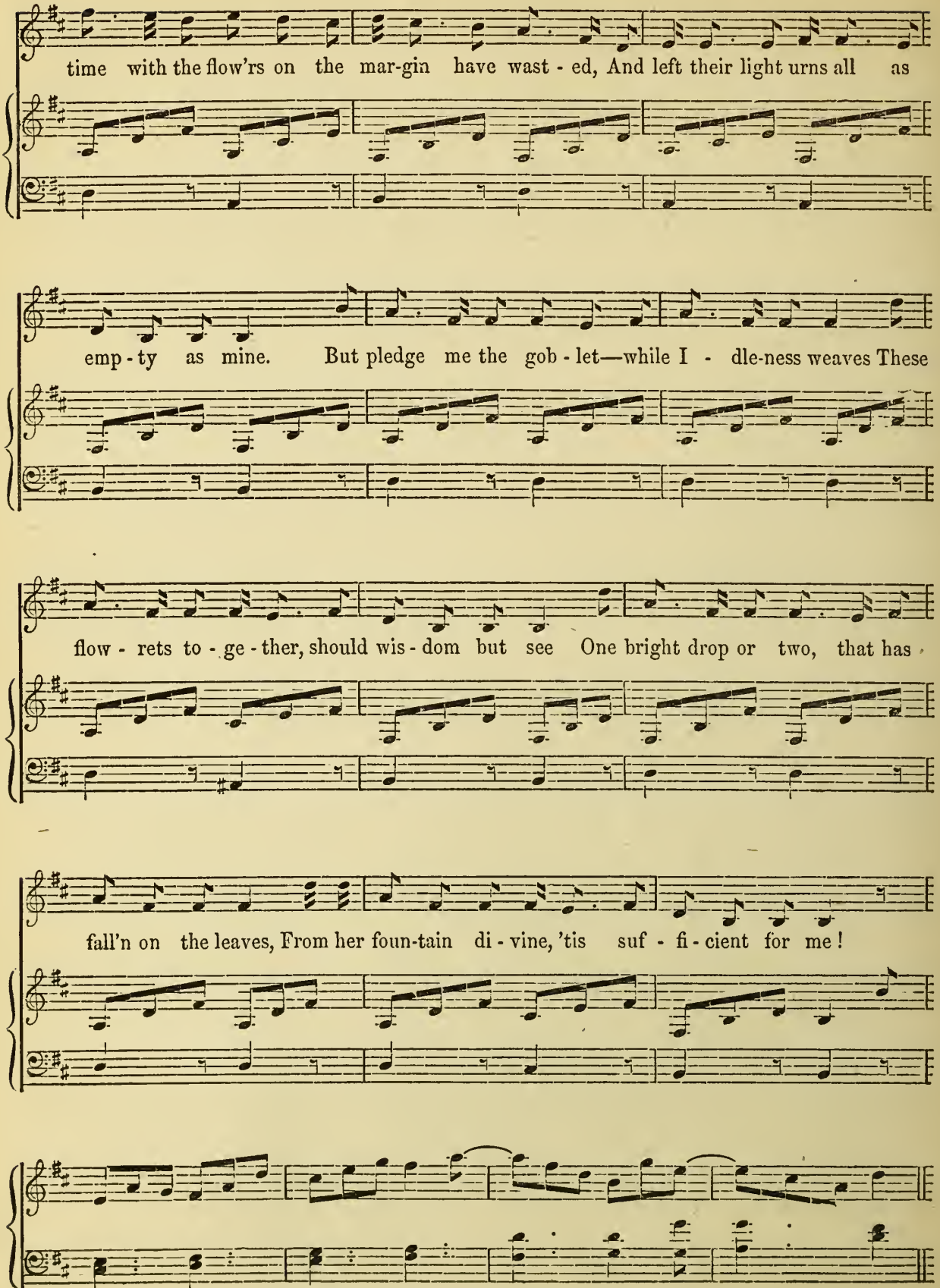
With feeling and gaiety.



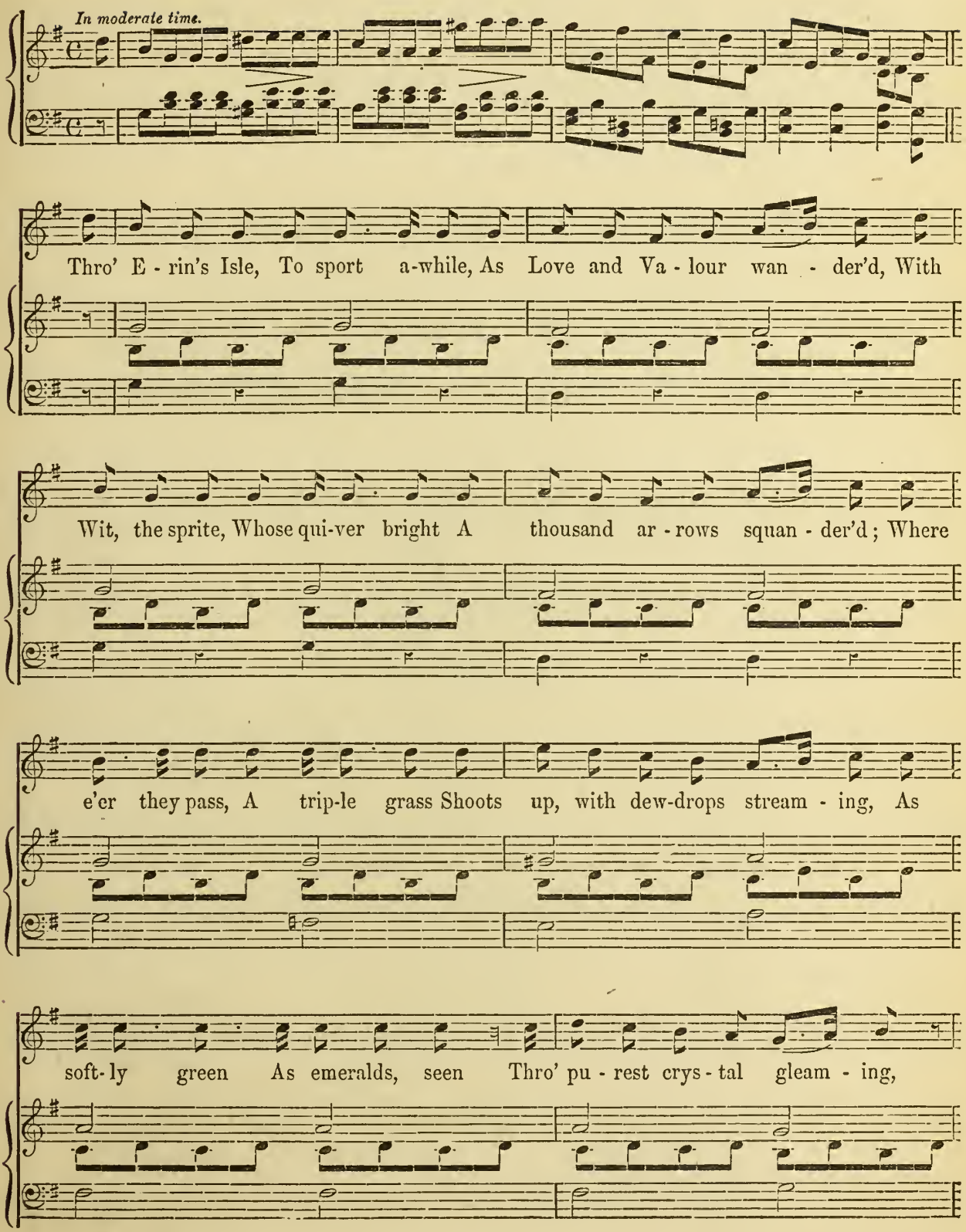

mi - se - ries tread, That the laugh is call'd up ere the tear can be dried; And as
fast as the rain-drop of pi - ty is shed, The goose-plumage of fol - ly can
turn it a - side. But pledge me the cup, if ex - ist - ence would cloy With
hearts e - ver hap-py, and heads e - ver wise, Be ours the light grief that is
sis - ter to joy, And the short brilliant fol - ly, that flash - es and dies!

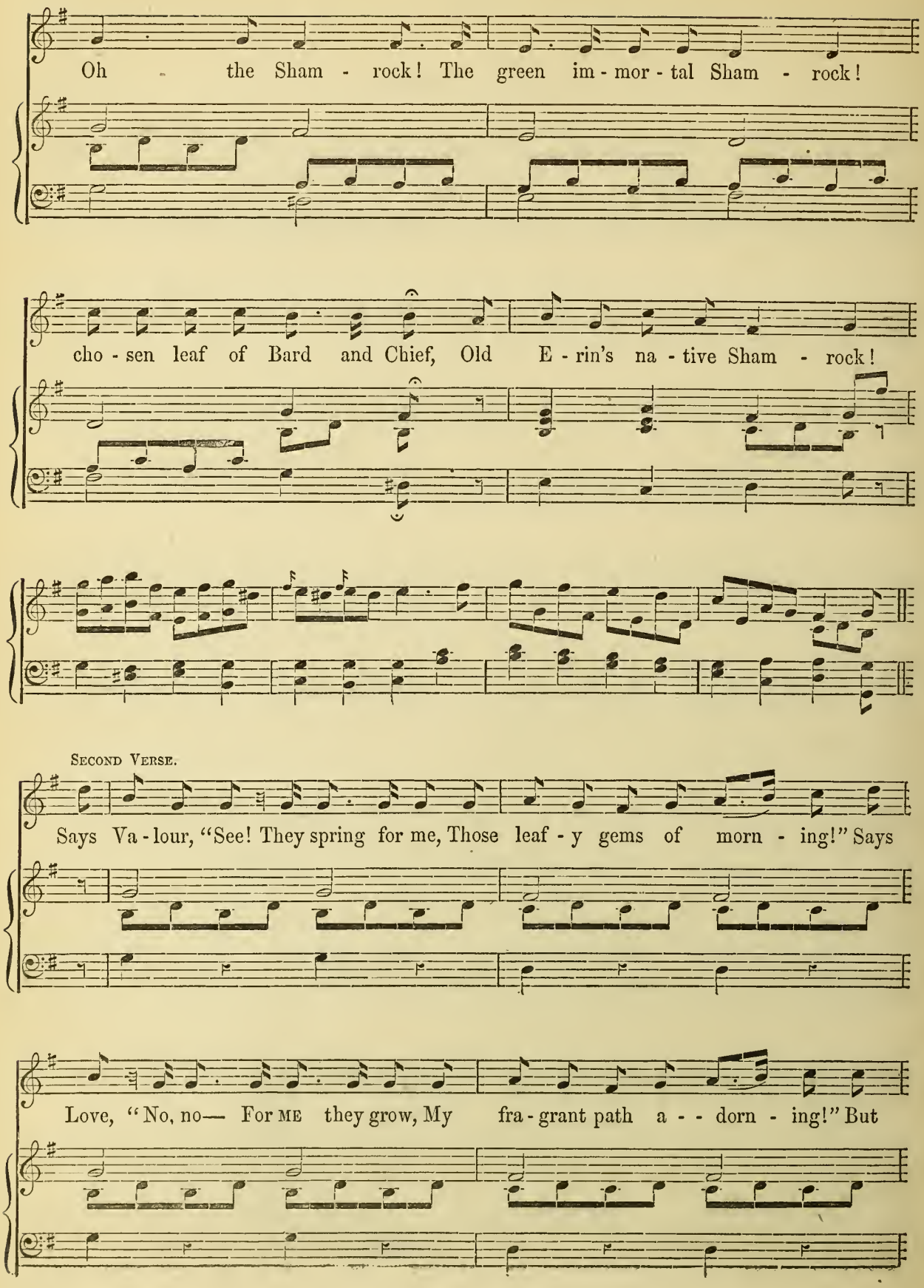


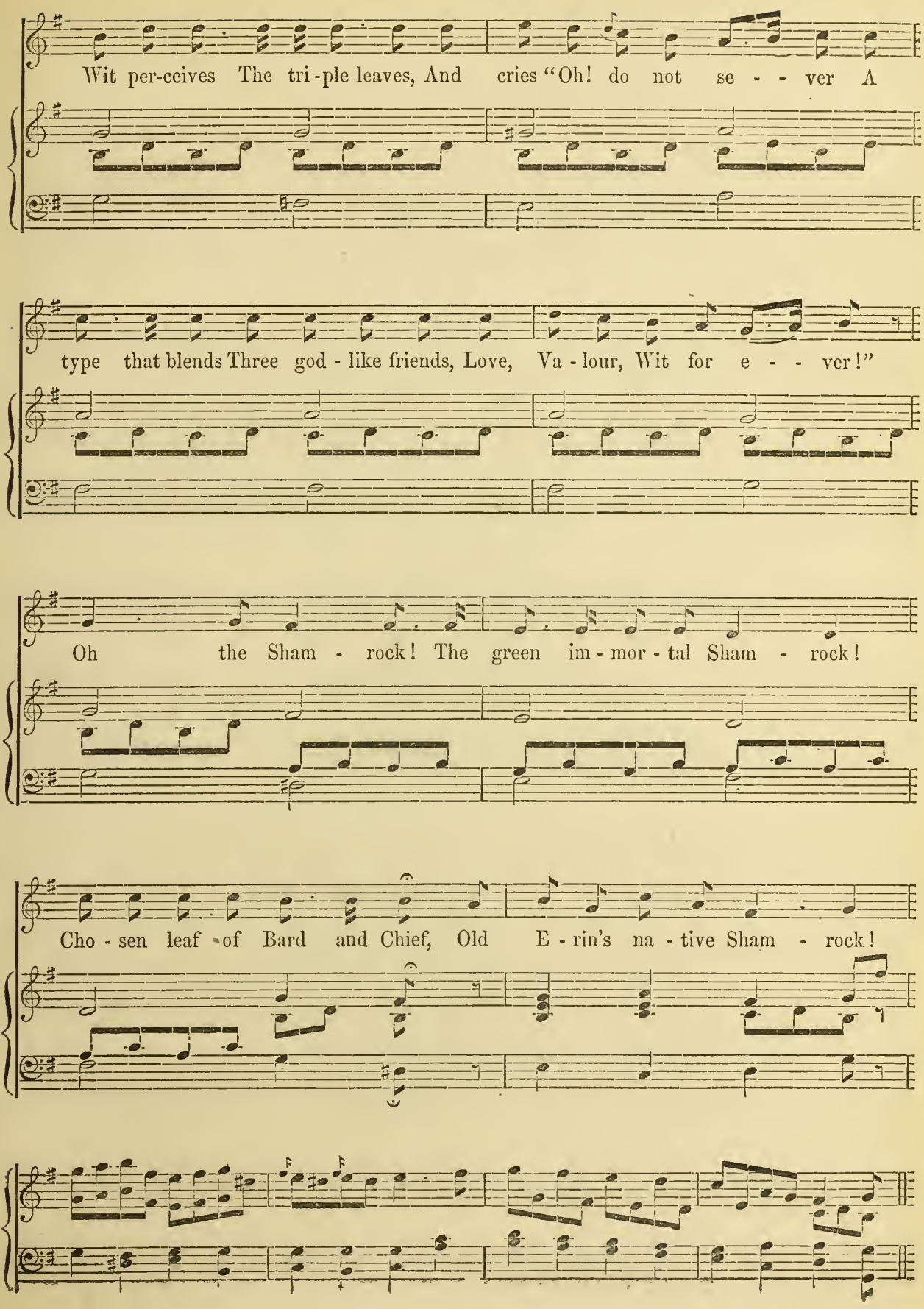
* Proposito florem prætulit officio,—PROPERT. lib. i. eleg. 20.


time with the flow'rs on the mar-gin have wast - ed, And left their light urns all as
emp - ty as mine. But pledge me the gob - let—while I - dle-ness weaves These
flow - rets to - ge - ther, should wis - dom but see One bright drop or two, that has
fall'n on the leaves, From her foun-tain di - vine, 'tis suf - fi - cient for me!

THE SHAMROCK.

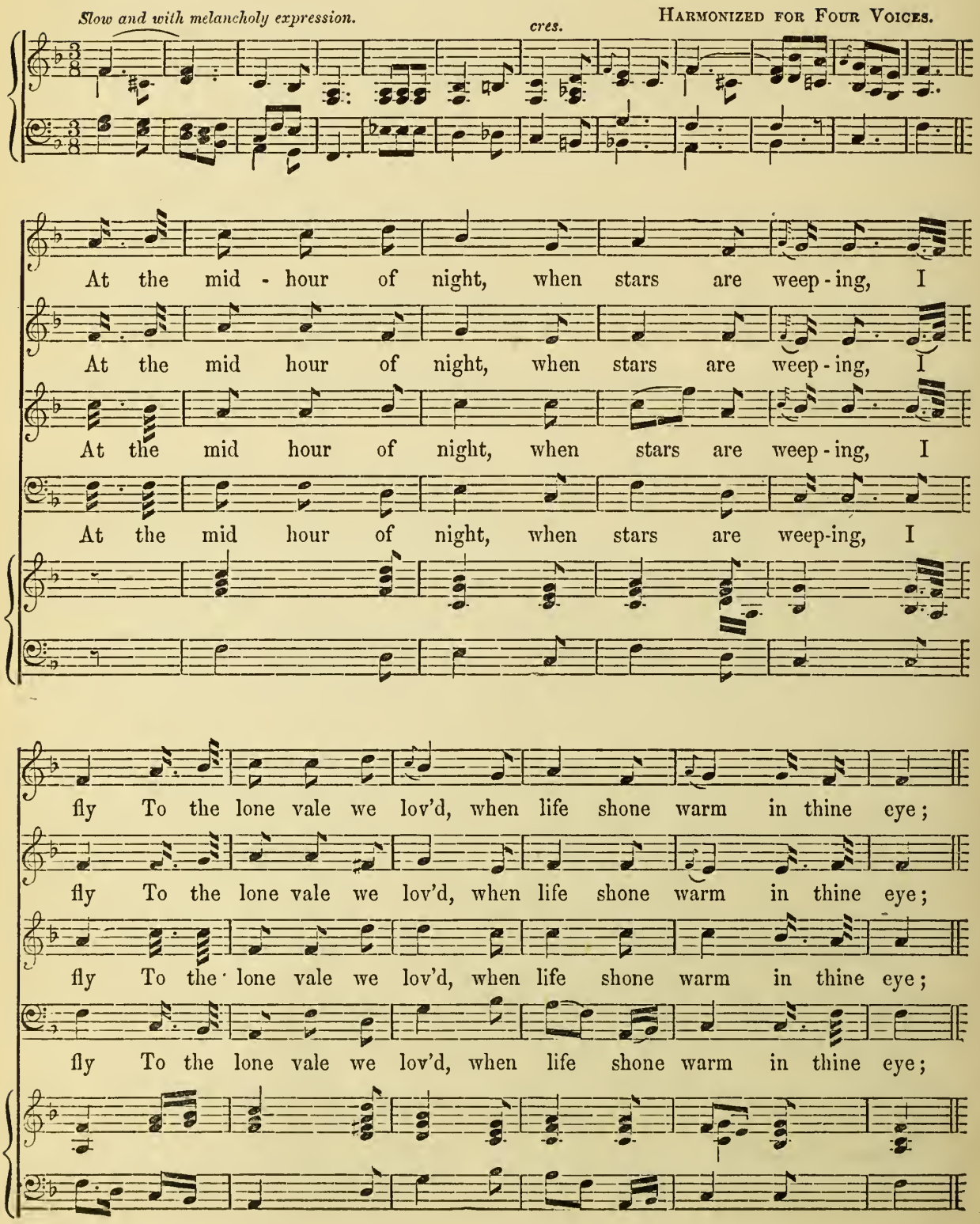


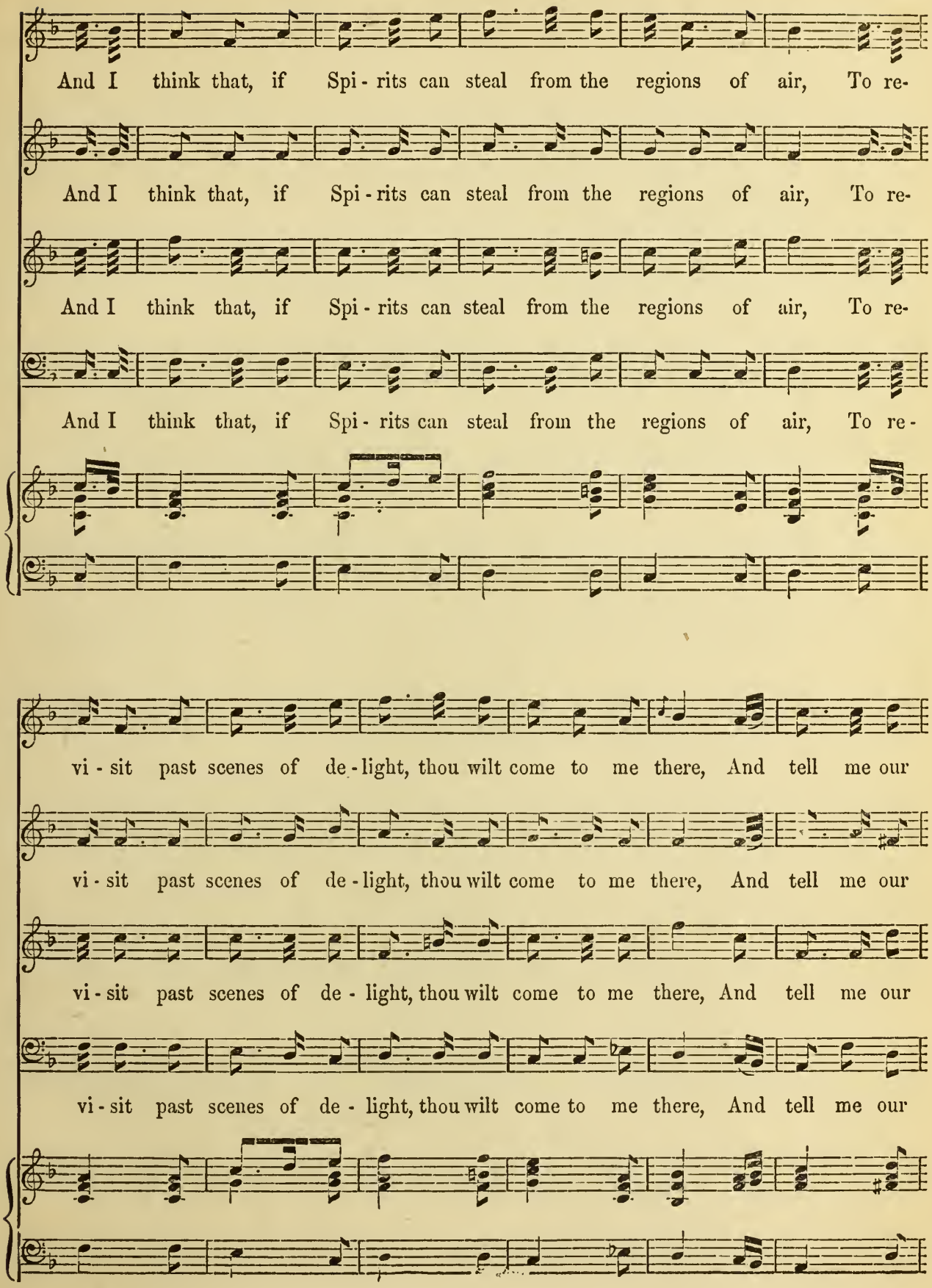

Oh the Sham - rock! The green im - mor - tal Sham - rock!
cho - sen leaf of Bard and Chief, Old E - rin's na - tive Sham - rock!
SECOND VERSE.
Says Va - lour, "See! They spring for me, Those leaf - y gems of morn - ing!" Says
Love, "No, no— For ME they grow, My fra - grant path a - - dorn - ing!" But

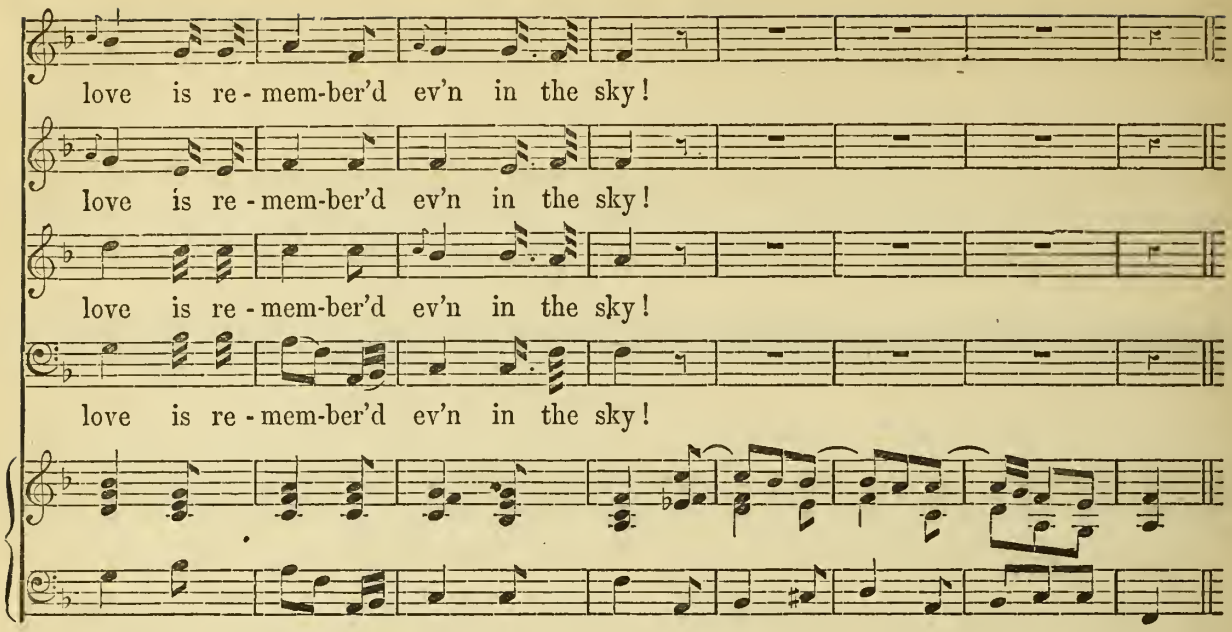

Wit per-ceives The tri-ple leaves, And cries "Oh! do not se - - ver A
type that blends Three god-like friends, Love, Va-lour, Wit for e - - ver!"
Oh the Sham - rock! The green im-mor-tal Sham - rock!
Cho-sen leaf of Bard and Chief, Old E-rin's na-tive Sham - rock!

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

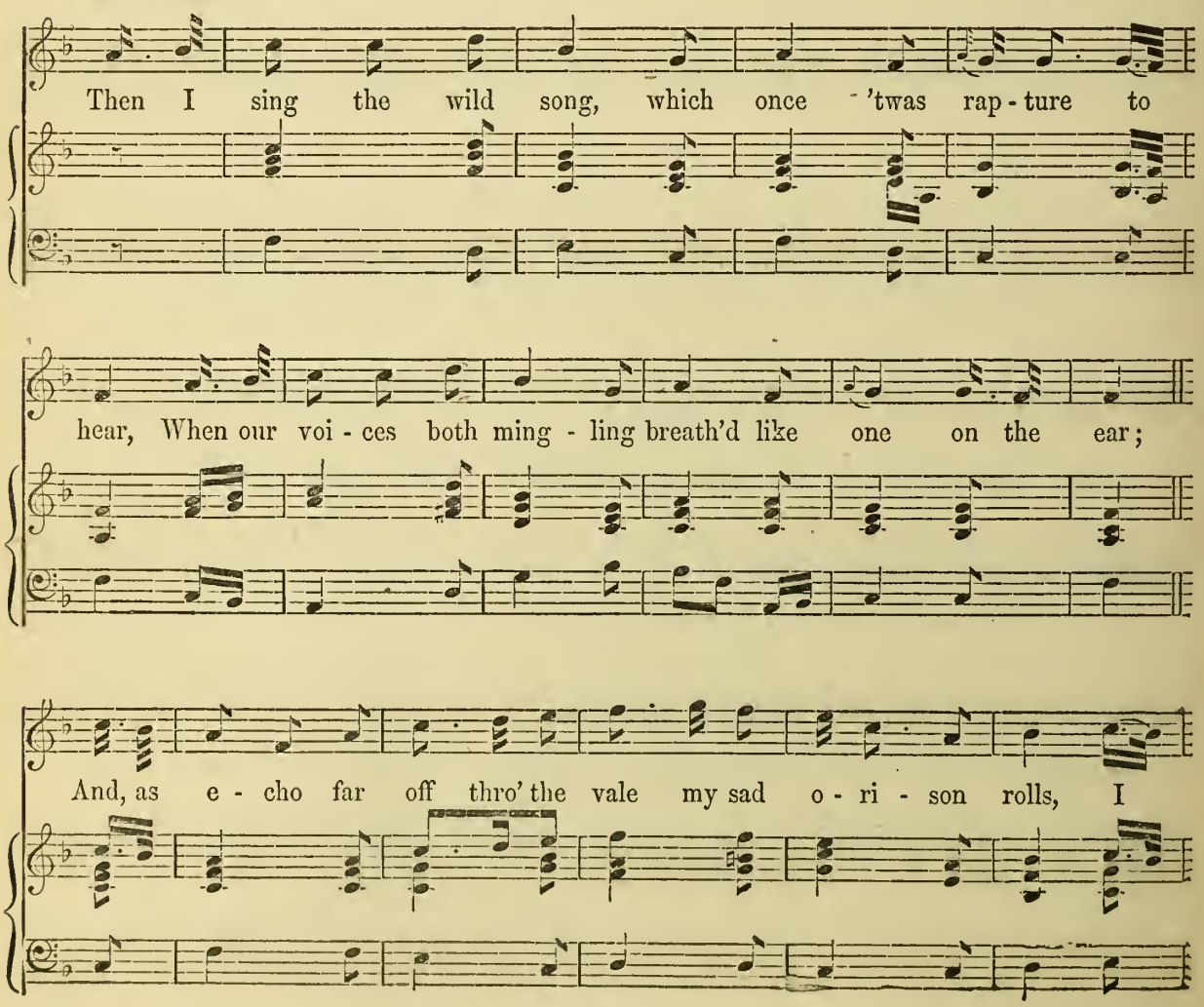
Slow and with melancholy expression. *cres.* HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES.

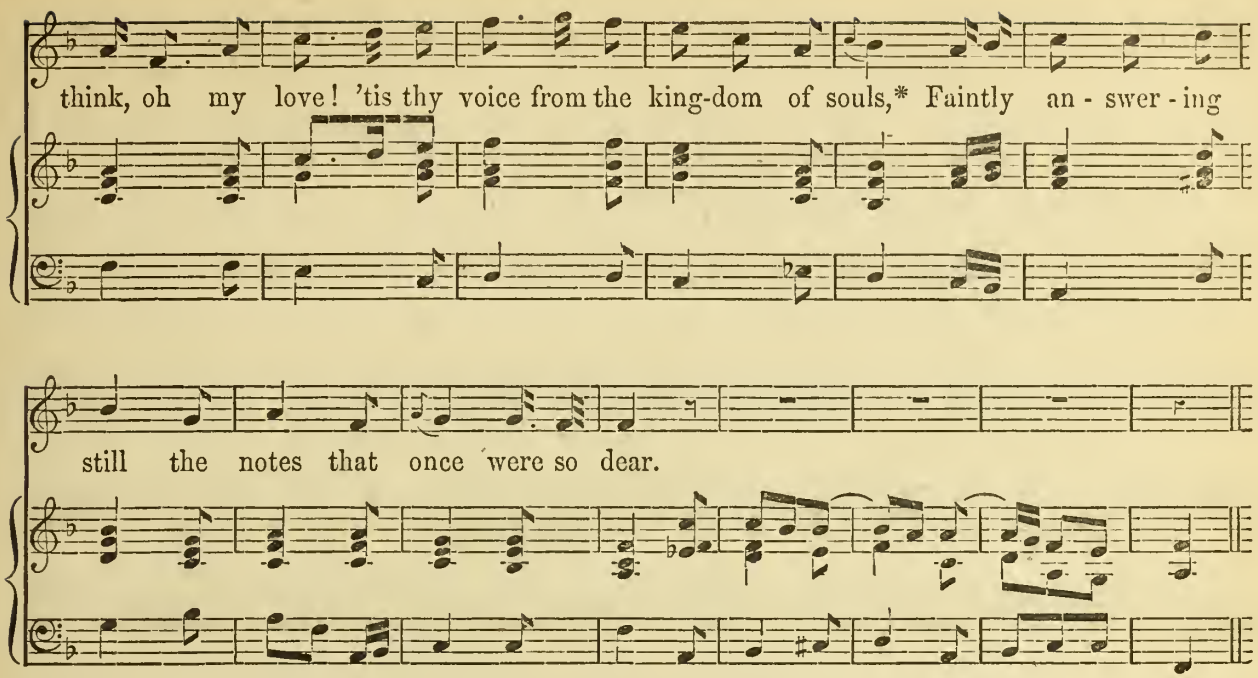



And I think that, if Spi - rits can steal from the regions of air, To re-
And I think that, if Spi - rits can steal from the regions of air, To re-
And I think that, if Spi - rits can steal from the regions of air, To re-
And I think that, if Spi - rits can steal from the regions of air, To re -
vi - sit past scenes of de - light, thou wilt come to me there, And tell me our
vi - sit past scenes of de - light, thou wilt come to me there, And tell me our
vi - sit past scenes of de - light, thou wilt come to me there, And tell me our
vi - sit past scenes of de - light, thou wilt come to me there, And tell me our



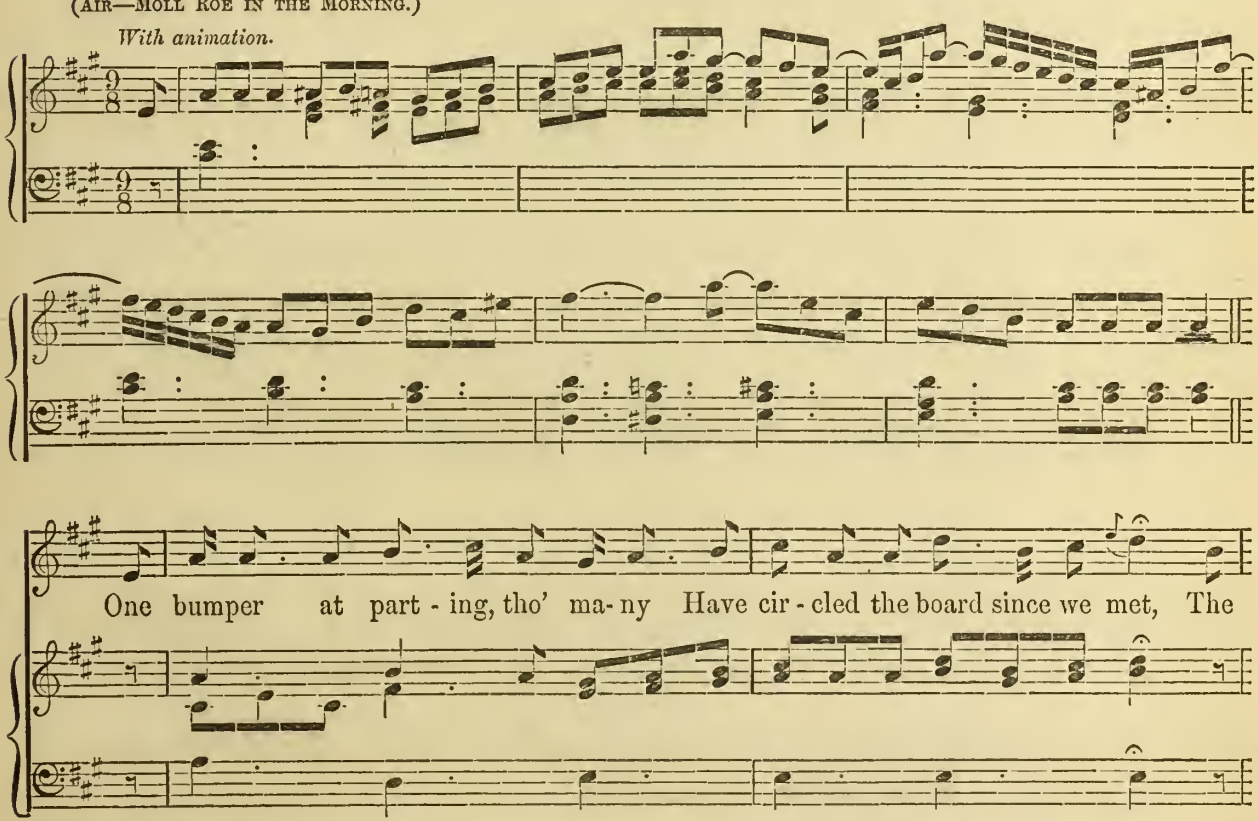
SECOND VERSE.



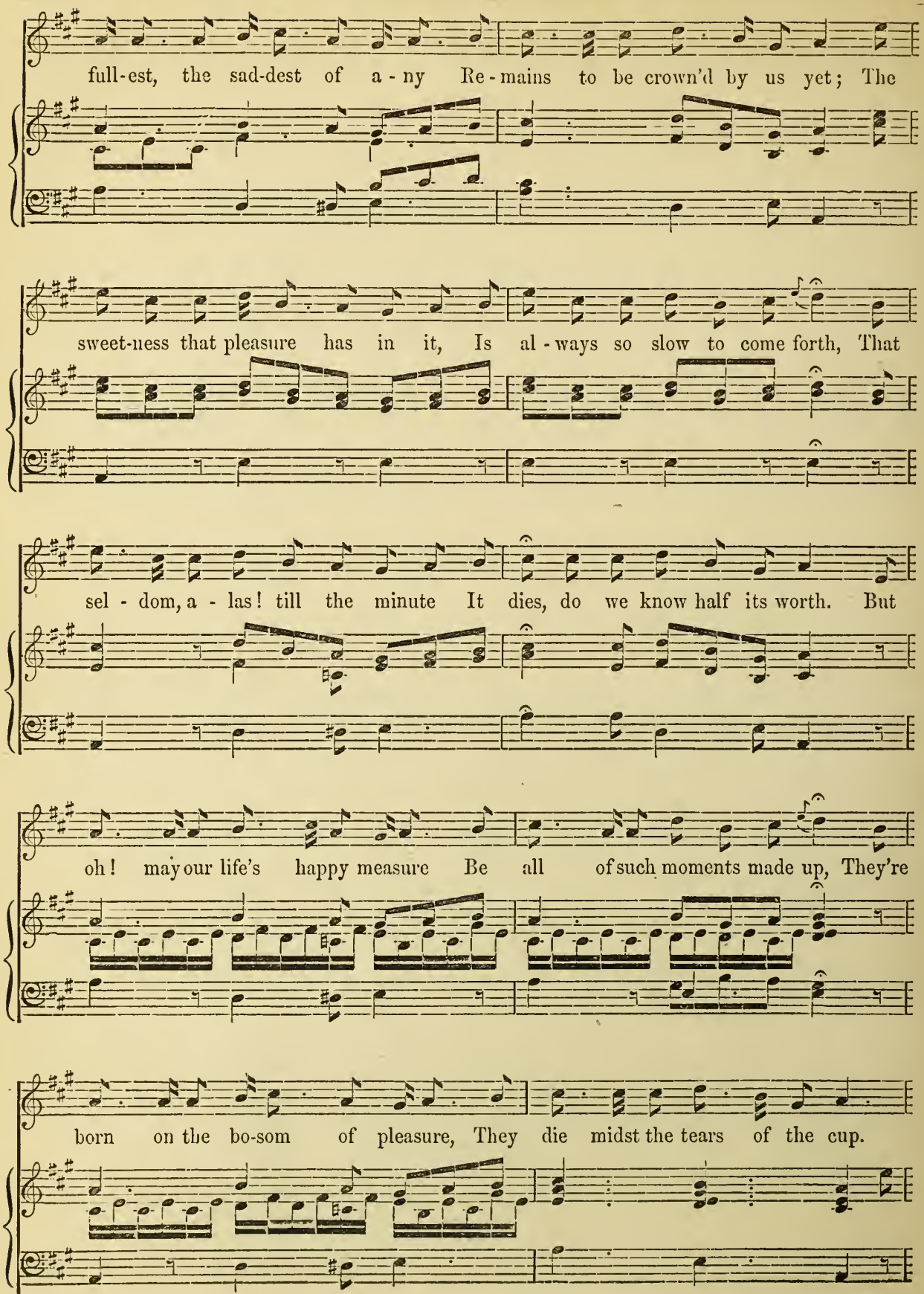


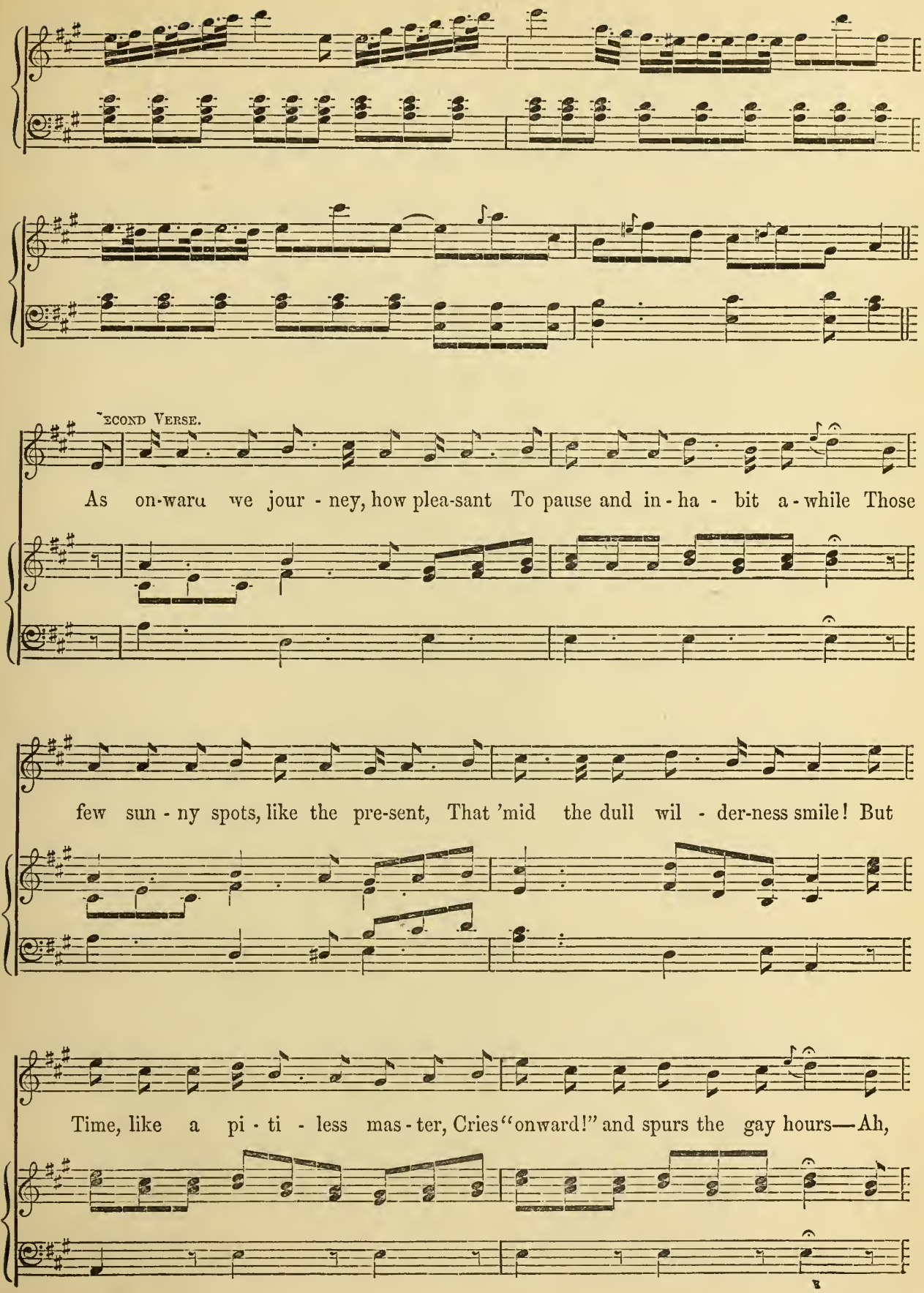
ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

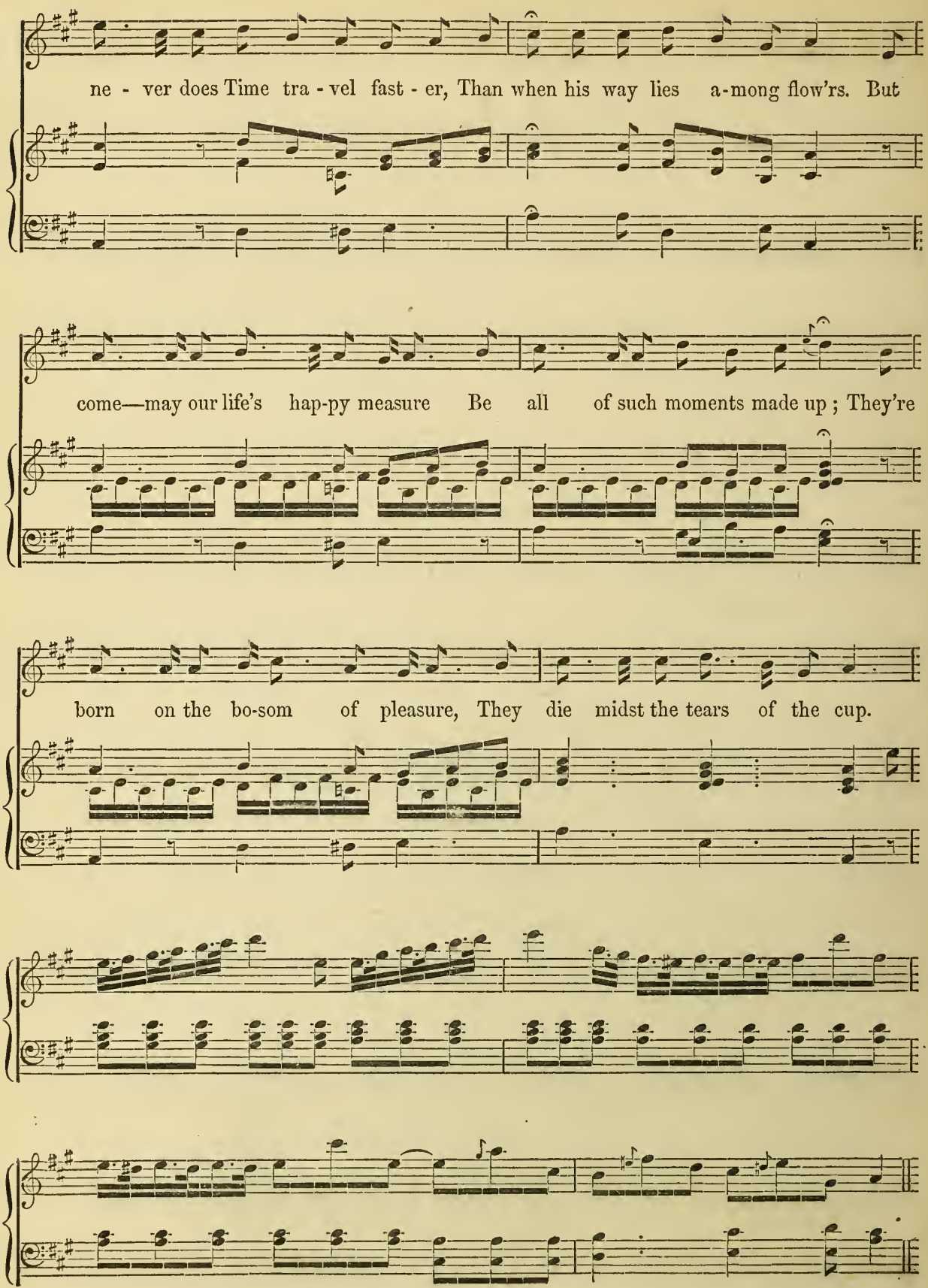
(AIR—MOLL ROE IN THE MORNING.)

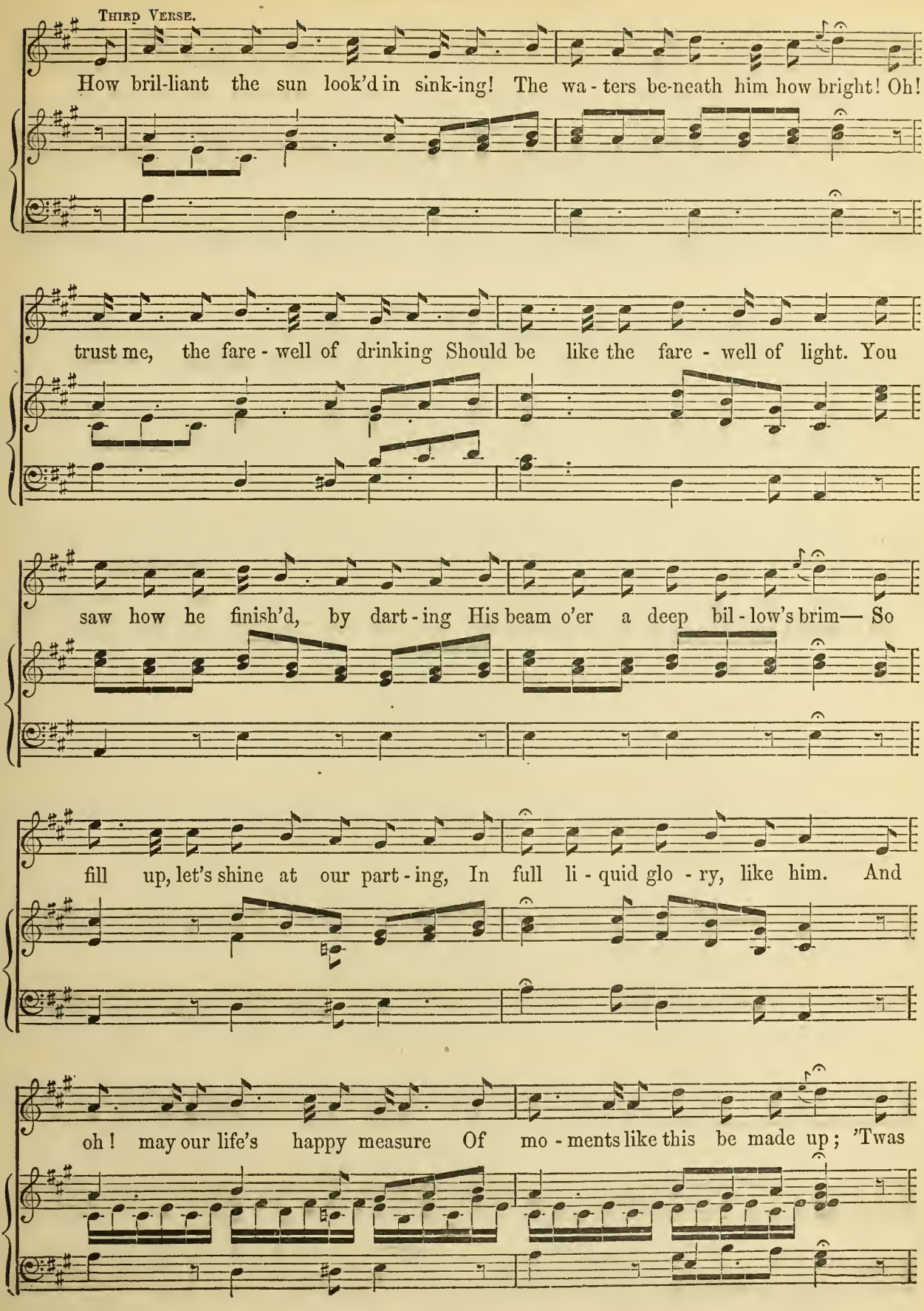


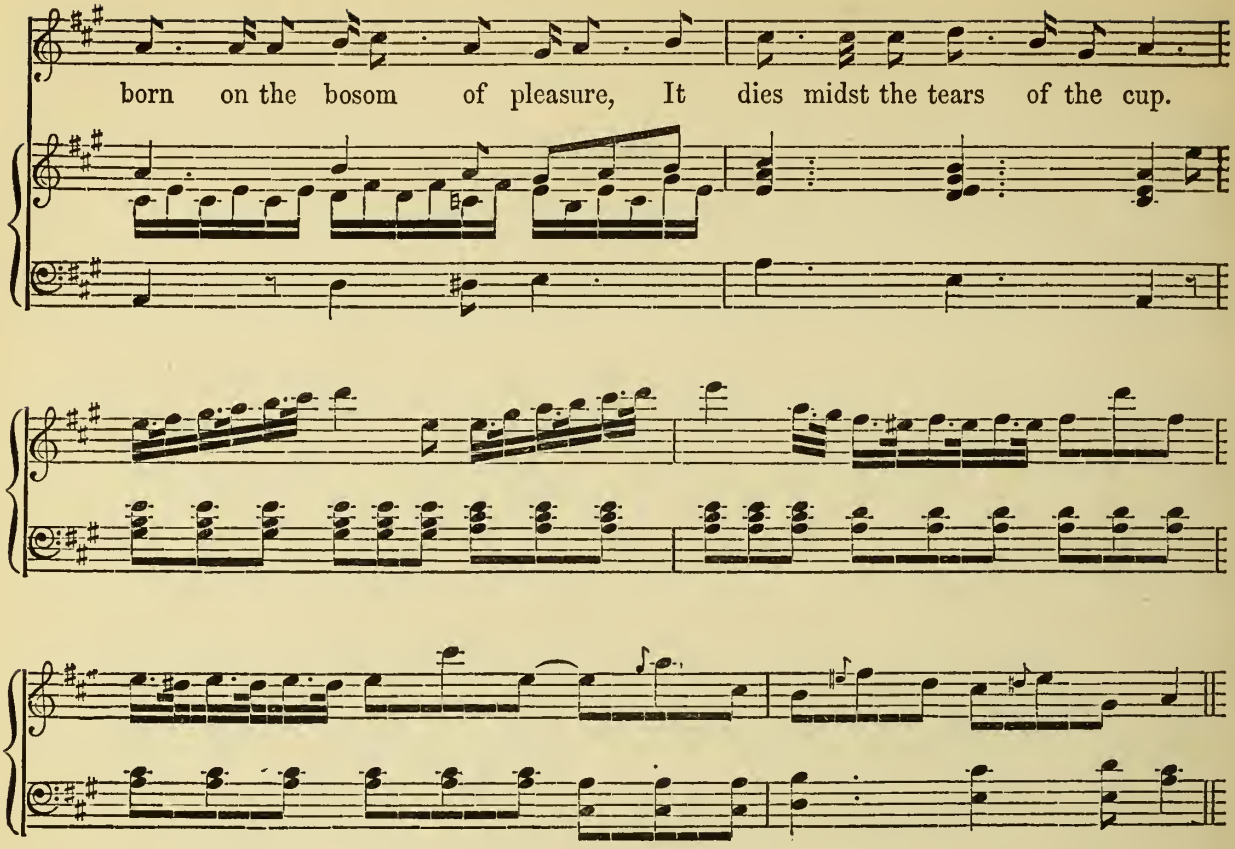
* "There are countries," says Montaigne, "where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fiel' and that it is those souls, repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo."


full-est, the sad-dest of a-ny Re-mains to be crown'd by us yet; The
sweet-ness that pleasure has in it, Is al-ways so slow to come forth, That
sel-dom, a-las! till the minute It dies, do we know half its worth. But
oh! may our life's happy measure Be all of such moments made up, They're
born on the bo-som of pleasure, They die midst the tears of the cup.


SECOND VERSE.
As on-ward we jour - ney, how plea-sant To pause and in - ha - bit a - while Those
few sun - ny spots, like the pre-sent, That 'mid the dull wil - der-ness smile! But
Time, like a pi - ti - less mas - ter, Cries "onward!" and spurs the gay hours—Ah,

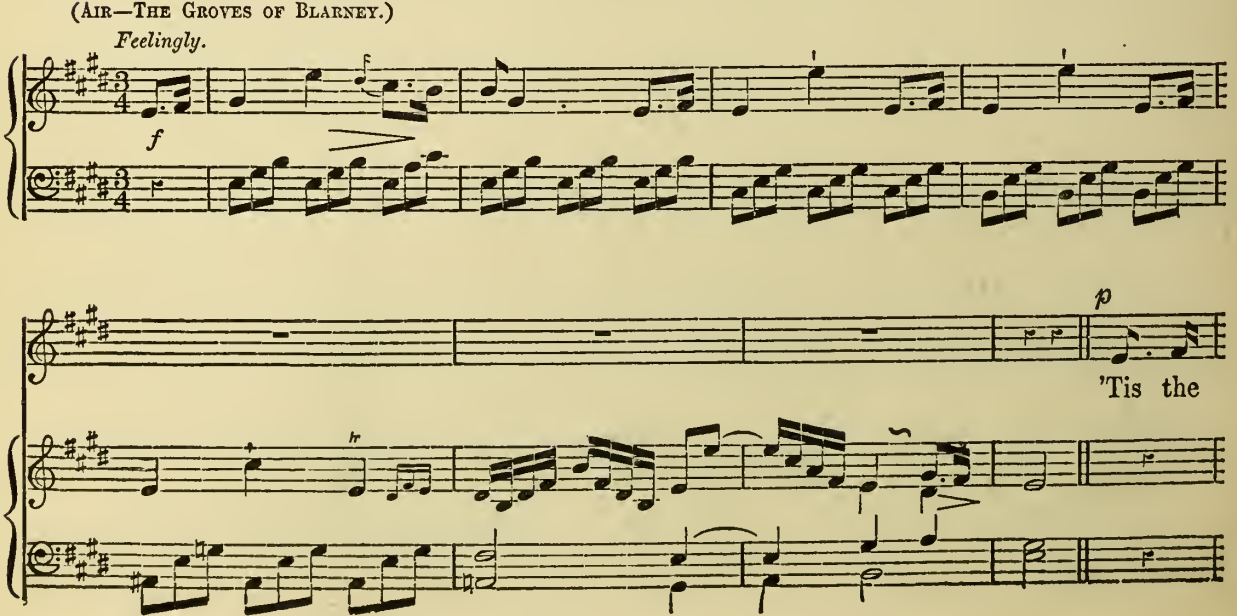

ne - ver does Time tra - vel fast - er, Than when his way lies a-mong flow'rs. But
come—may our life's hap-py measure Be all of such moments made up ; They're
born on the bo-som of pleasure, They die midst the tears of the cup.

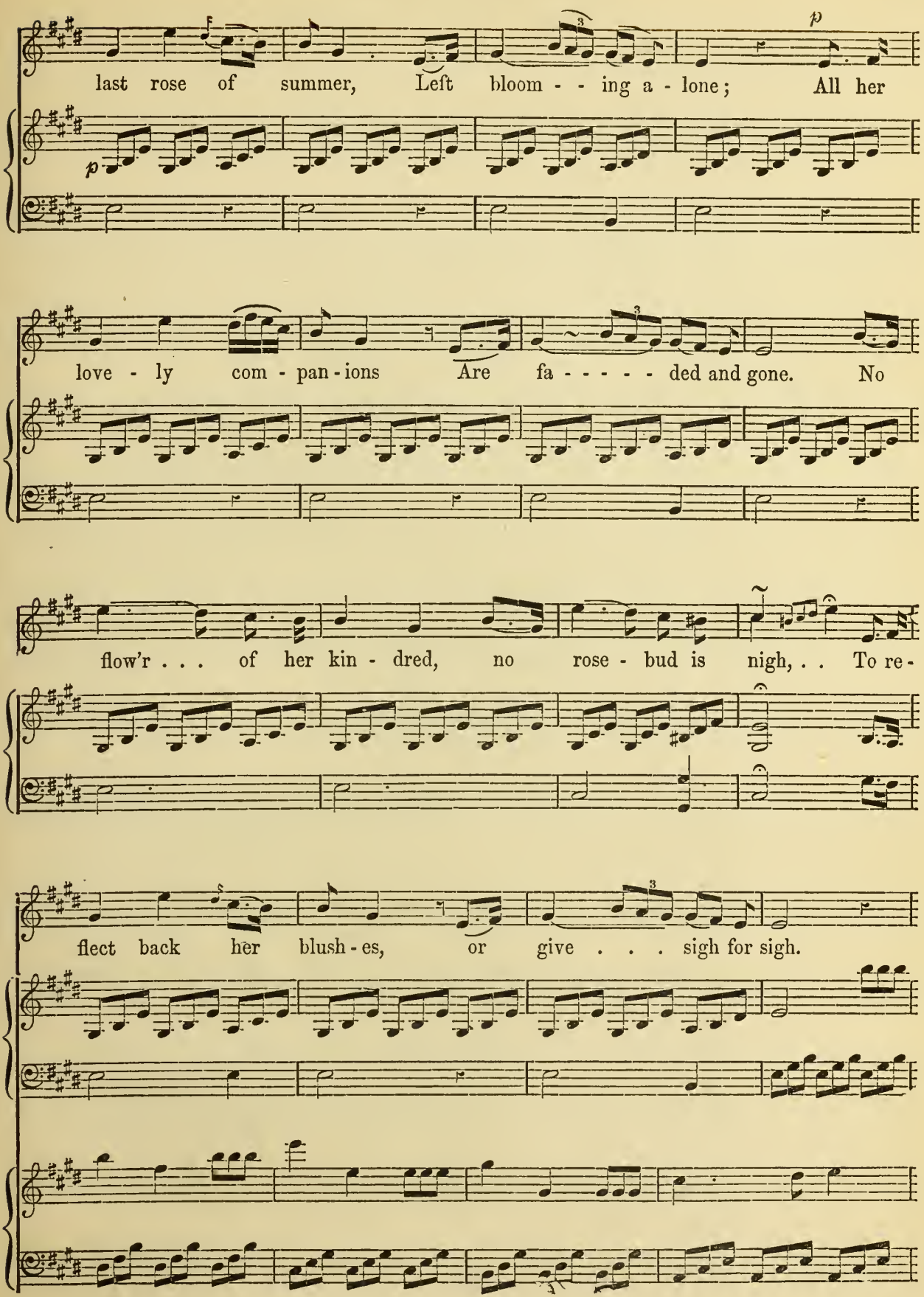

THIRD VERSE.
How bril-liant the sun look'd in sink-ing! The wa - ters be-neath him how bright! Oh!
trust me, the fare - well of drinking Should be like the fare - well of light. You
saw how he finish'd, by dart - ing His beam o'er a deep bil - low's brim— So
fill up, let's shine at our part - ing, In full li - quid glo - ry, like him. And
oh! may our life's happy measure Of mo - ments like this be made up; 'Twas

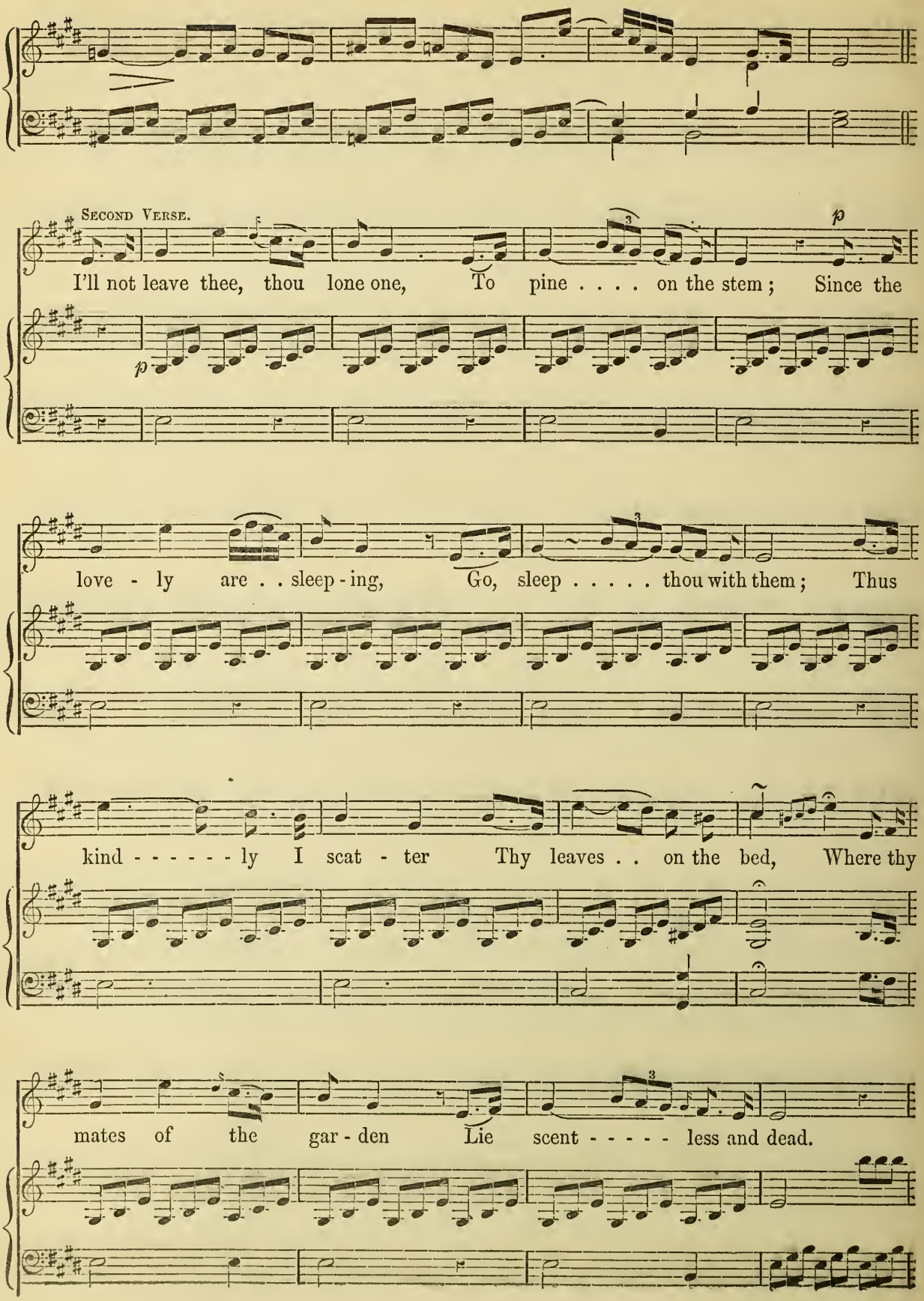


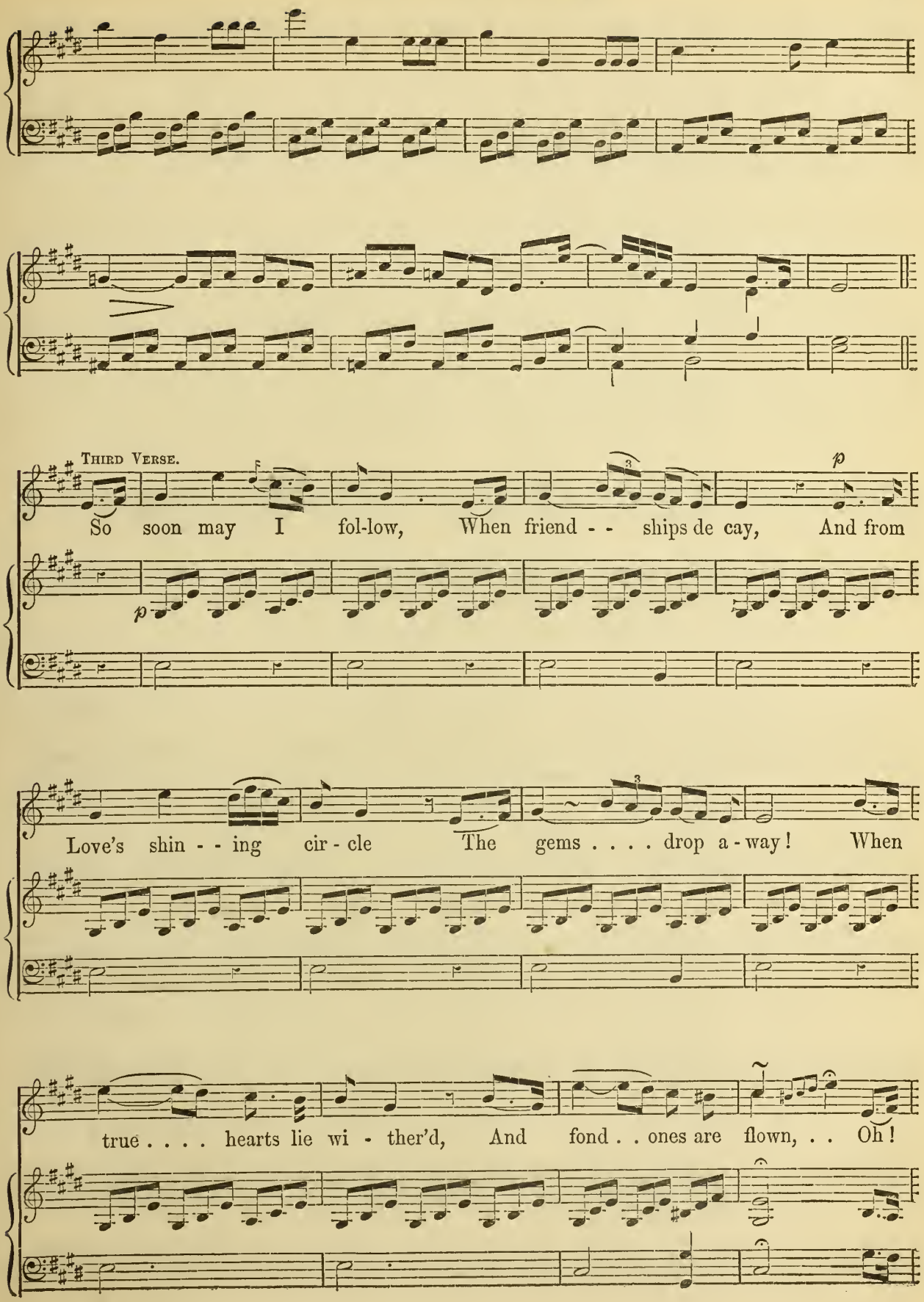
THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

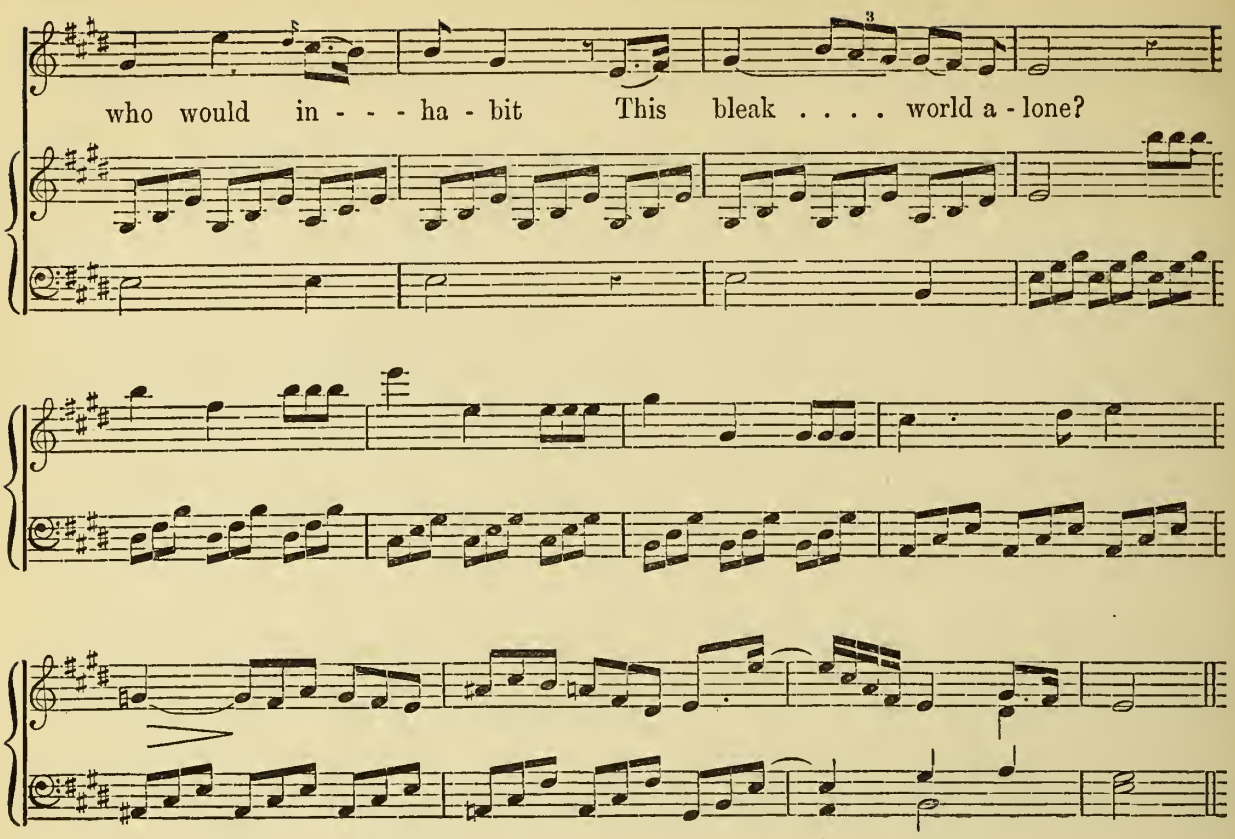
(AIR—THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.)



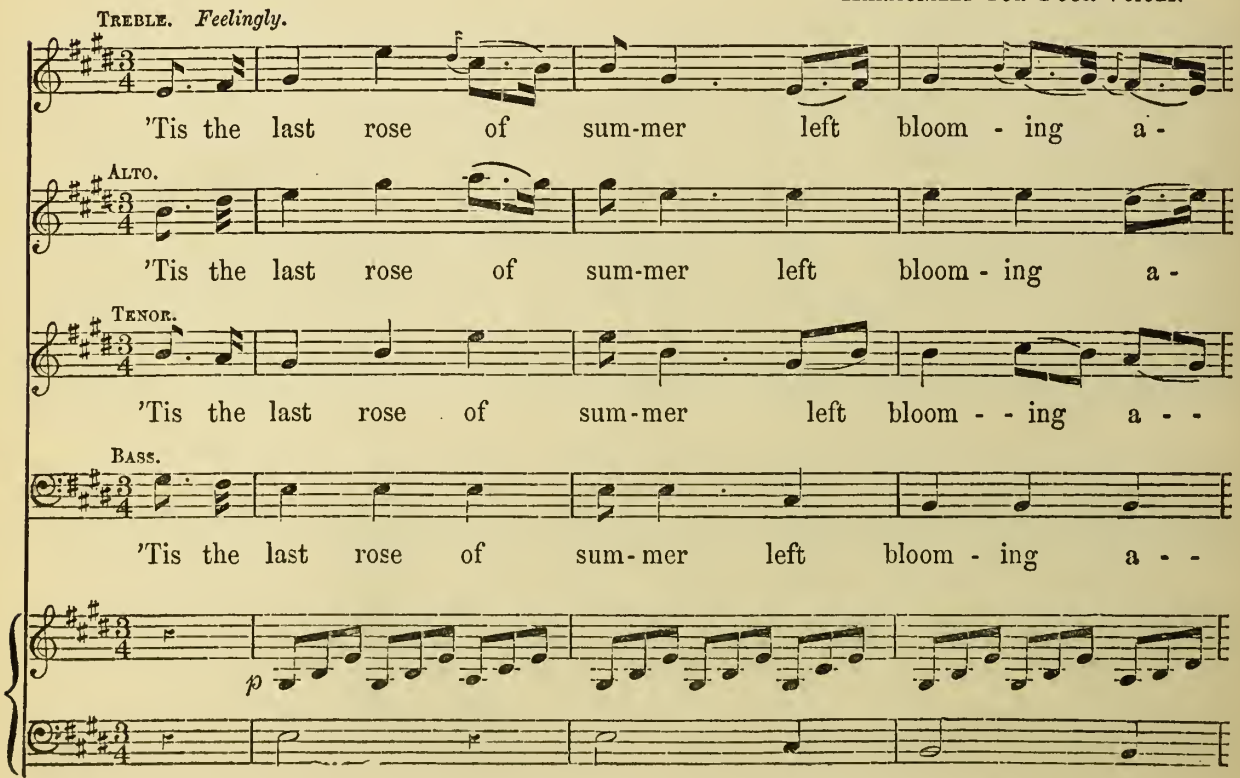

last rose of summer, Left bloom - - ing a - lone; All her
love - ly com - pan - ions Are fa - - - - - ded and gone. No
flow'r . . . of her kin - dred, no rose - bud is nigh, . . To re -
flect back her blush - es, or give . . . sigh for sigh.

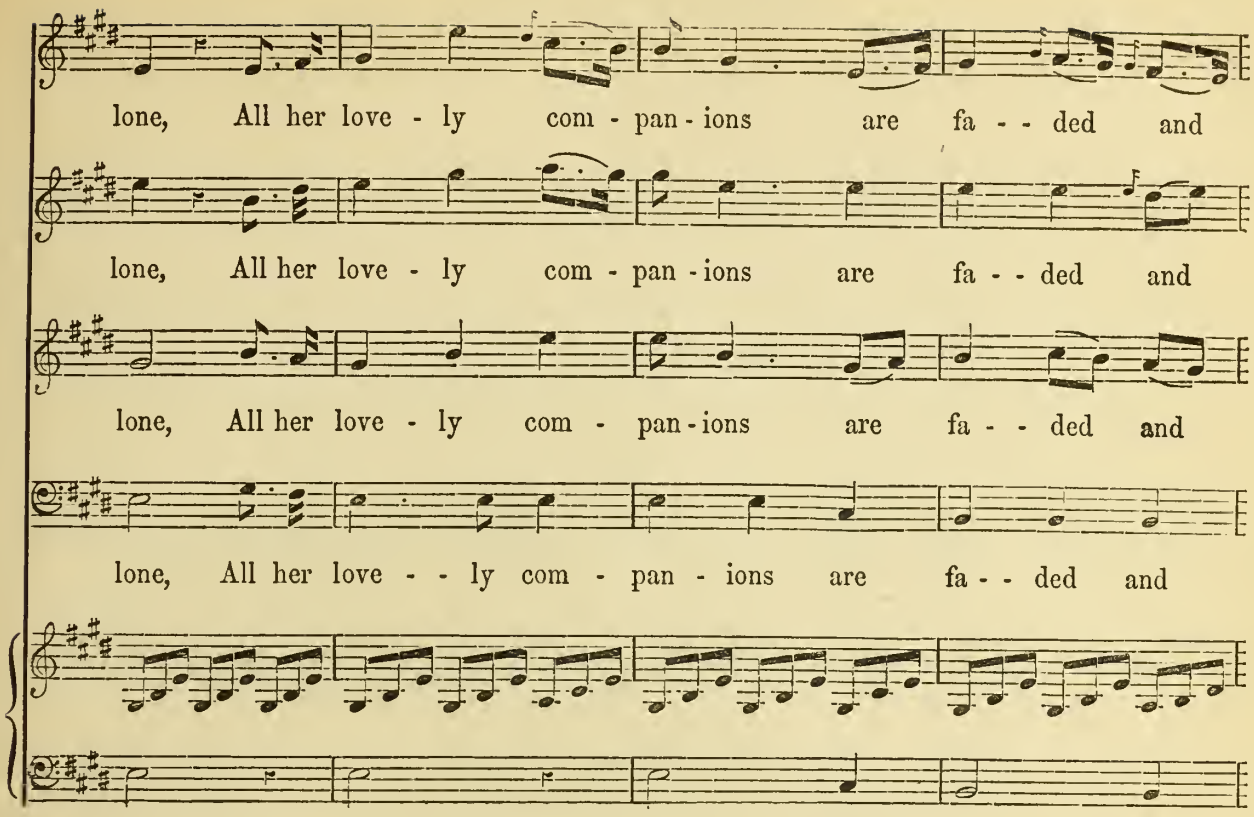

SECOND VERSE.
I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine . . . . on the stem; Since the
love - ly are . . sleep - ing, Go, sleep . . . . . thou with them; Thus
kind - - - - - - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves . . on the bed, Where thy
mates of the gar - den Lie scent - - - - - less and dead.

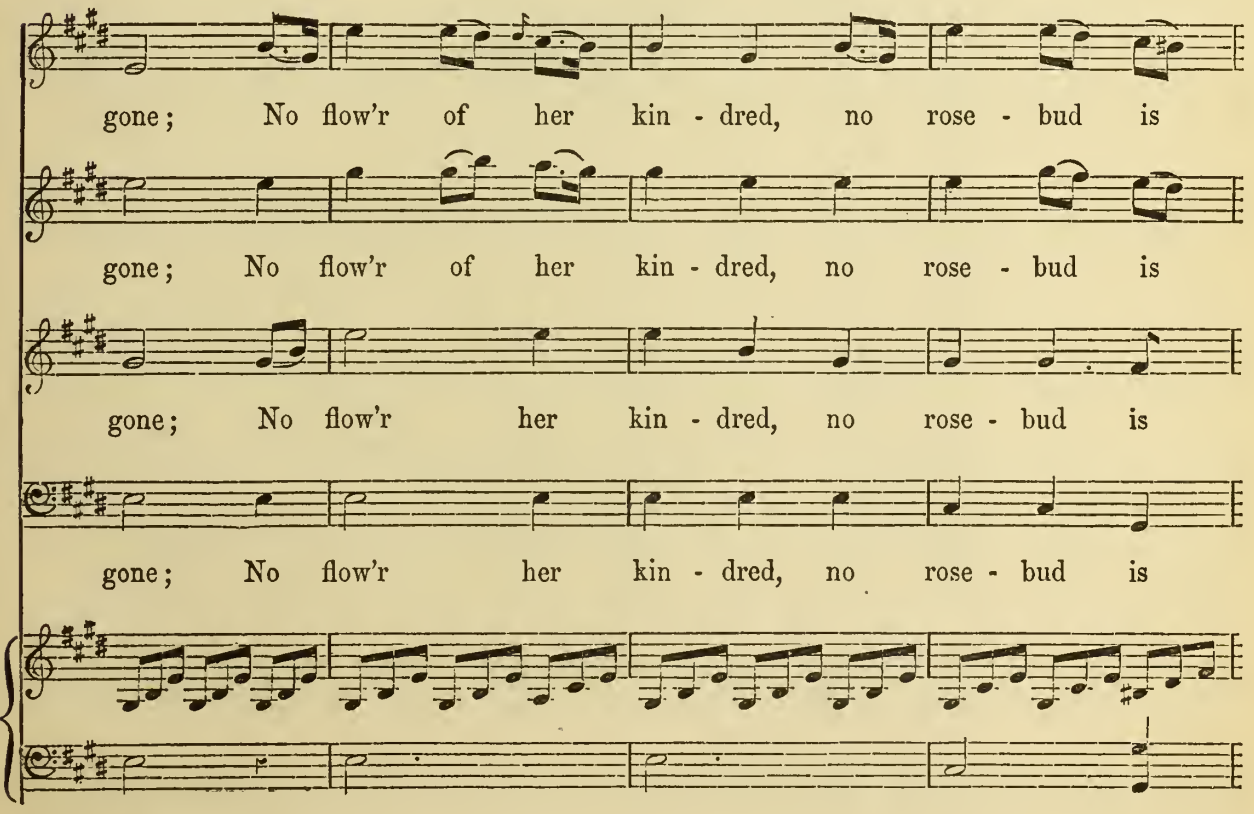

THIRD VERSE.
So soon may I fol-low, When friend - - ships de cay, And from
Love's shin - - ing cir - cle The gems . . . . drop a - way! When
true . . . . hearts lie wi - ther'd, And fond . . ones are flown, . . Oh!

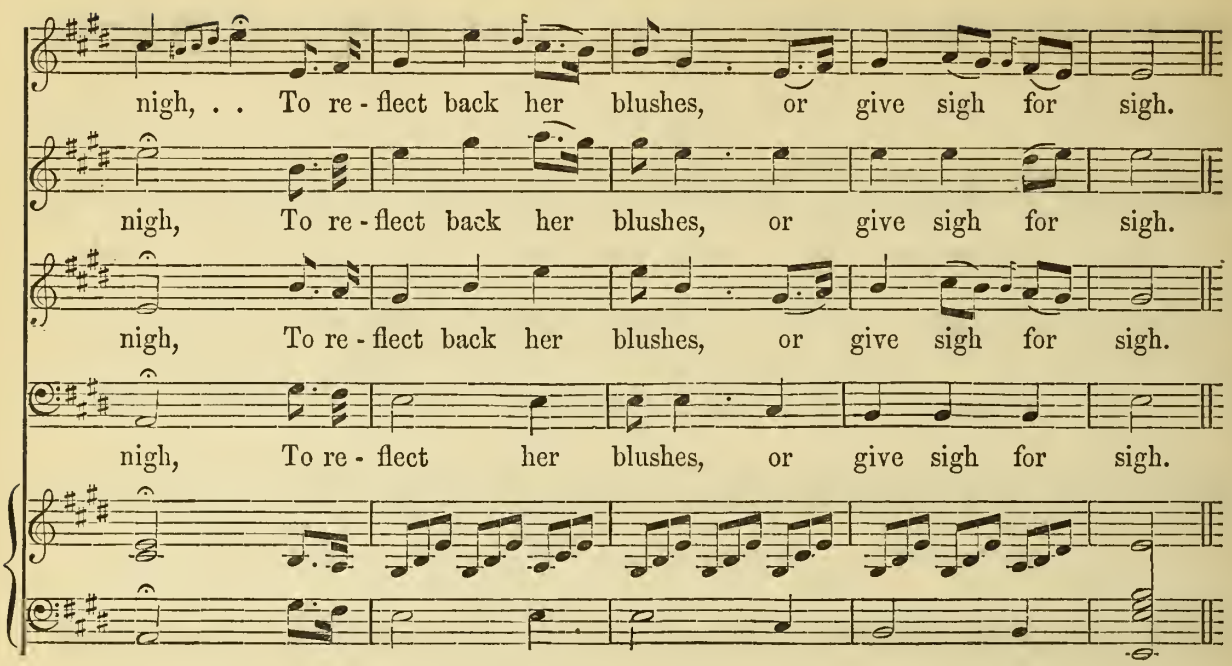


HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES.



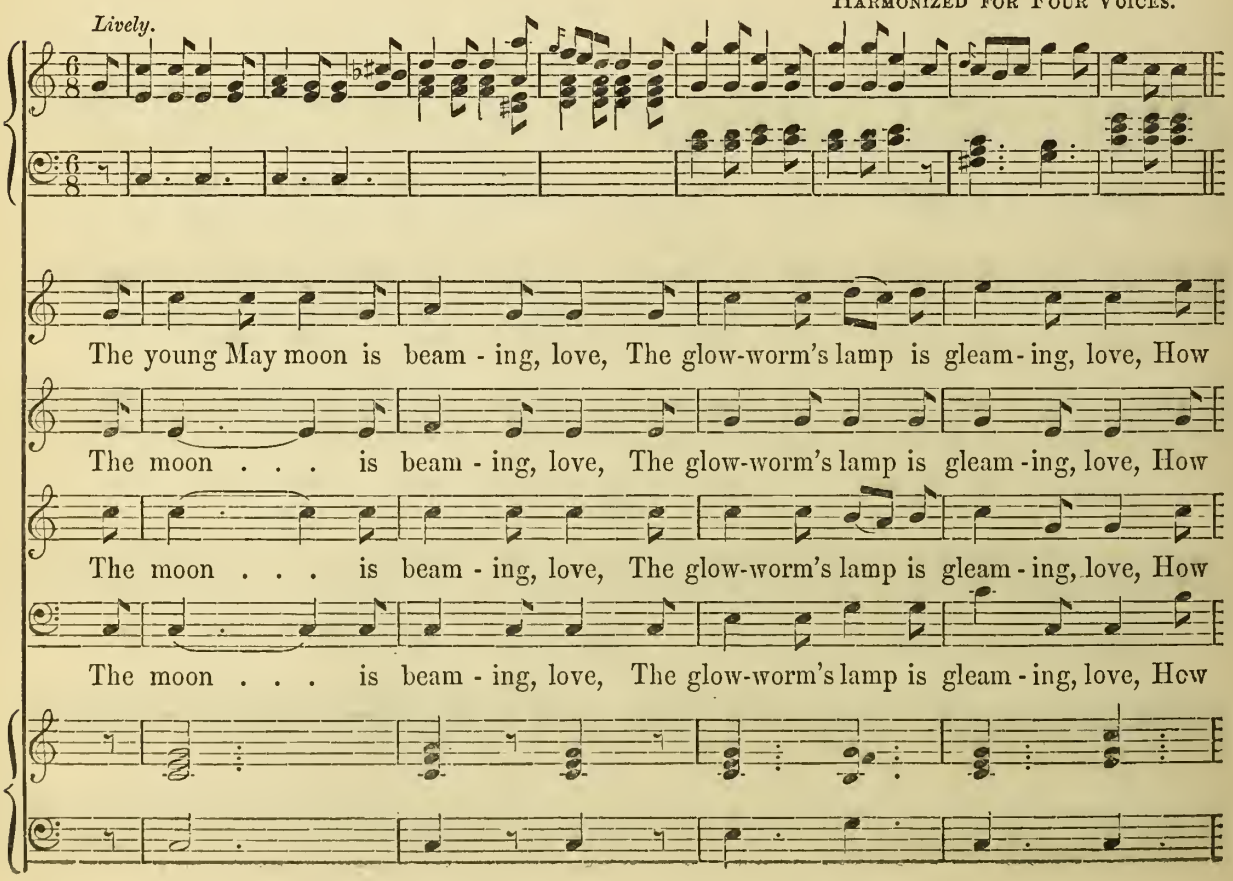

lone, All her love - ly com - pan - ions are fa - - ded and
lone, All her love - ly com - pan - ions are fa - - ded and
lone, All her love - ly com - pan - ions are fa - - ded and
lone, All her love - - ly com - pan - ions are fa - - ded and

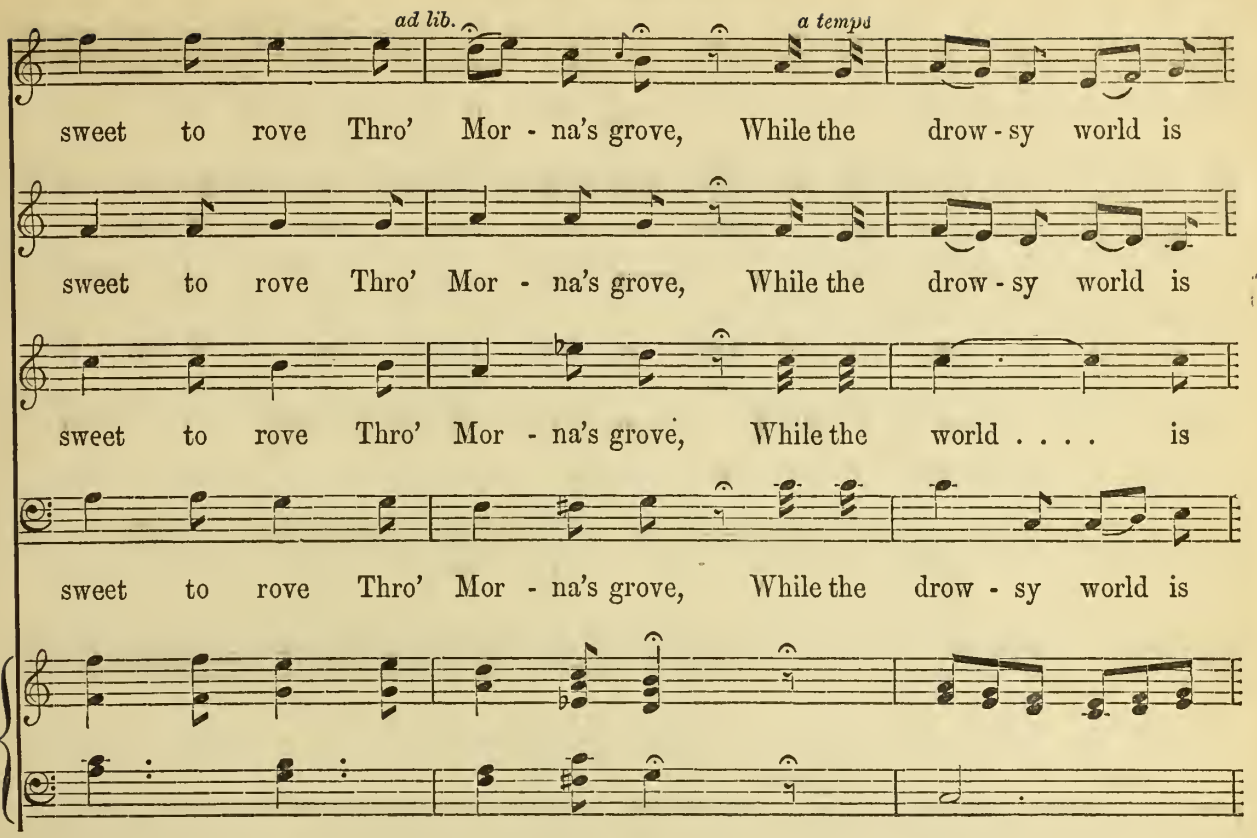

gone; No flow'r of her kin - dred, no rose - bud is
gone; No flow'r of her kin - dred, no rose - bud is
gone; No flow'r her kin - dred, no rose - bud is
gone; No flow'r her kin - dred, no rose - bud is

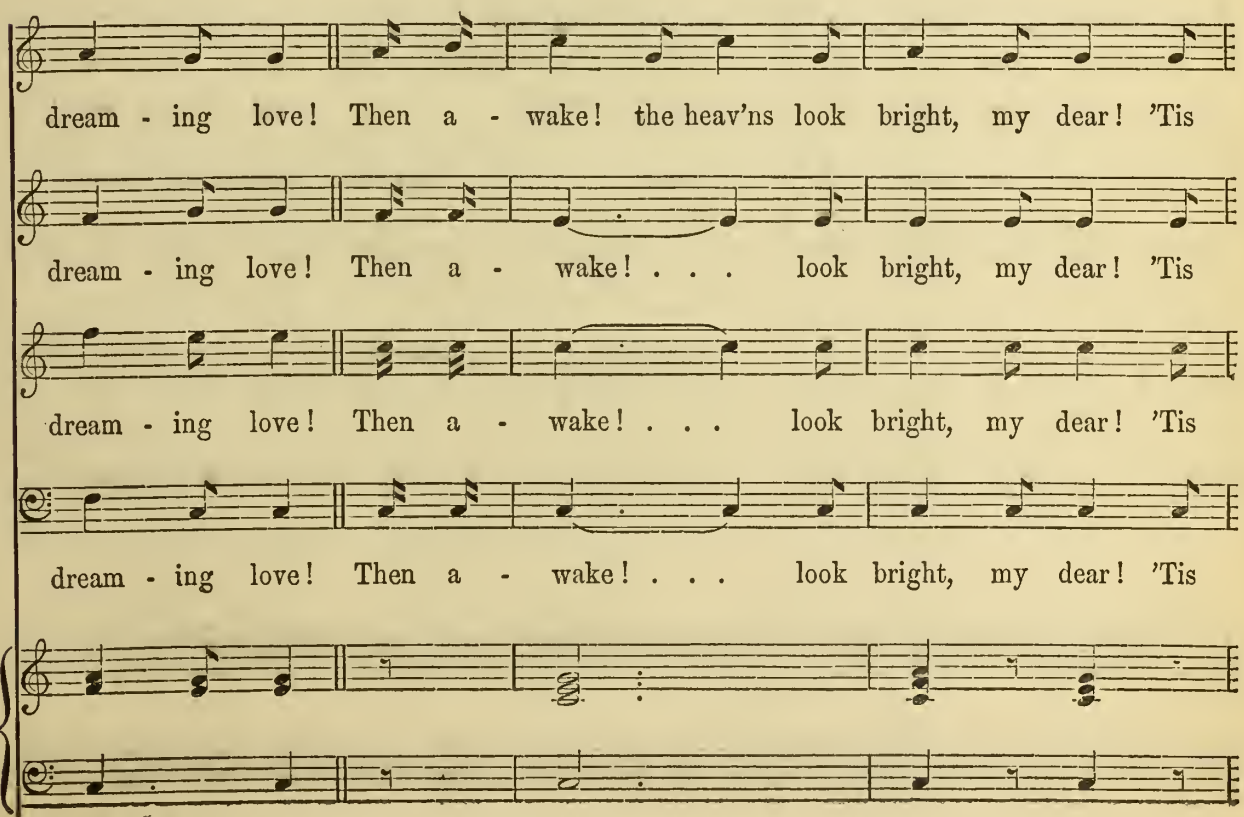


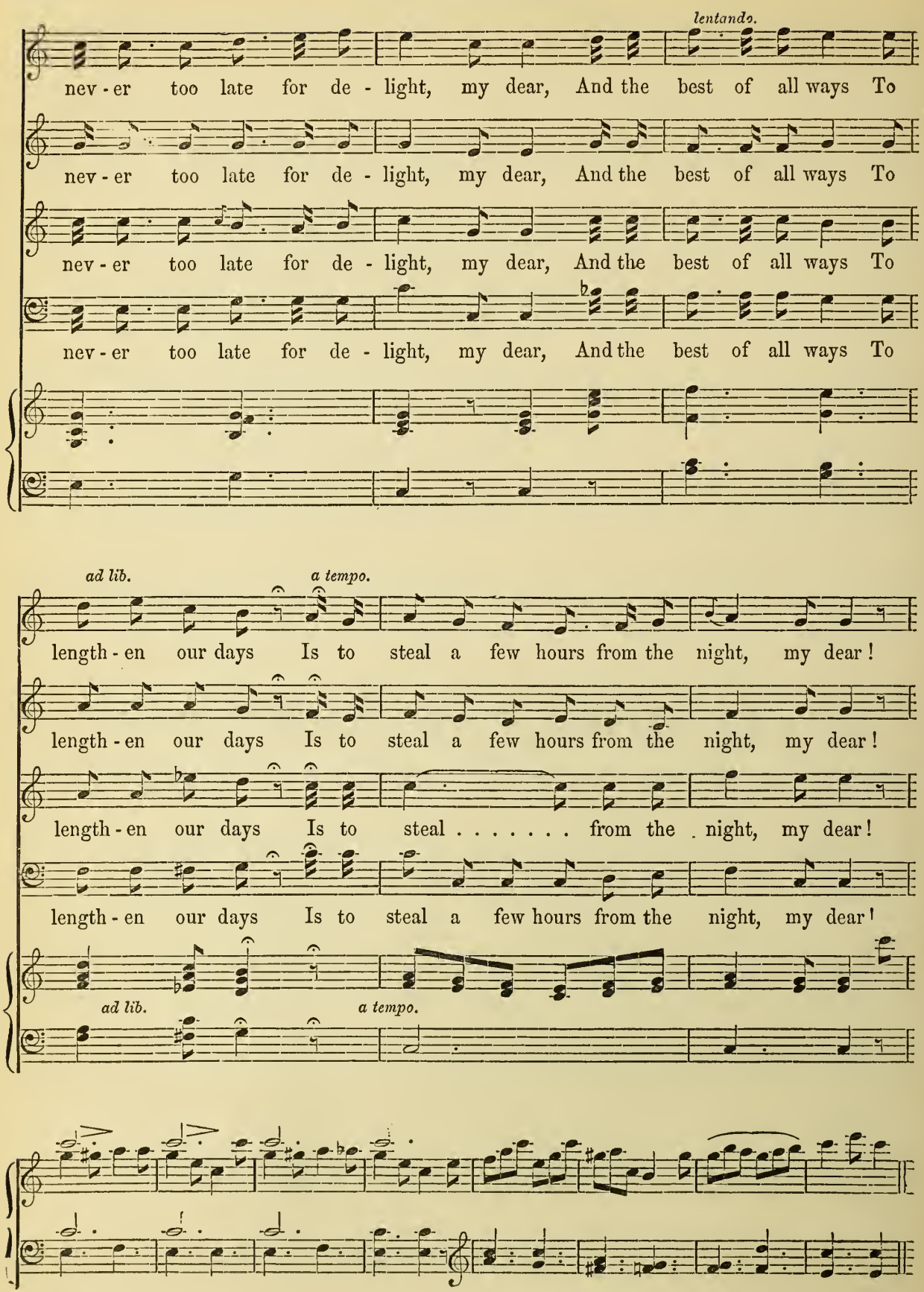
THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

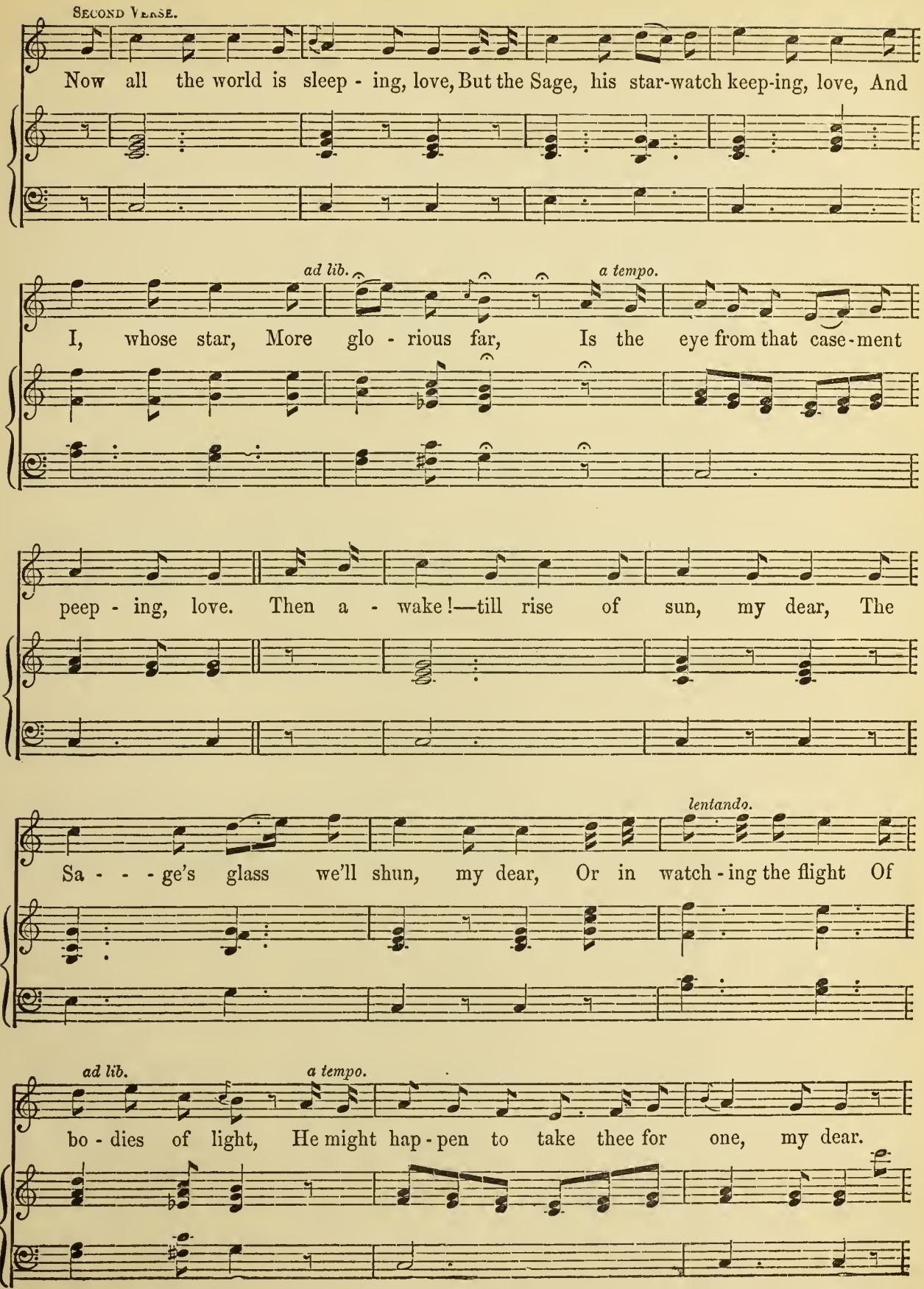
HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES.

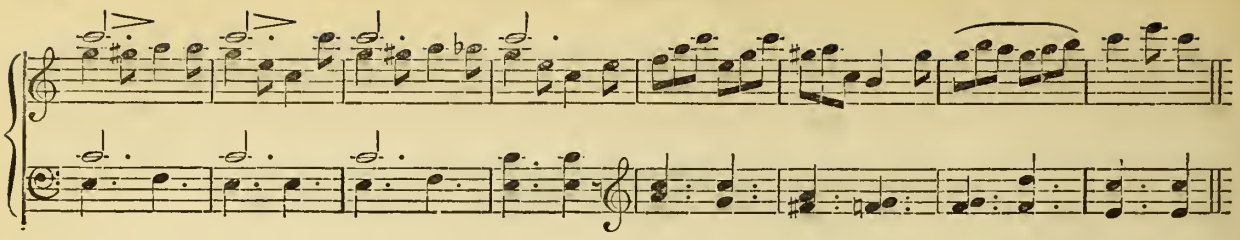



ad lib.
a tempo
sweet to rove Thro' Mor - na's grove, While the drow - sy world is
sweet to rove Thro' Mor - na's grove, While the drow - sy world is
sweet to rove Thro' Mor - na's grove, While the world . . . . is
sweet to rove Thro' Mor - na's grove, While the drow - sy world is


dream - ing love! Then a - wake! the heav'ns look bright, my dear! 'Tis
dream - ing love! Then a - wake! . . . look bright, my dear! 'Tis
dream - ing love! Then a - wake! . . . look bright, my dear! 'Tis
dream - ing love! Then a - wake! . . . look bright, my dear! 'Tis


lentando.
nev - er too late for de - light, my dear, And the best of all ways To
nev - er too late for de - light, my dear, And the best of all ways To
nev - er too late for de - light, my dear, And the best of all ways To
nev - er too late for de - light, my dear, And the best of all ways To
ad lib.
a tempo.
length - en our days Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!
length - en our days Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!
length - en our days Is to steal . . . . . from the night, my dear!
length - en our days Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!
ad lib.
a tempo.

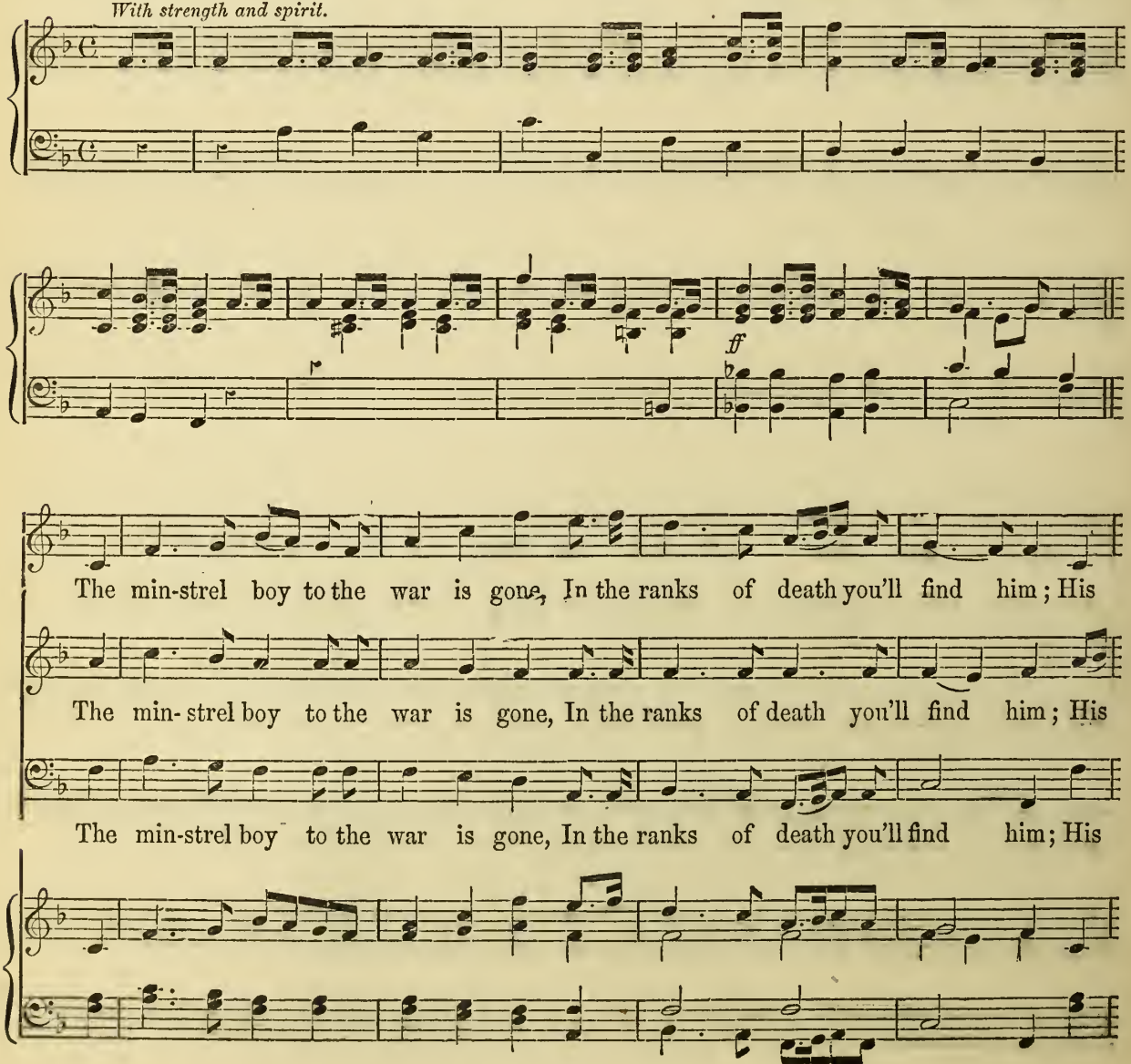

SECOND VERSE.
Now all the world is sleep - ing, love, But the Sage, his star-watch keep-ing, love, And
ad lib.
a tempo.
I, whose star, More glo - rious far, Is the eye from that case-ment
peep - ing, love. Then a - wake!—till rise of sun, my dear, The
lentando.
Sa - - - ge's glass we'll shun, my dear, Or in watch - ing the flight Of
ad lib.
a tempo.
bo - dies of light, He might hap - pen to take thee for one, my dear.

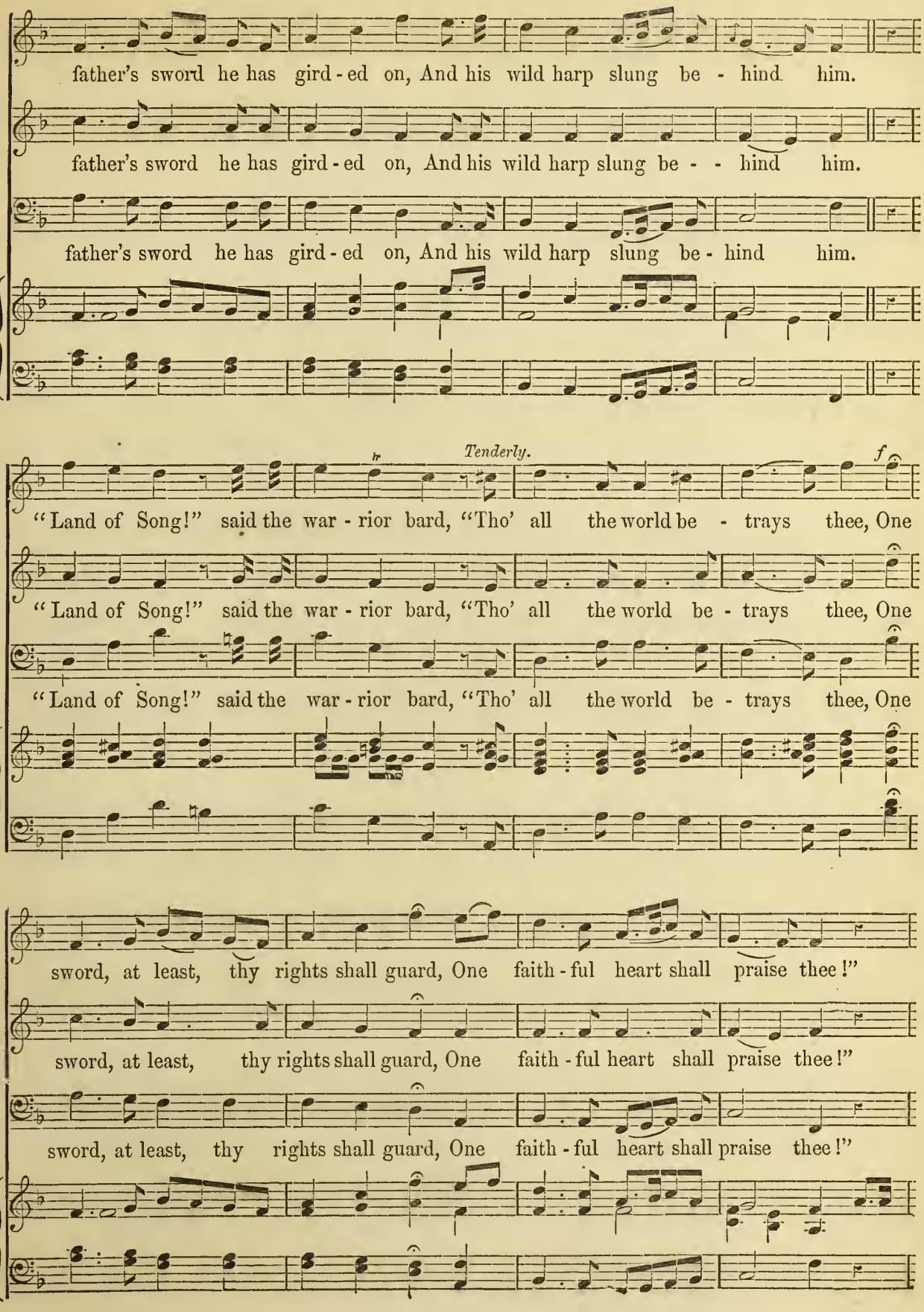


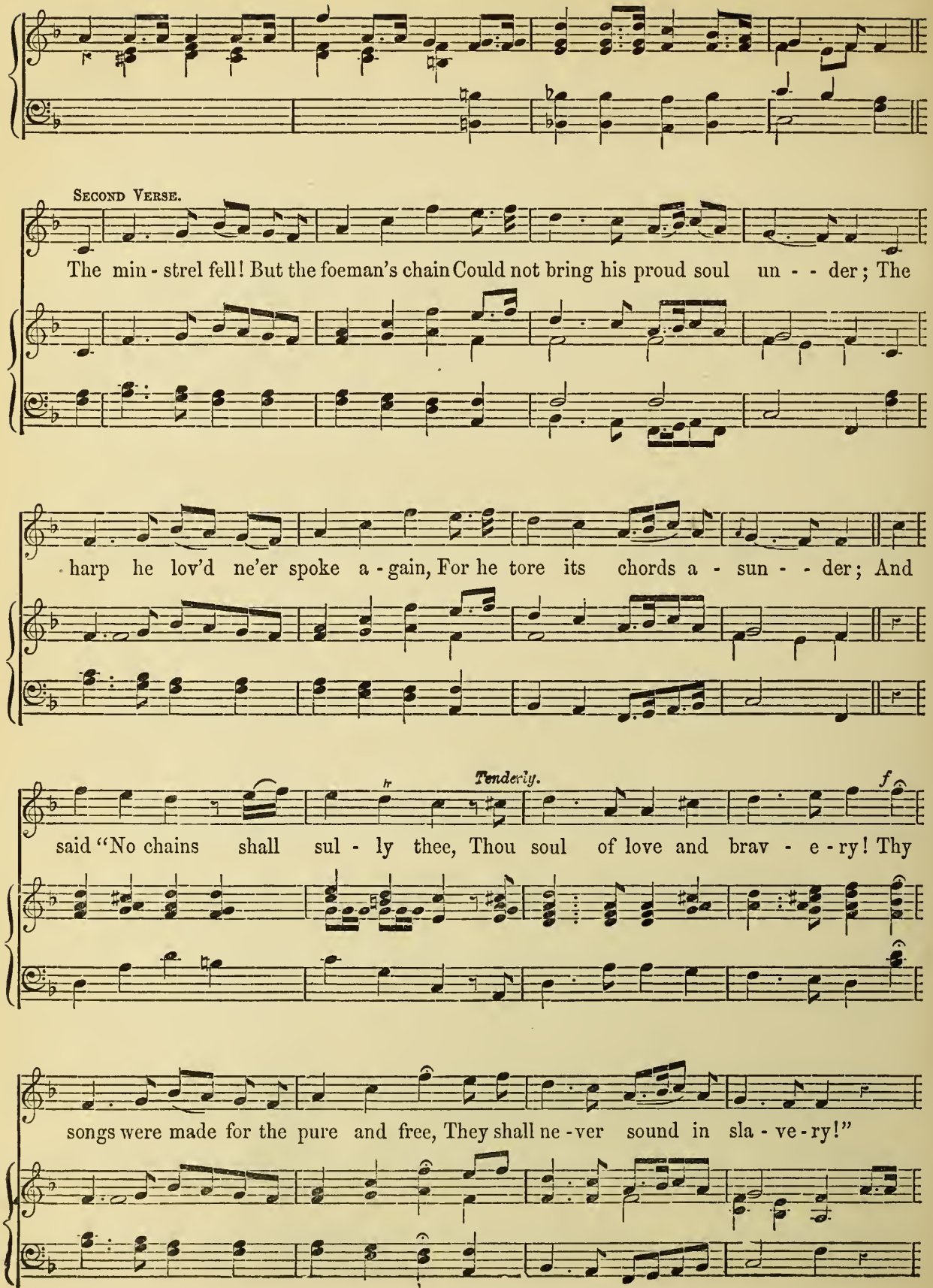
THE MINSTREL BOY.

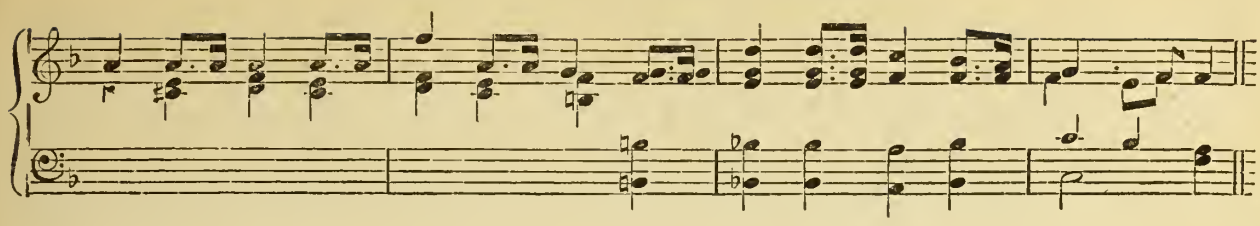
(AIR—THE MOREEN.) HARMONIZED FOR THREE VOICES.

With strength and spirit.




father's sword he has gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be - hind him.
father's sword he has gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be - - hind him.
father's sword he has gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be - hind him.
Tenderly.
f
"Land of Song!" said the war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays thee, One
"Land of Song!" said the war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays thee, One
"Land of Song!" said the war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays thee, One
sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful heart shall praise thee!"
sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful heart shall praise thee!"
sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful heart shall praise thee!"


SECOND VERSE.
The min - strel fell! But the foeman's chain Could not bring his proud soul un - - der; The
harp he lov'd ne'er spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords a - sun - - der; And
Tenderly.
f
said "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav - e - ry! Thy
songs were made for the pure and free, They shall ne - ver sound in sla - ve - ry!"

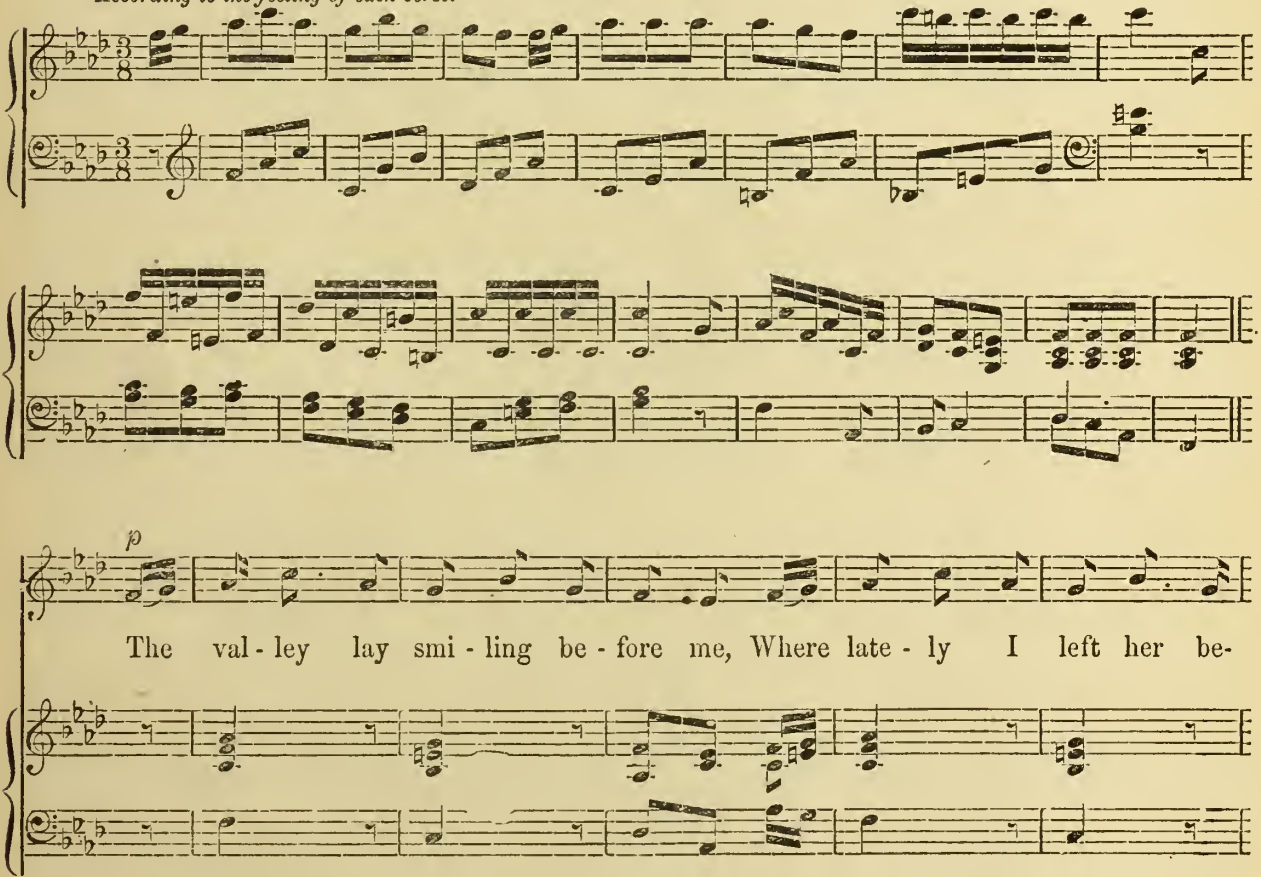


THE VALLEY LAY SMILING BEFORE ME.

THE SONG OF O'RUARK, PRINCE OF BREFFNI.*

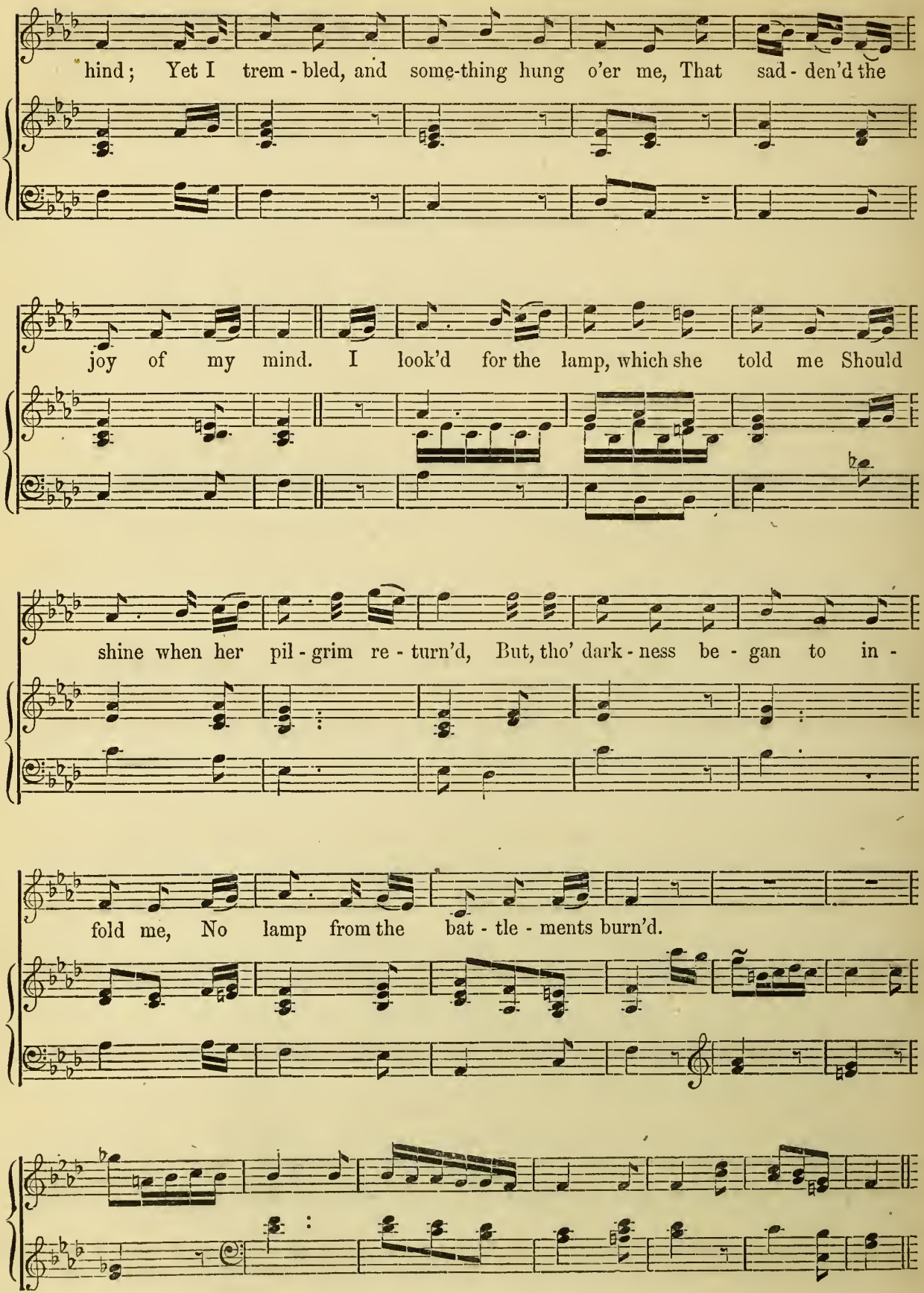
(AIR—THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW.)

According to the feeling of each verse.



* These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland; if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances as related by O'Halloran:—"The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the King of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet could it not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days), and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns."—The monarch Roderic espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

"Such," adds Giraldus Cambrensis (as I find him in an old translation), "is the variable and fickle nature of woman, by whom all mischiefs in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antoninus, and by the destruction of Troy."


hind; Yet I trem - bled, and some-thing hung o'er me, That sad - den'd the
joy of my mind. I look'd for the lamp, which she told me Should
shine when her pil - grim re - turn'd, But, tho' dark - ness be - gan to in -
fold me, No lamp from the bat - tle - ments burn'd.

SECOND VERSE.

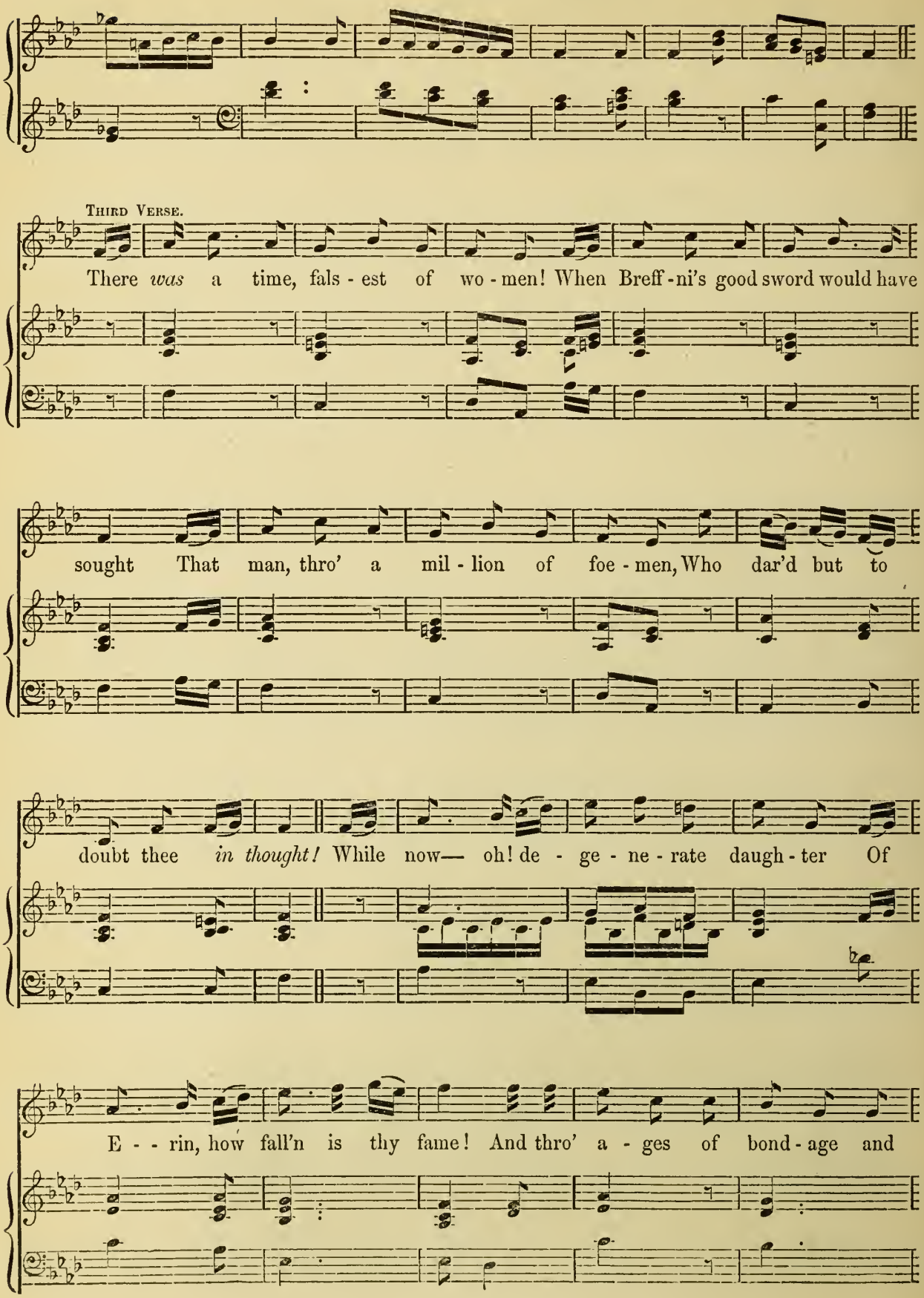
I flew to her cham-ber—'twas lone-ly As if the lov'd te-nant lay

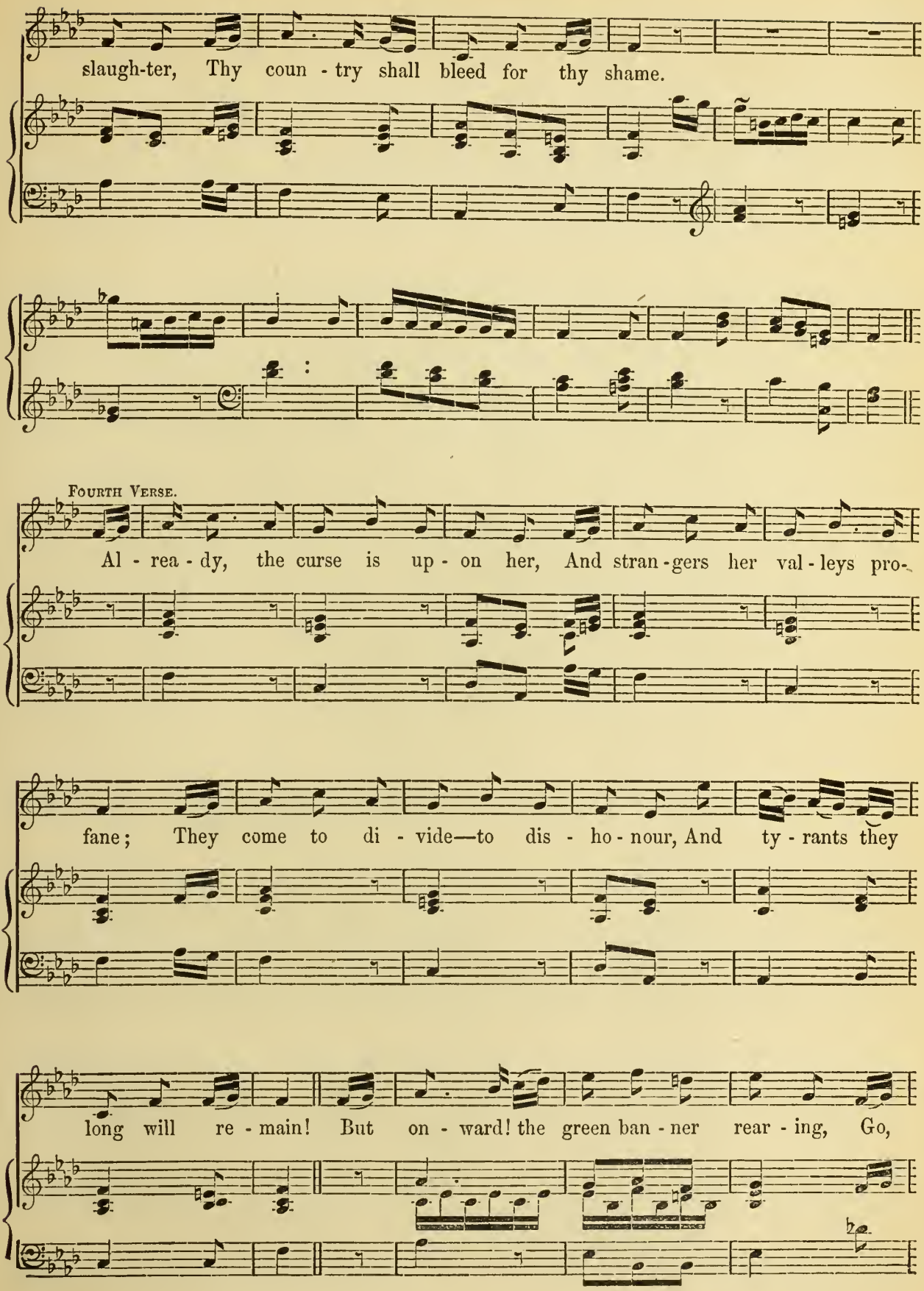
dead! Ah, would it were death, and death on-ly! But no—the young

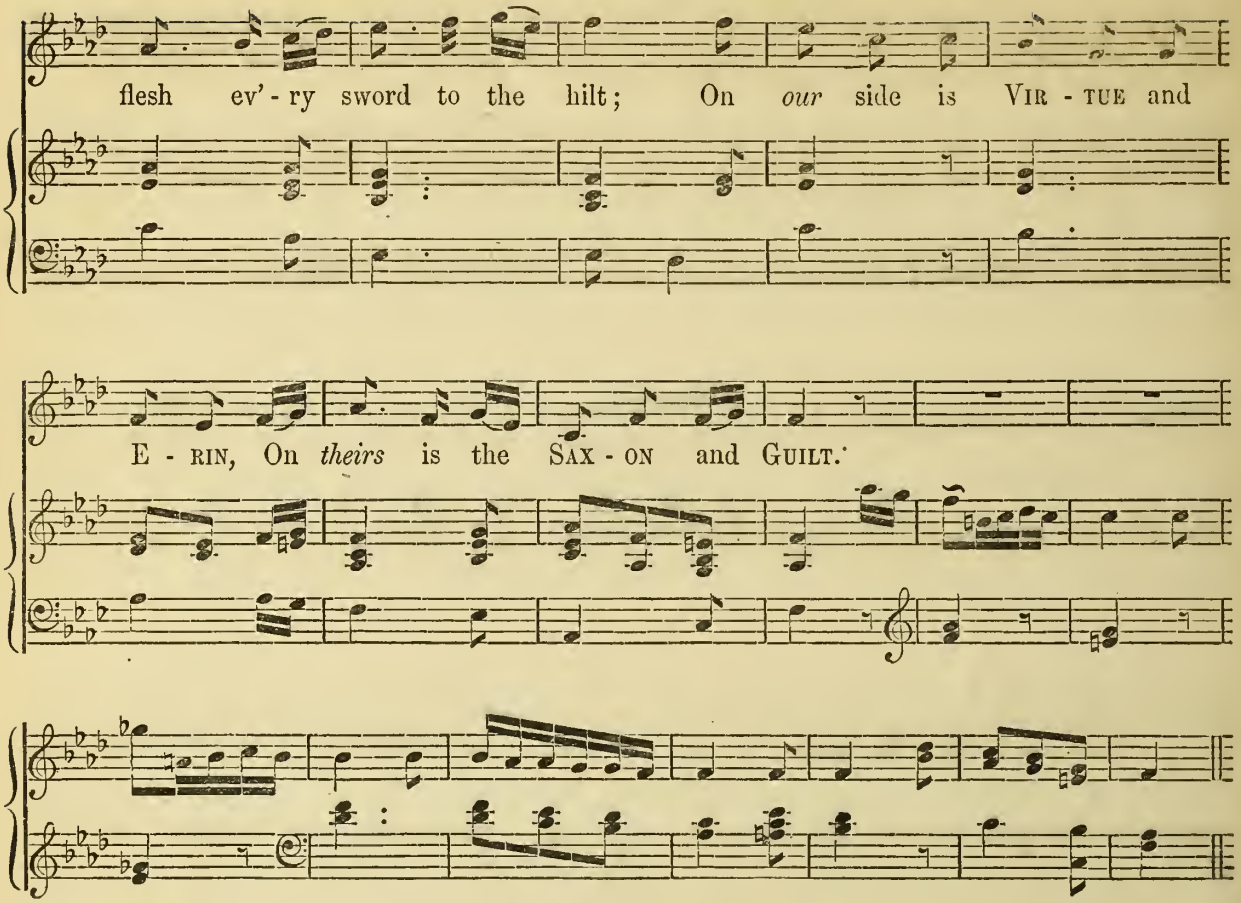
false one had fled. And there hung the lute, that could soft-en My

ve-ry worst pains in-to bliss, While the hand, that had wak'd it so

oft-en, Now throbb'd to my proud ri-val's kiss.

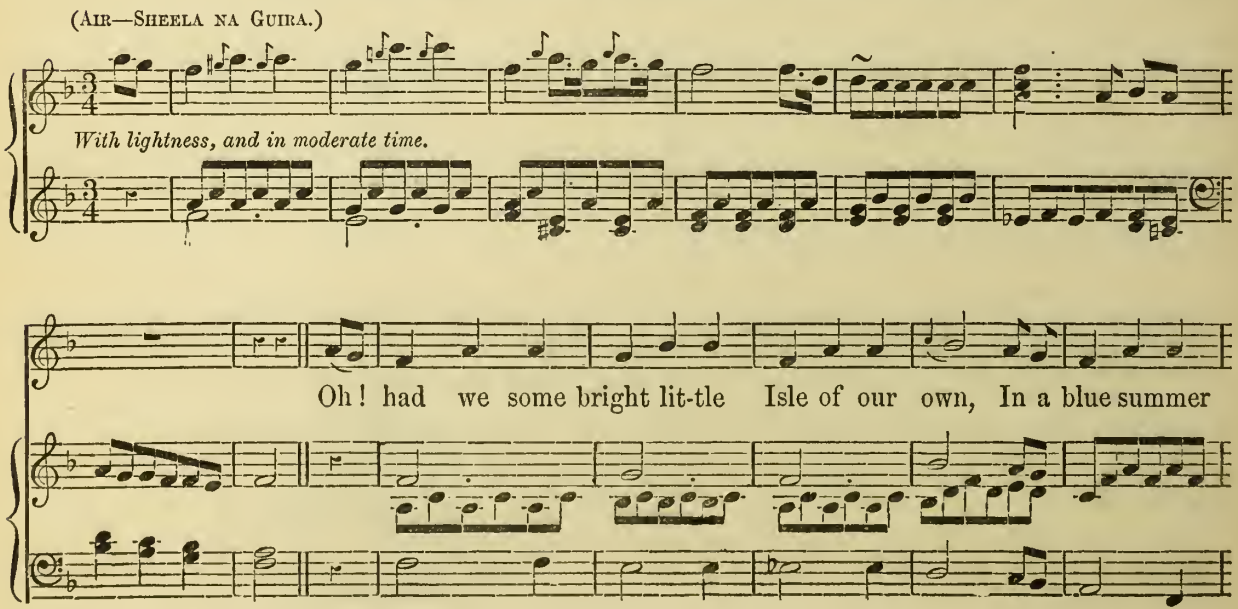

THIRD VERSE.
There *was* a time, fals - est of wo - men! When Breff - ni's good sword would have
sought That man, thro' a mil - lion of foe - men, Who dar'd but to
doubt thee *in thought!* While now— oh! de - ge - ne - rate daugh - ter Of
E - - rin, how fall'n is thy fame! And thro' a - ges of bond - age and

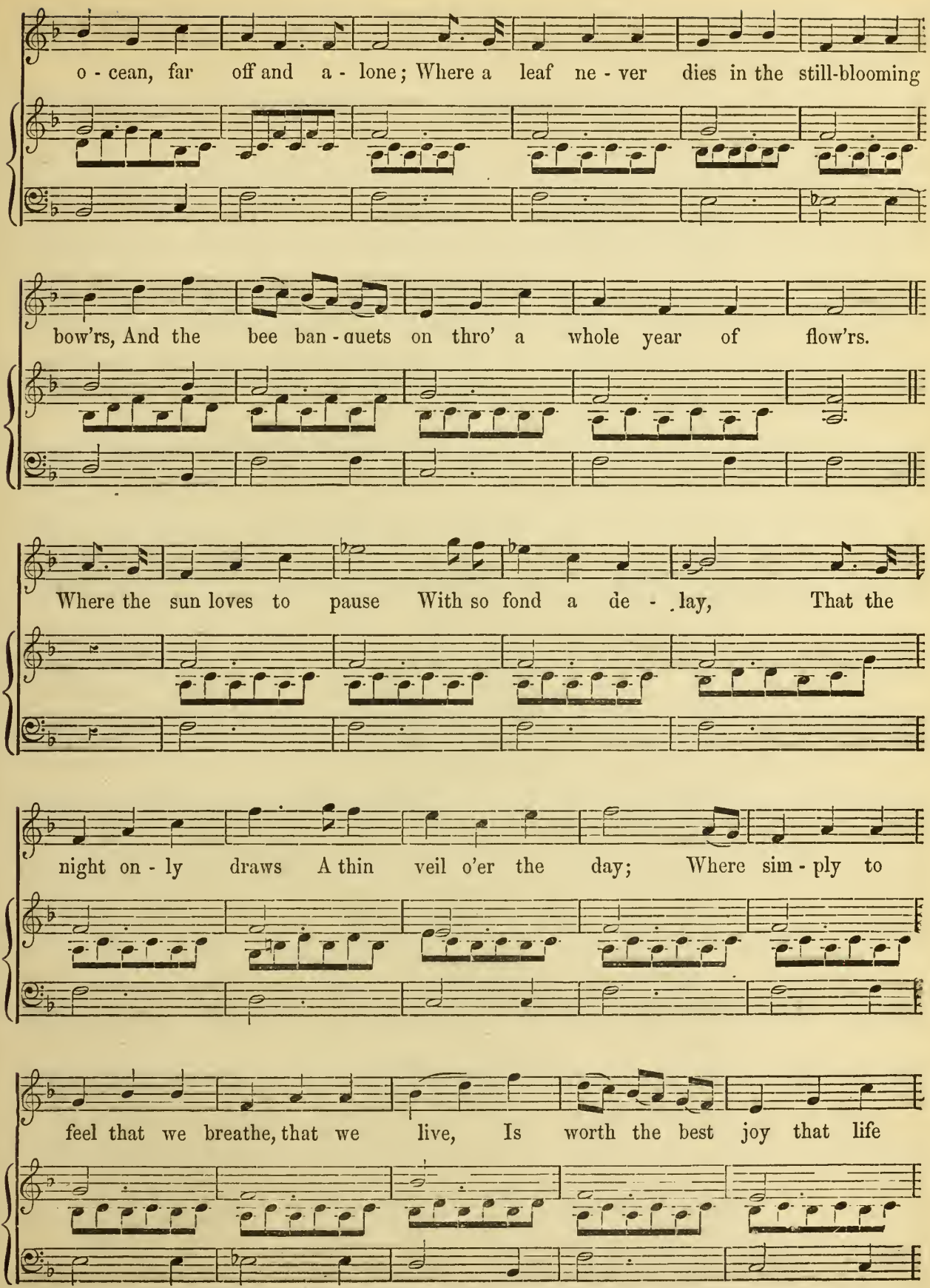

slaugh-ter, Thy coun - try shall bleed for thy shame.
FOURTH VERSE.
Al - rea - dy, the curse is up - on her, And stran - gers her val - leys pro-
fane; They come to di - vide—to dis - ho - nour, And ty - rants they
long will re - main! But on - ward! the green ban - ner rear - ing, Go,

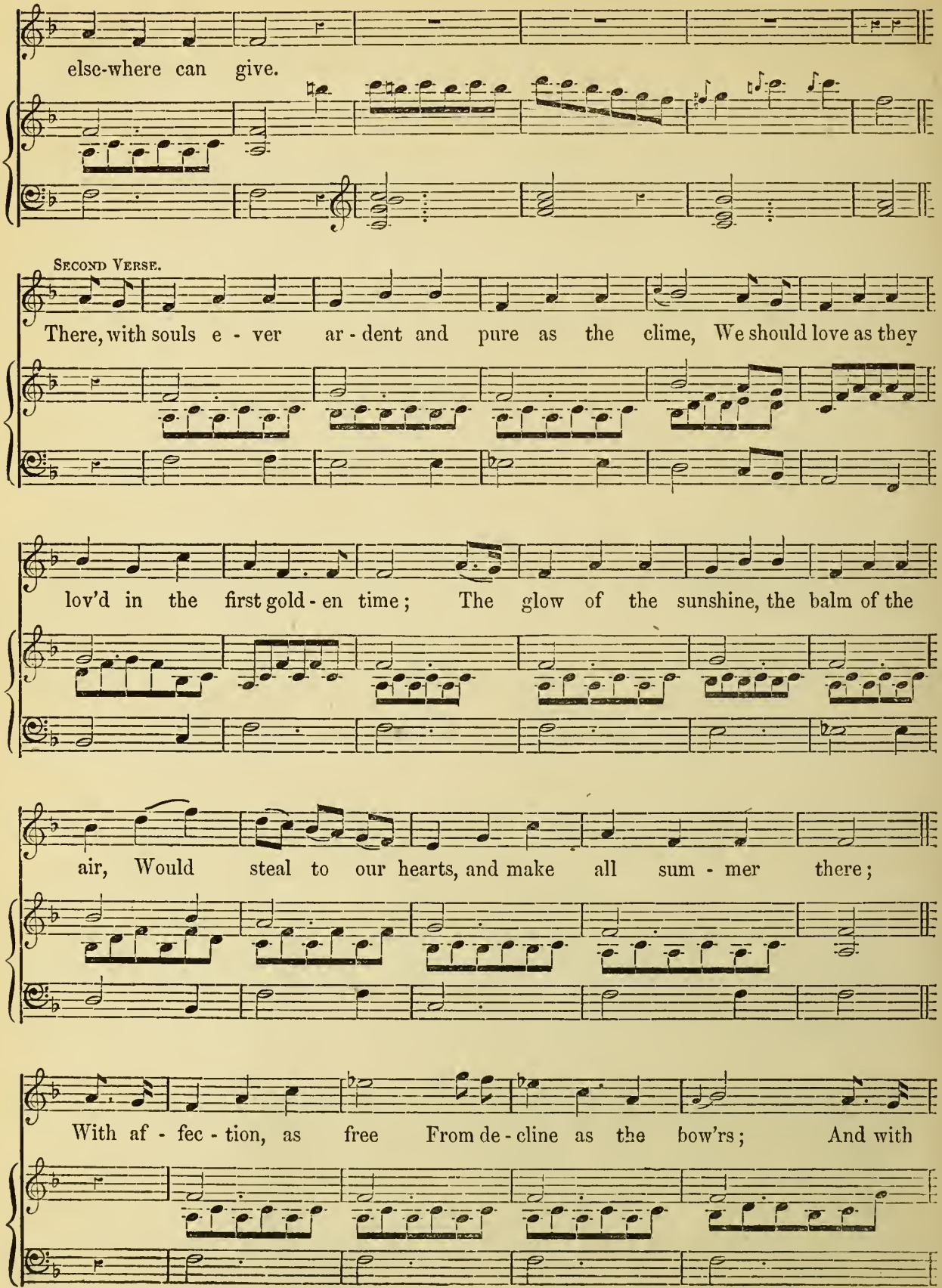


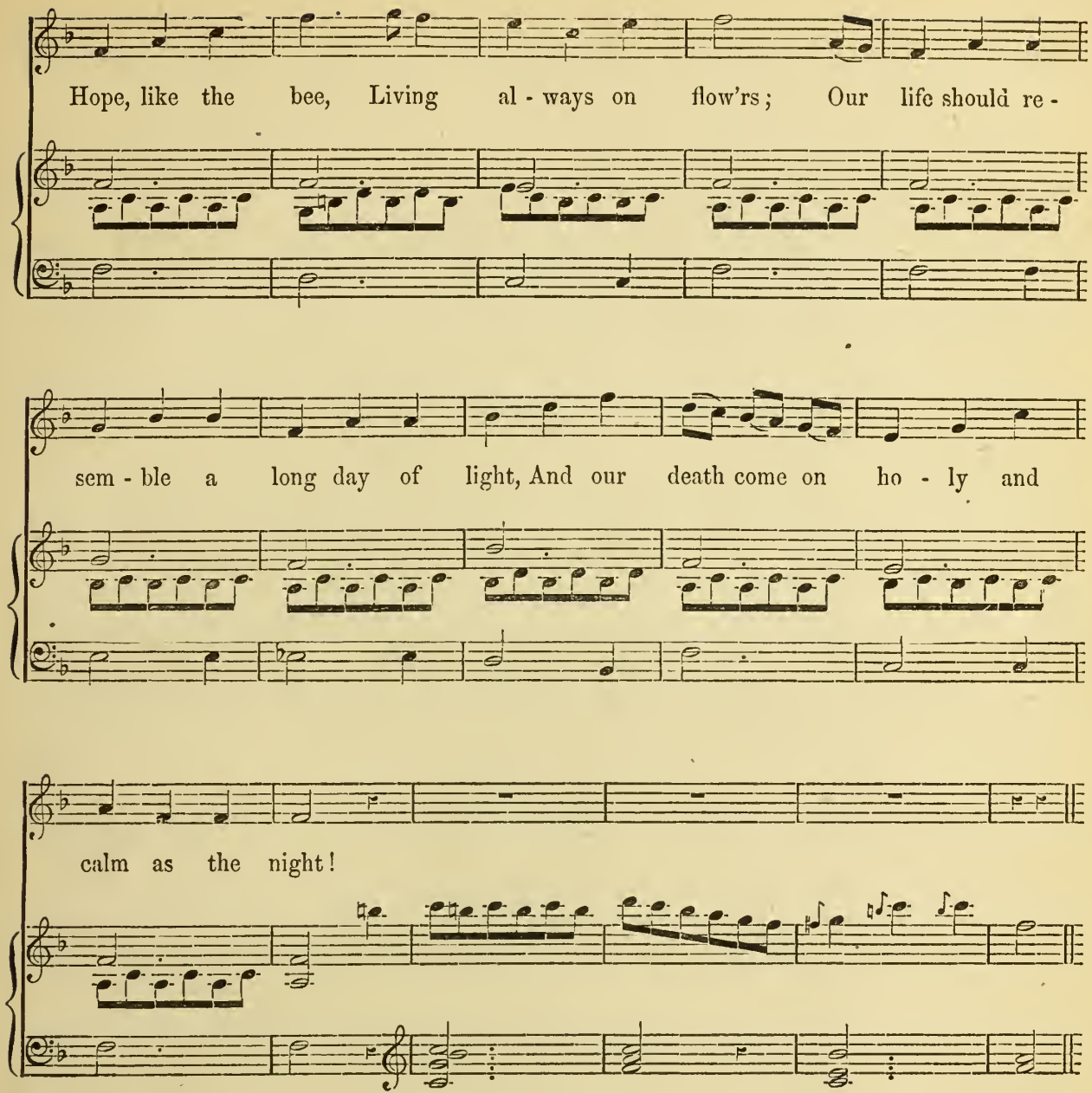
OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE.

(AIR—SHEELA NA GUIRA.)




o - cean, far off and a - lone; Where a leaf ne - ver dies in the still-blooming
bow'rs, And the bee ban - quets on thro' a whole year of flow'rs.
Where the sun loves to pause With so fond a de - lay, That the
night on - ly draws A thin veil o'er the day; Where sim - ply to
feel that we breathe, that we live, Is worth the best joy that life

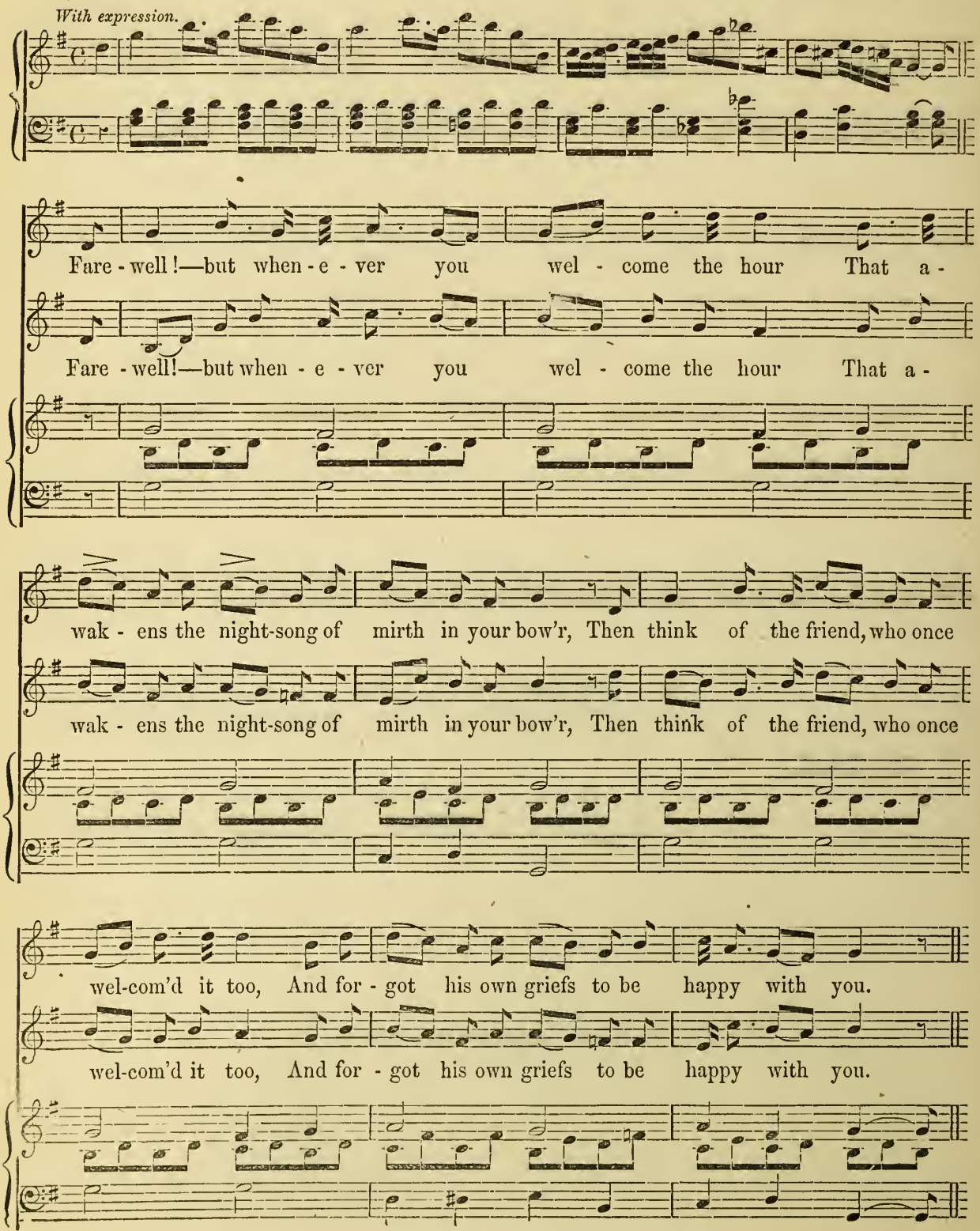

else-where can give.
SECOND VERSE.
There, with souls e - ver ar - dent and pure as the clime, We should love as they
lov'd in the first gold - en time; The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the
air, Would steal to our hearts, and make all sum - mer there;
With af - fec - tion, as free From de - cline as the bow'rs; And with

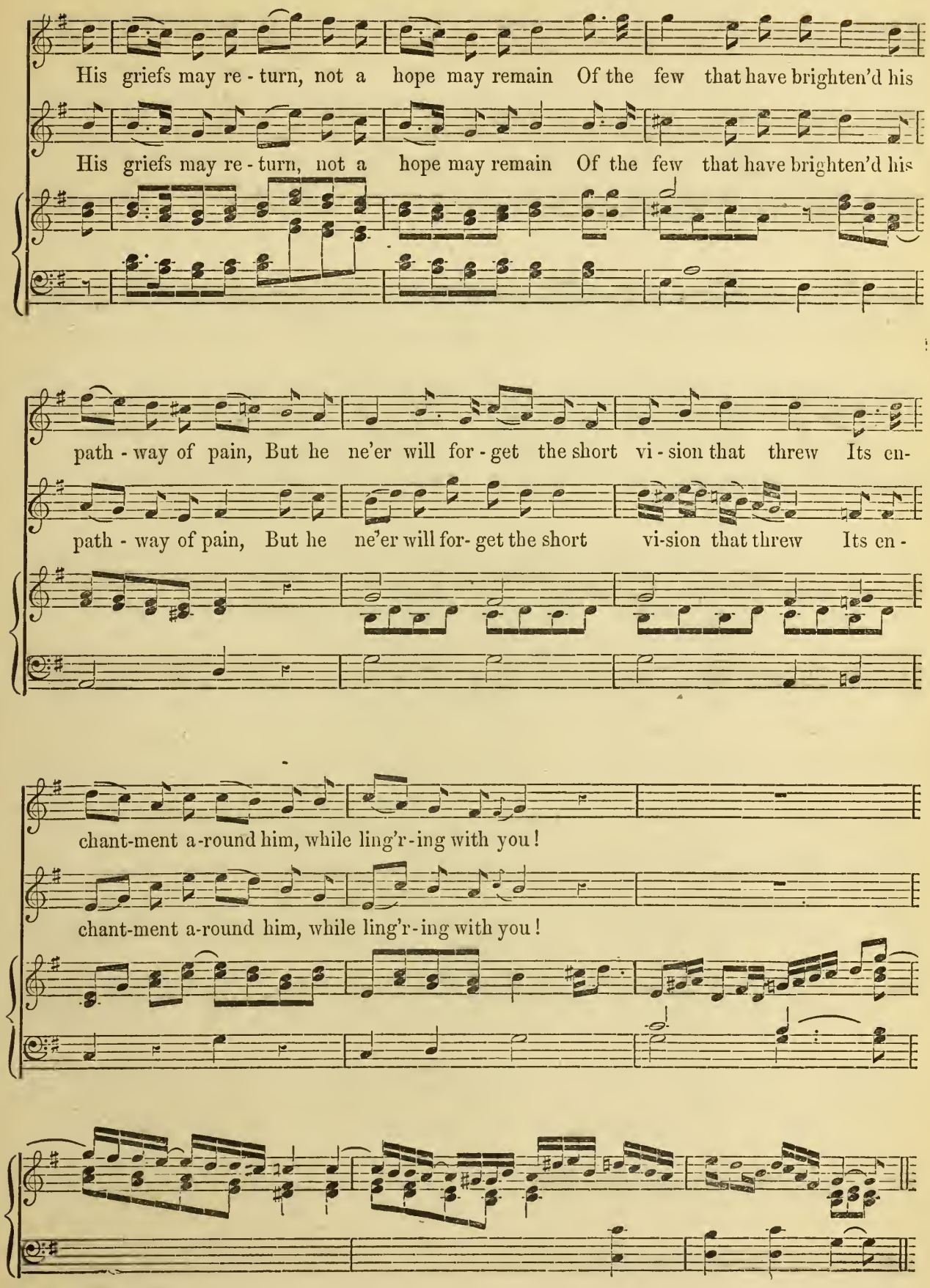

Hope, like the bee, Living al - ways on flow'rs; Our life should re -
sem - ble a long day of light, And our death come on ho - ly and
calm as the night!

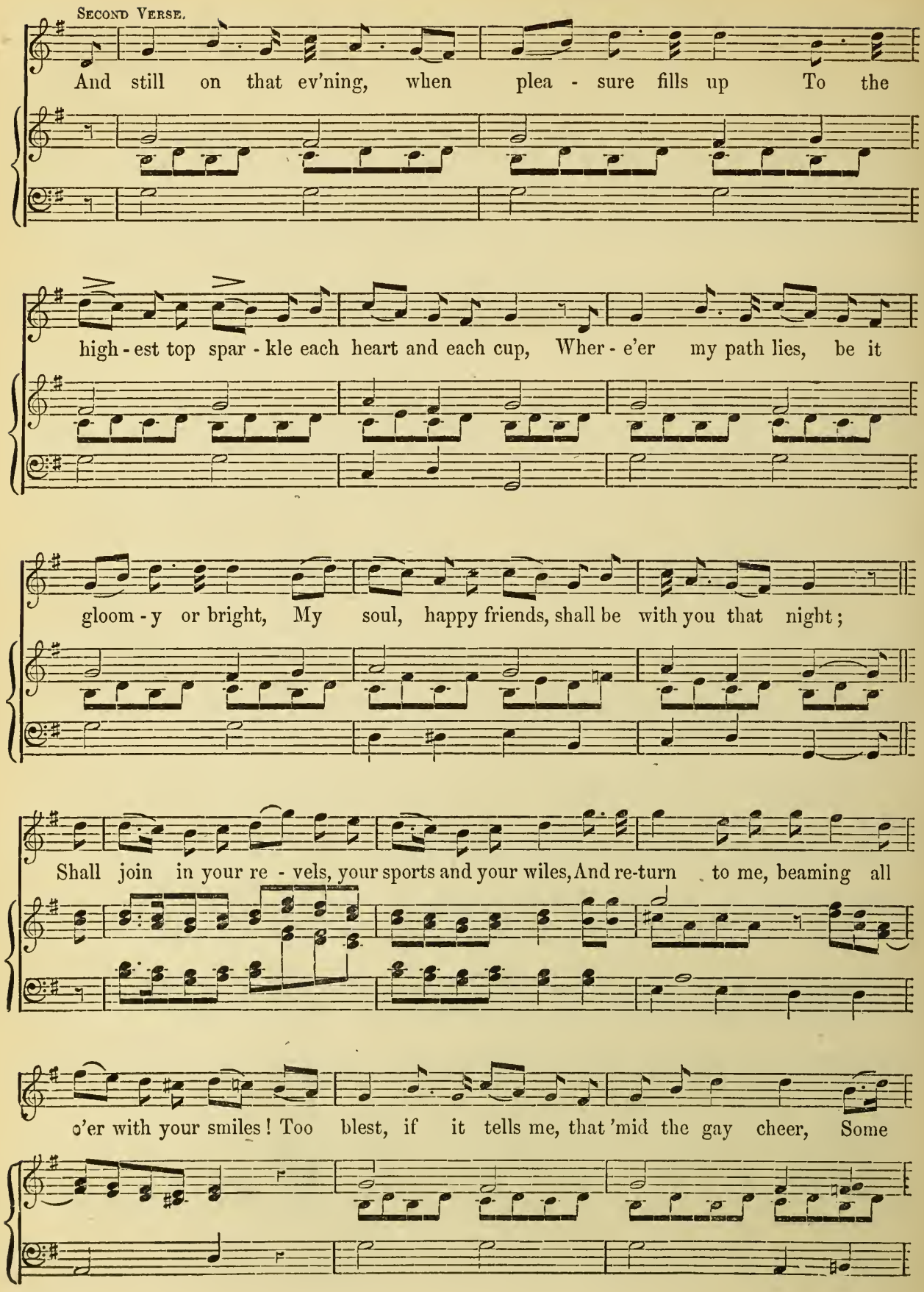
FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

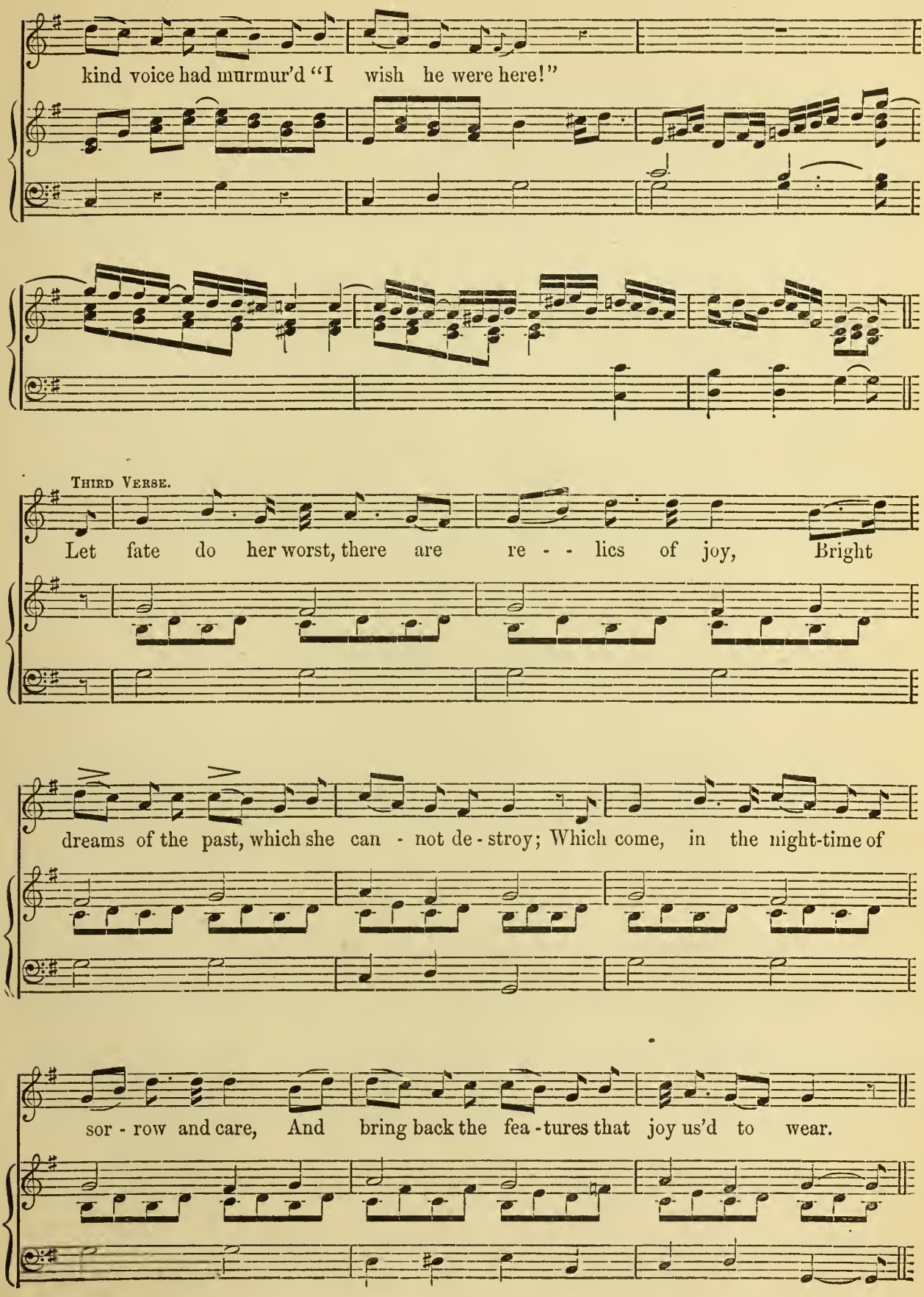
(Air—Moll Roone.) Harmonized for Two Voices.

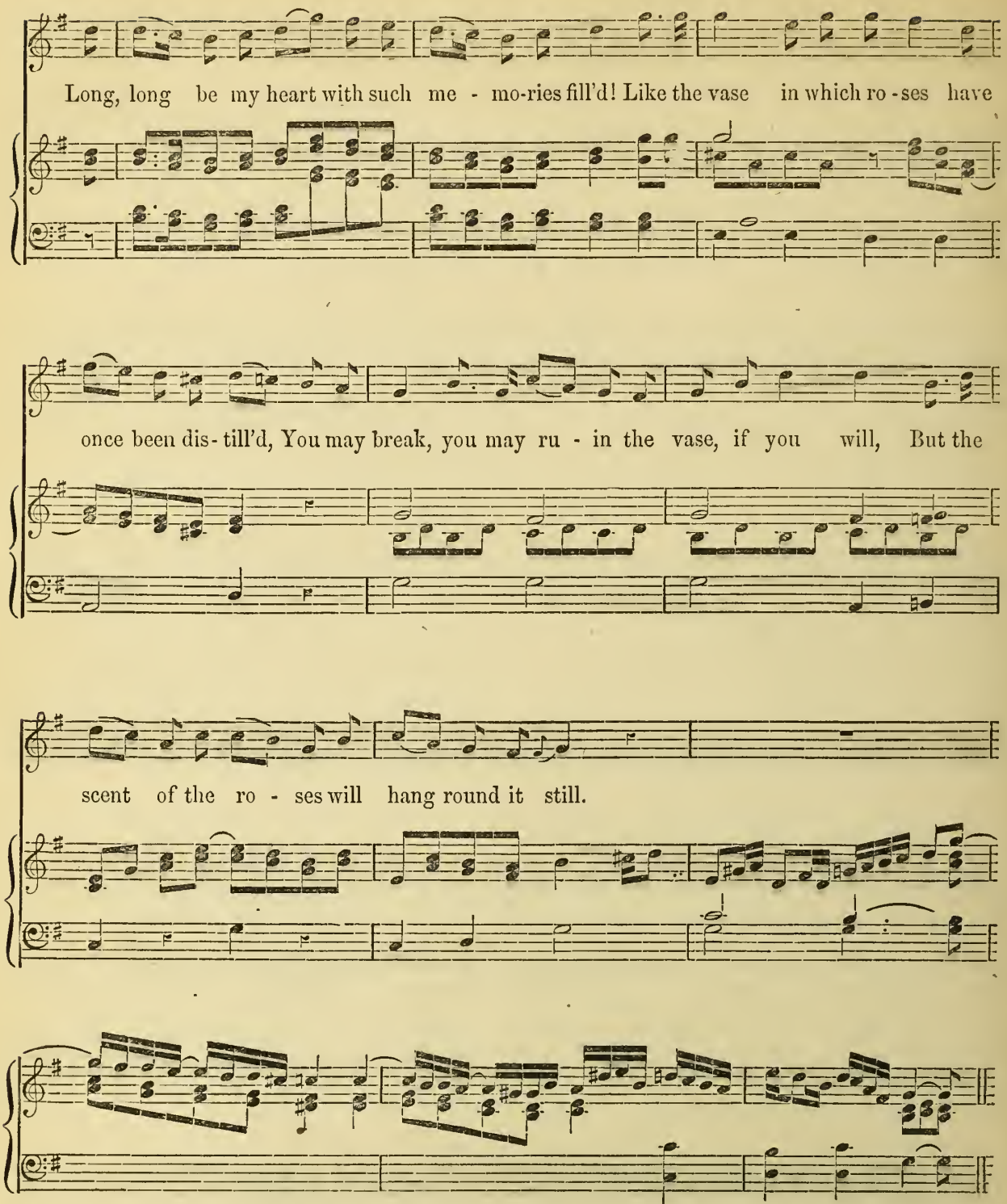
With expression.




His griefs may re - turn, not a hope may remain Of the few that have brighten'd his
His griefs may re - turn, not a hope may remain Of the few that have brighten'd his
path - way of pain, But he ne'er will for - get the short vi - sion that threw Its en-
path - way of pain, But he ne'er will for- get the short vi-sion that threw Its en -
chant-ment a-round him, while ling'r - ing with you!
chant-ment a-round him, while ling'r - ing with you!

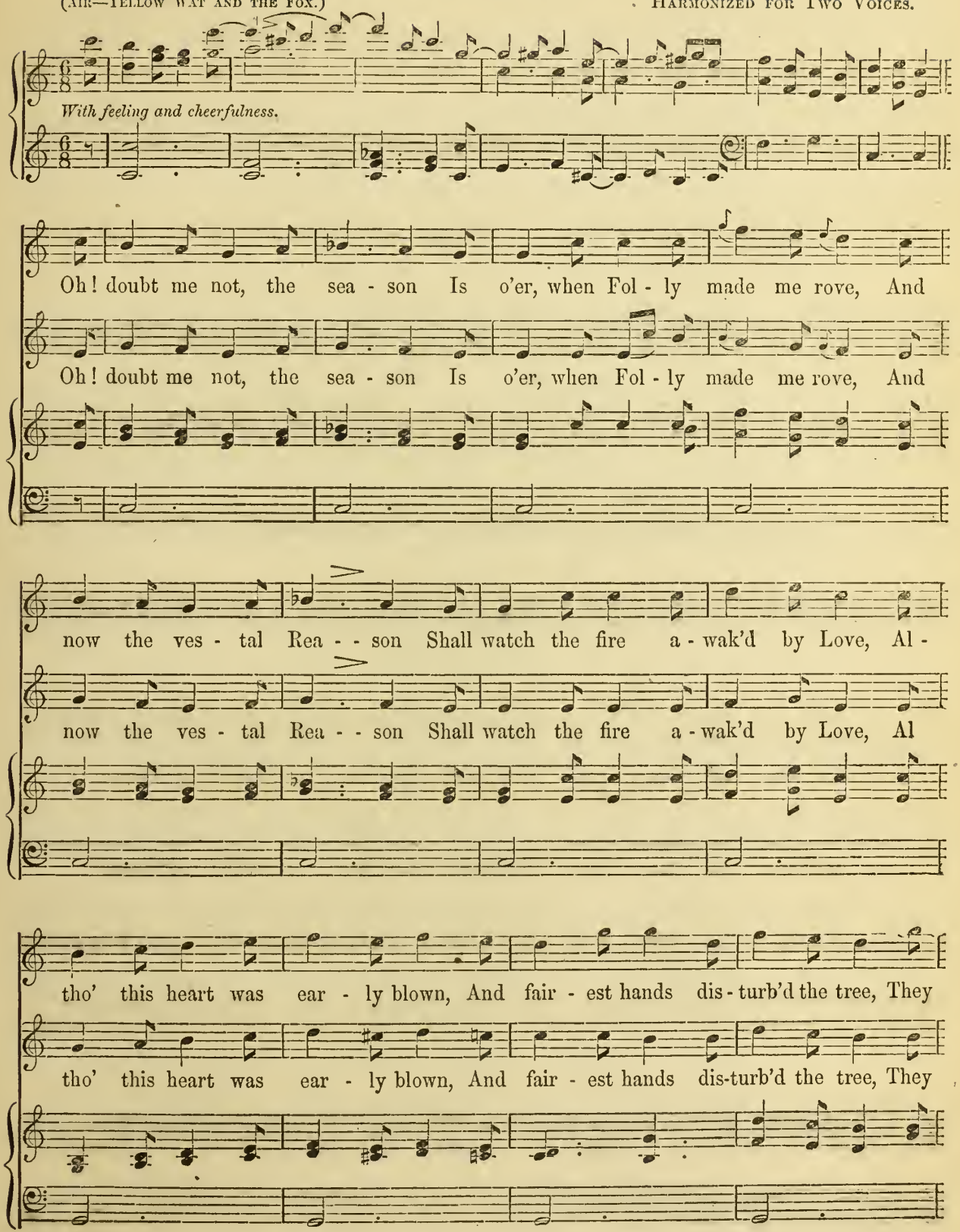

SECOND VERSE.
And still on that ev'ning, when plea - sure fills up To the
high - est top spar - kle each heart and each cup, Wher - e'er my path lies, be it
gloom - y or bright, My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your re - vels, your sports and your wiles, And re-turn to me, beaming all
o'er with your smiles! Too blest, if it tells me, that 'mid the gay cheer, Some

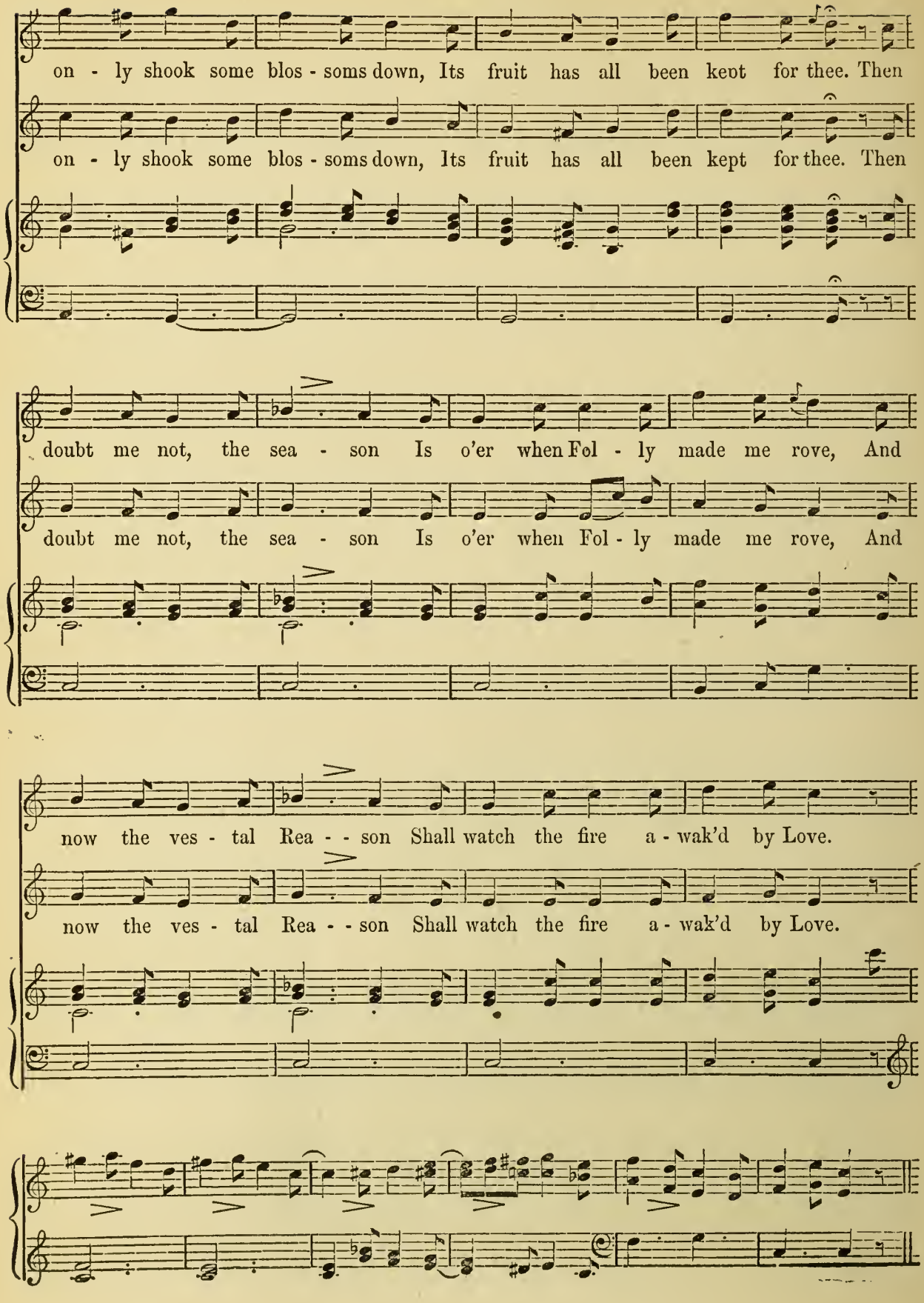

kind voice had murmur'd "I wish he were here!"
THIRD VERSE.
Let fate do her worst, there are re - - lics of joy, Bright
dreams of the past, which she can - not de - stroy; Which come, in the night-time of
sor - row and care, And bring back the fea - tures that joy us'd to wear.


Long, long be my heart with such me - mo-ries fill'd! Like the vase in which ro-ses have
once been dis-till'd, You may break, you may ru - in the vase, if you will, But the
scent of the ro - ses will hang round it still.

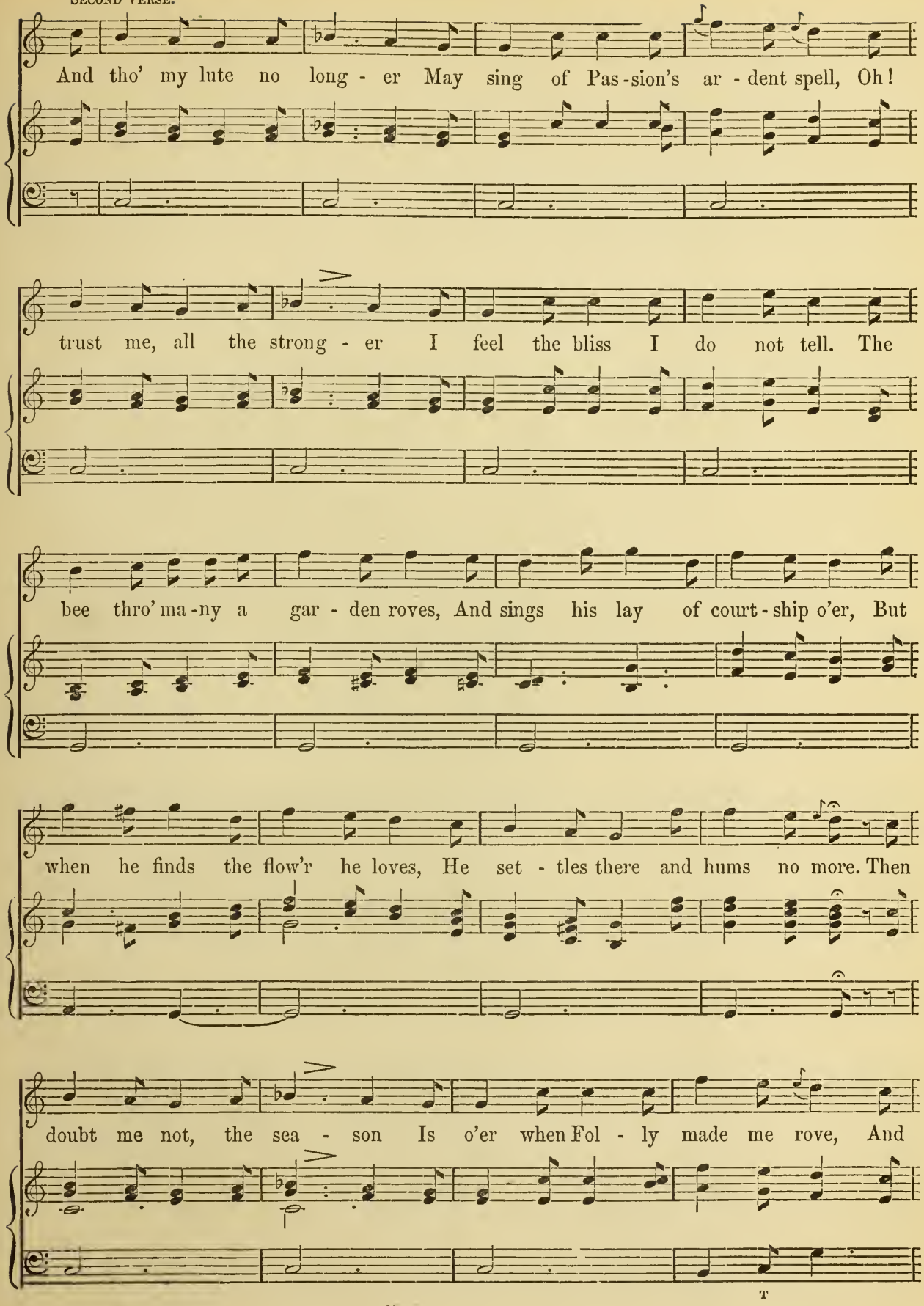
OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

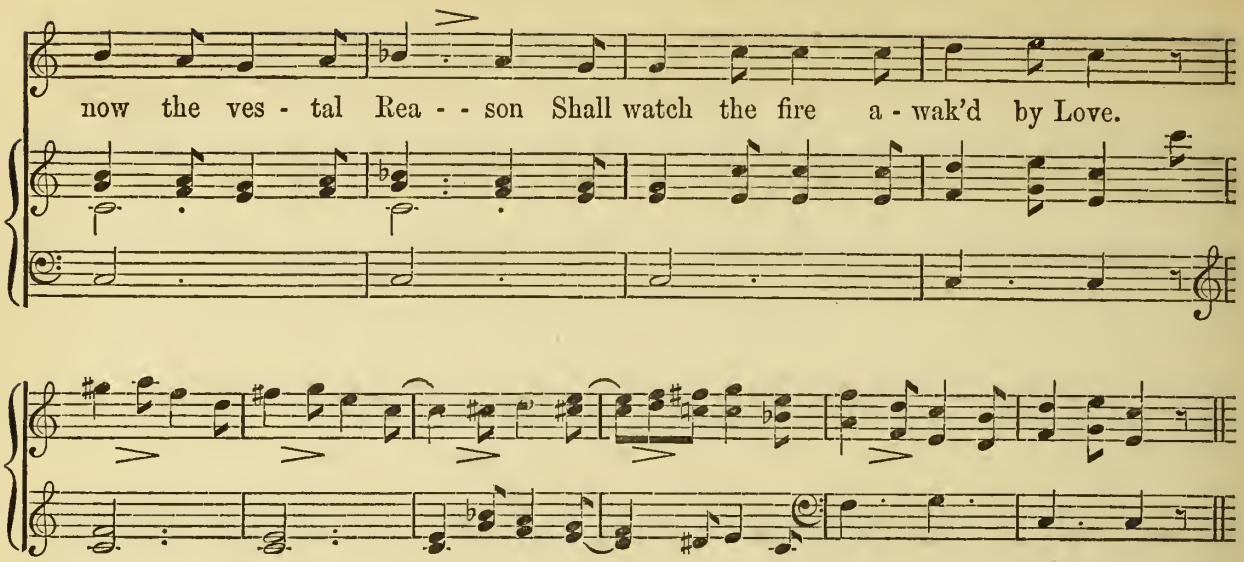
(Air—Yellow Wat and the Fox.) Harmonized for Two Voices.




on - ly shook some blos - soms down, Its fruit has all been kept for thee. Then
on - ly shook some blos - soms down, Its fruit has all been kept for thee. Then
doubt me not, the sea - son Is o'er when Fol - ly made me rove, And
doubt me not, the sea - son Is o'er when Fol - ly made me rove, And
now the ves - tal Rea - - son Shall watch the fire a - wak'd by Love.
now the ves - tal Rea - - son Shall watch the fire a - wak'd by Love.

SECOND VERSE.

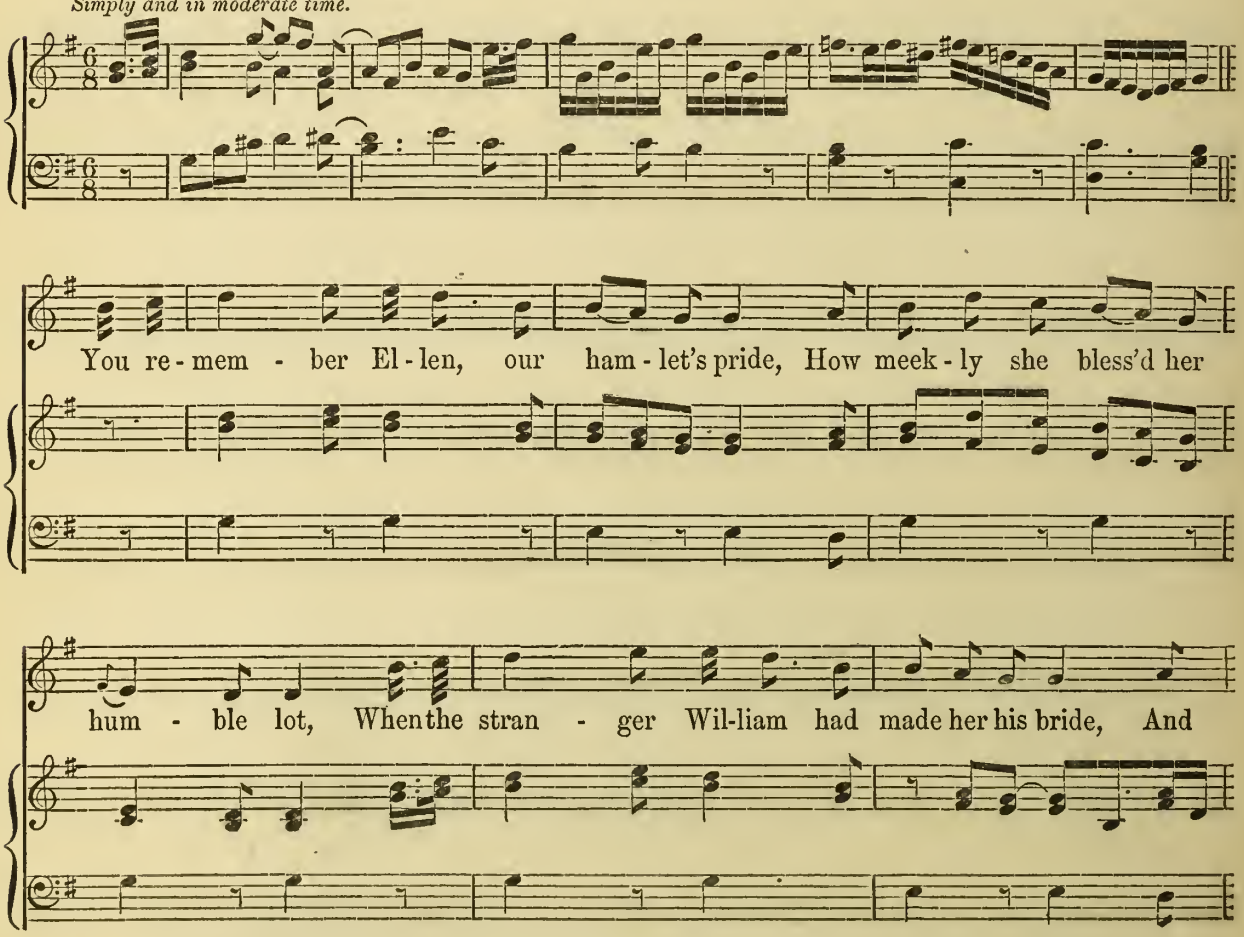




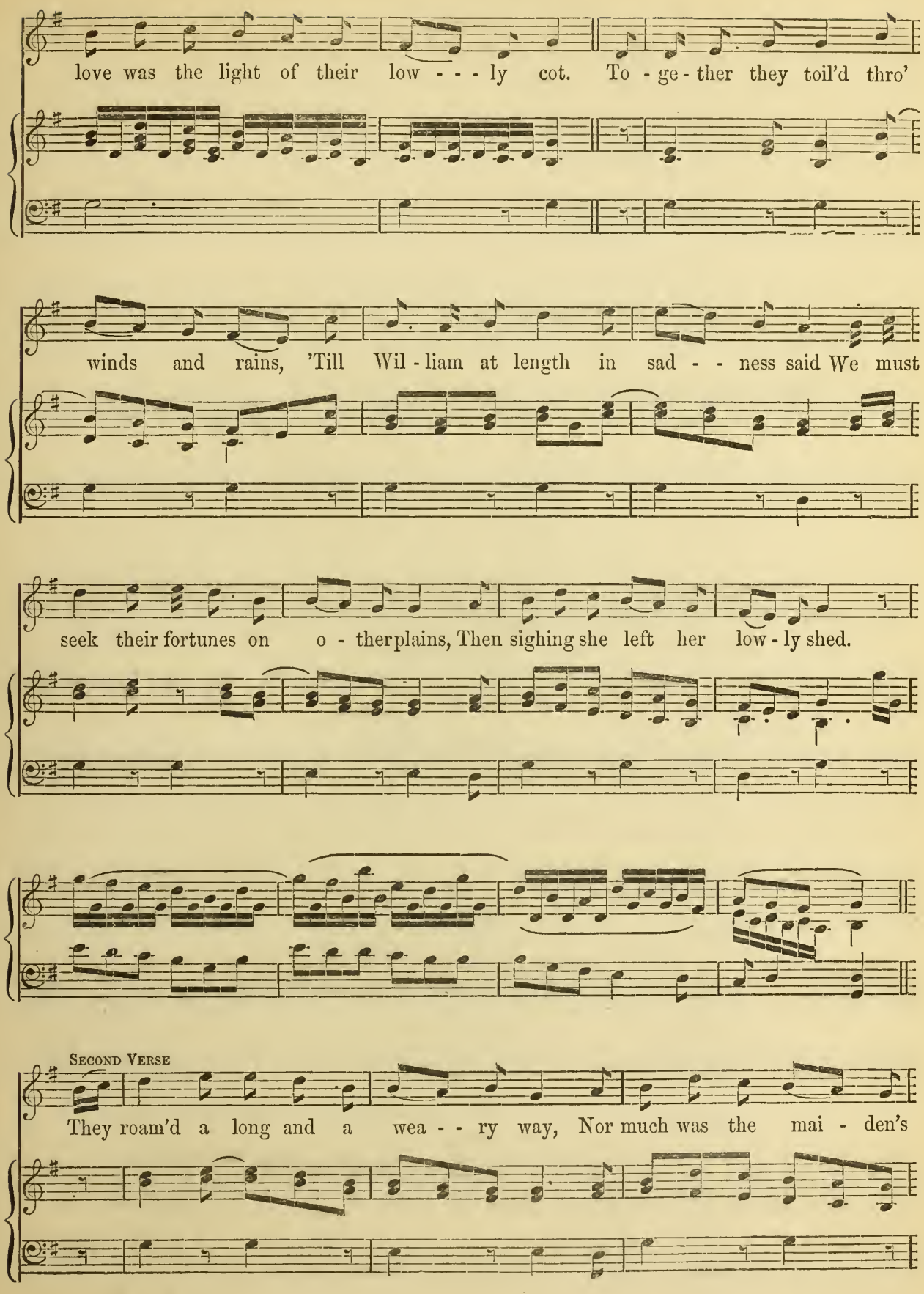
YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.*

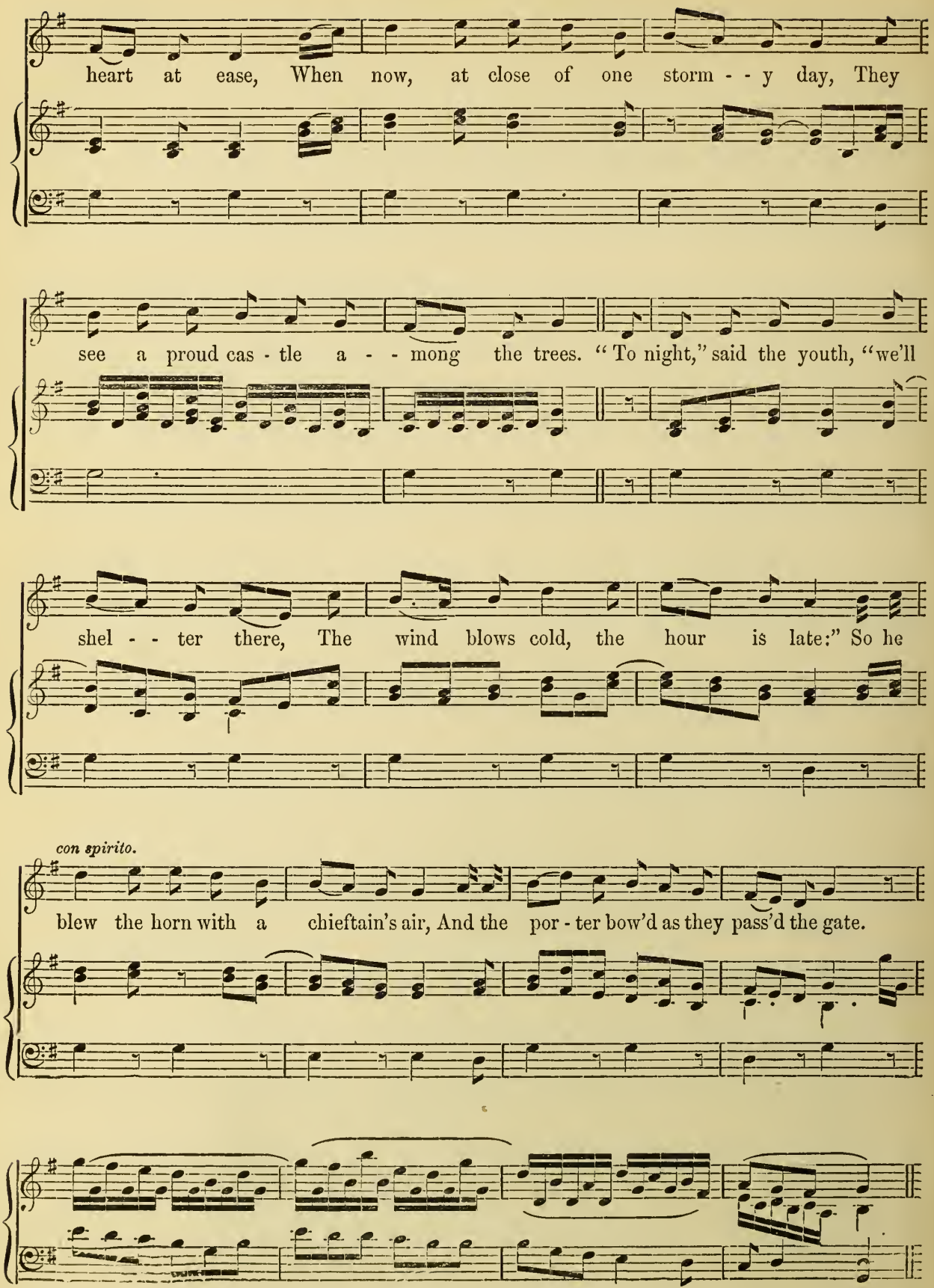
(AIR—WERE I A CLERK.)

Simply and in moderate time.



* This Ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story, told of a certain noble family in England.


love was the light of their low - - - ly cot. To - ge - ther they toil'd thro'
winds and rains, 'Till Wil - liam at length in sad - - ness said We must
seek their fortunes on o - therplains, Then sighing she left her low - ly shed.
Second Verse
They roam'd a long and a wea - - ry way, Nor much was the mai - den's


heart at ease, When now, at close of one storm - - y day, They
see a proud cas - tle a - - mong the trees. "To night," said the youth, "we'll
shel - - ter there, The wind blows cold, the hour is late:" So he
con spirito.
blew the horn with a chieftain's air, And the por - ter bow'd as they pass'd the gate.

THIRD VERSE.

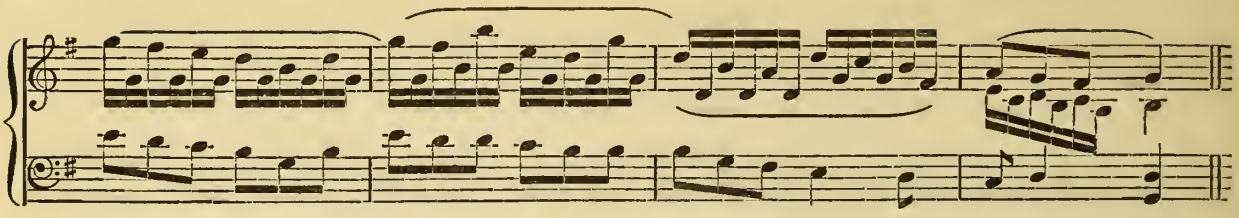
"Now wel - come, La - dy," Ex - claim'd the youth, "This cas - tle is thine, and these

dark woods all." She be - liev'd him wild, but his words were truth, For

El - len is La - dy of Ros - - na Hall. And dear - ly the Lord of

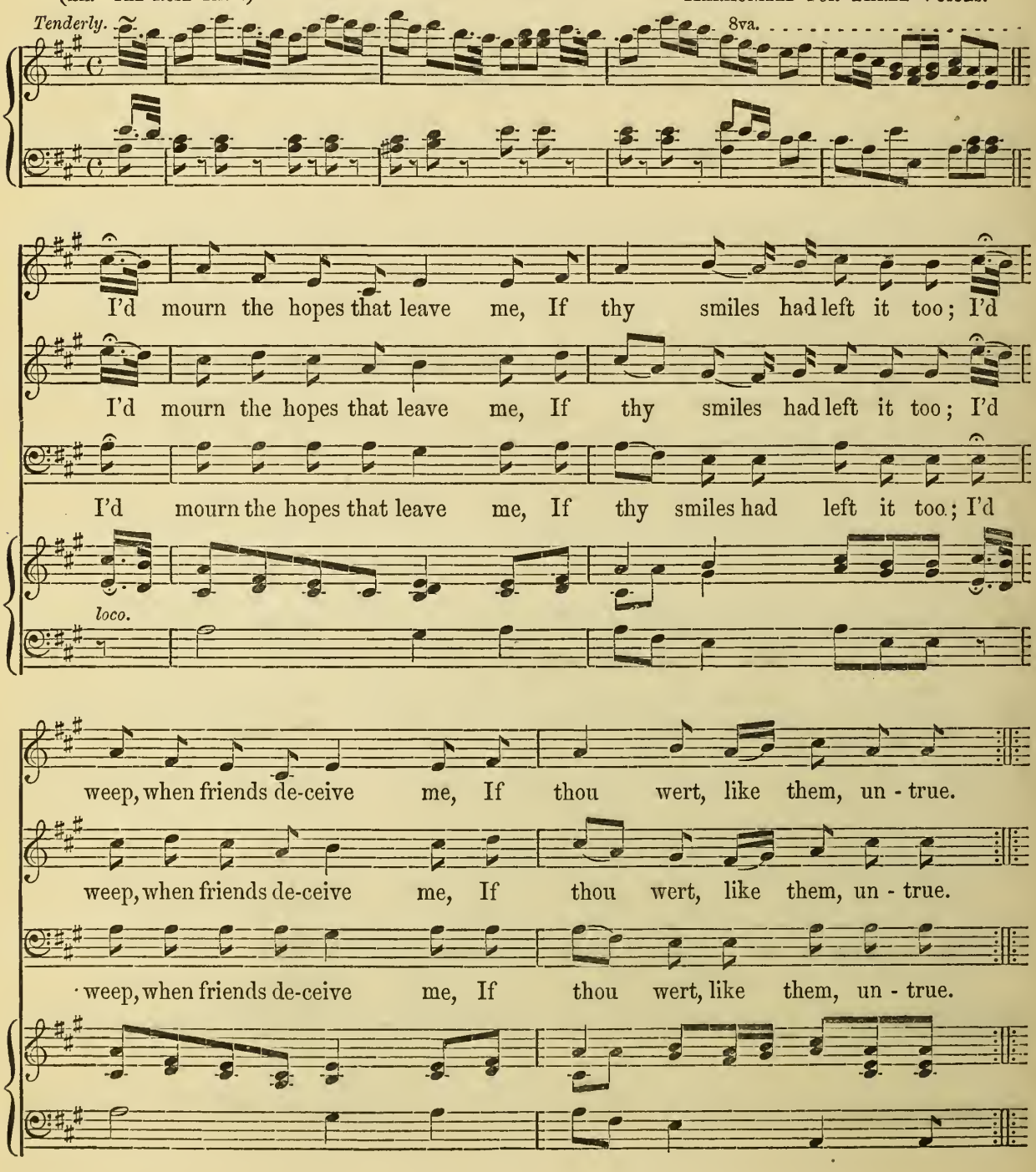
Ros - - na loves What Wil - liam the stran - ger woo'd and wed; And the

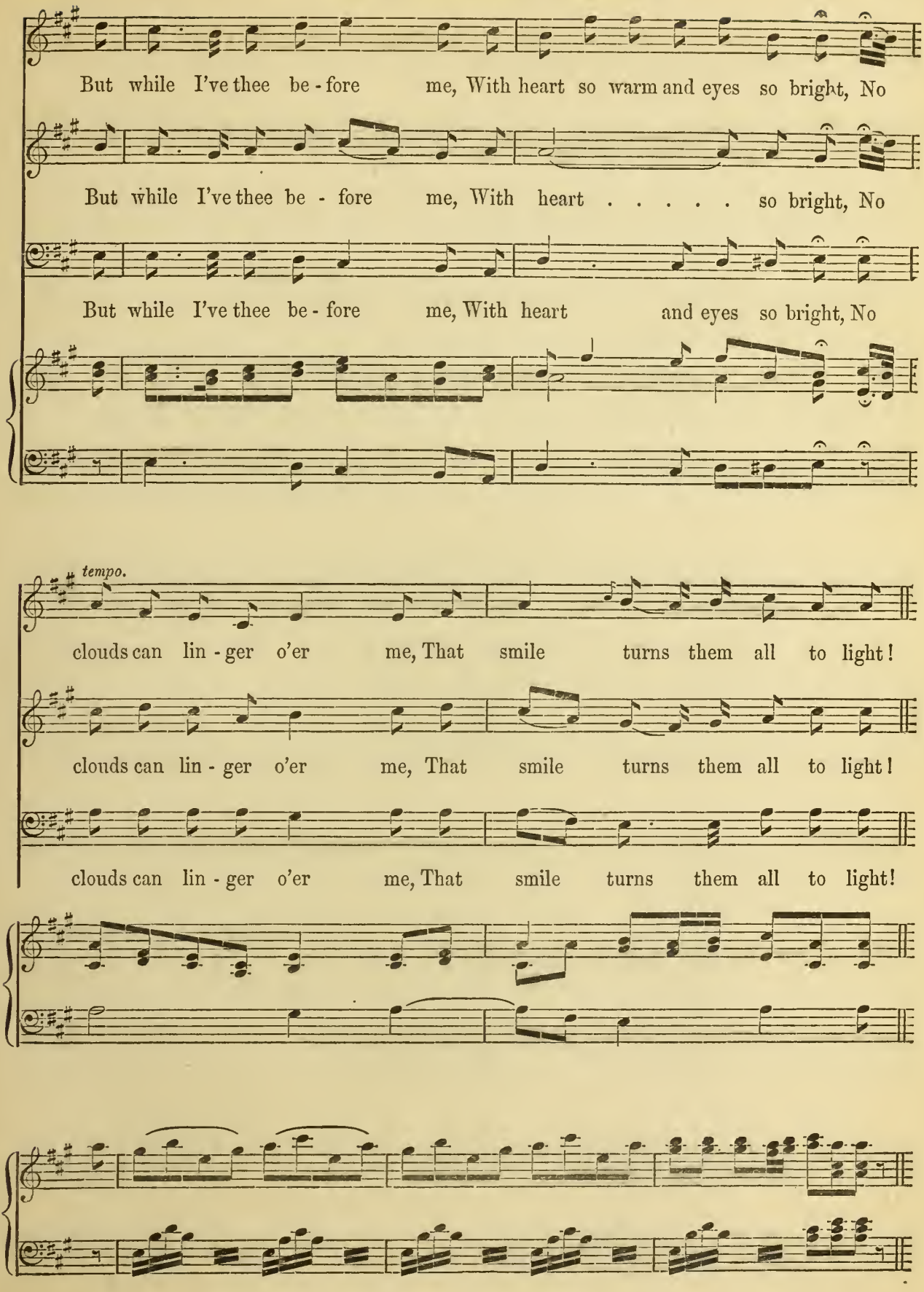
light of bliss, in these lord - ly groves, Is pure as it shone in the low - ly shed.



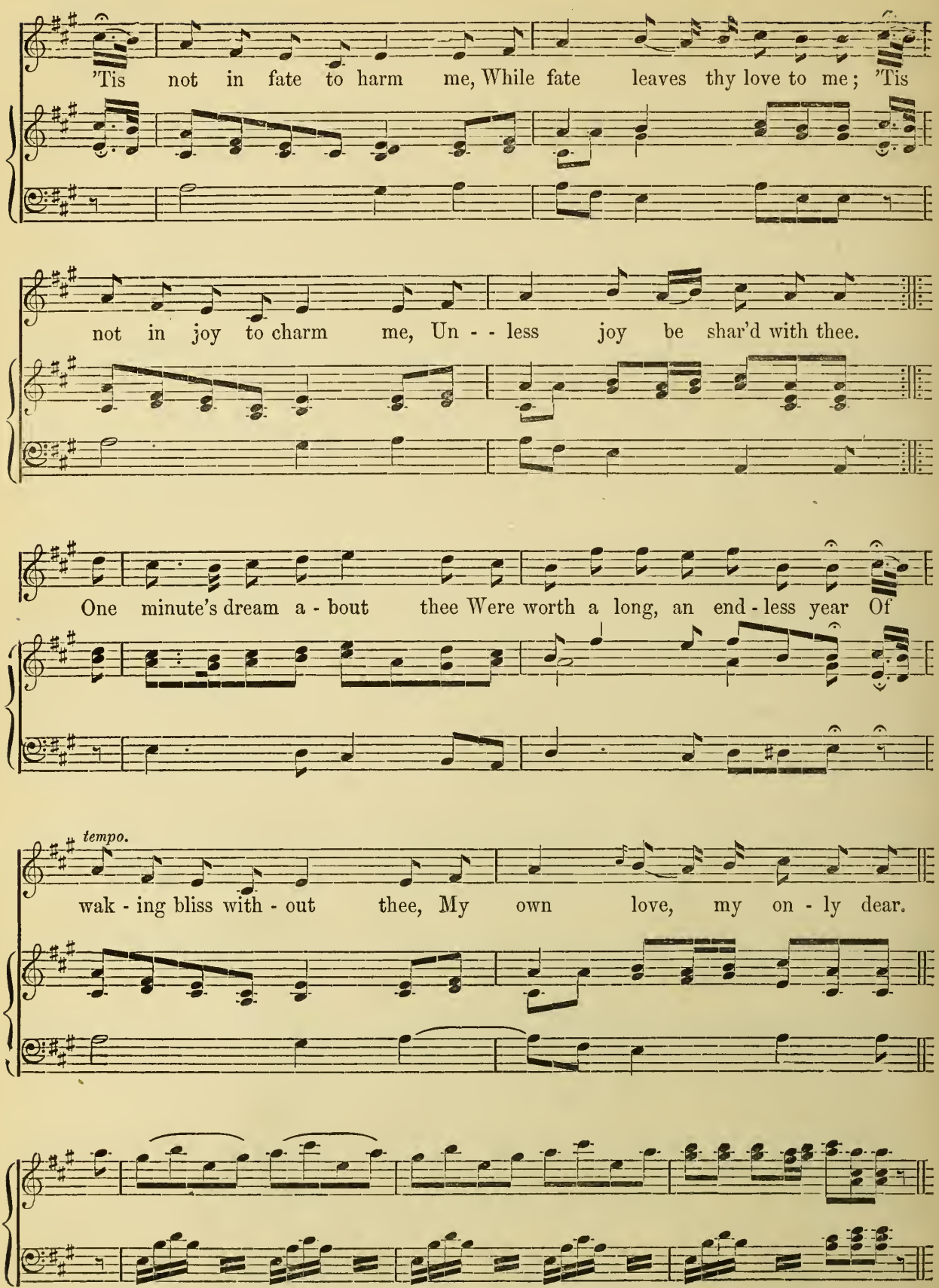
I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME.

(Air—The Rose Tree.) Harmonized for Three Voices.

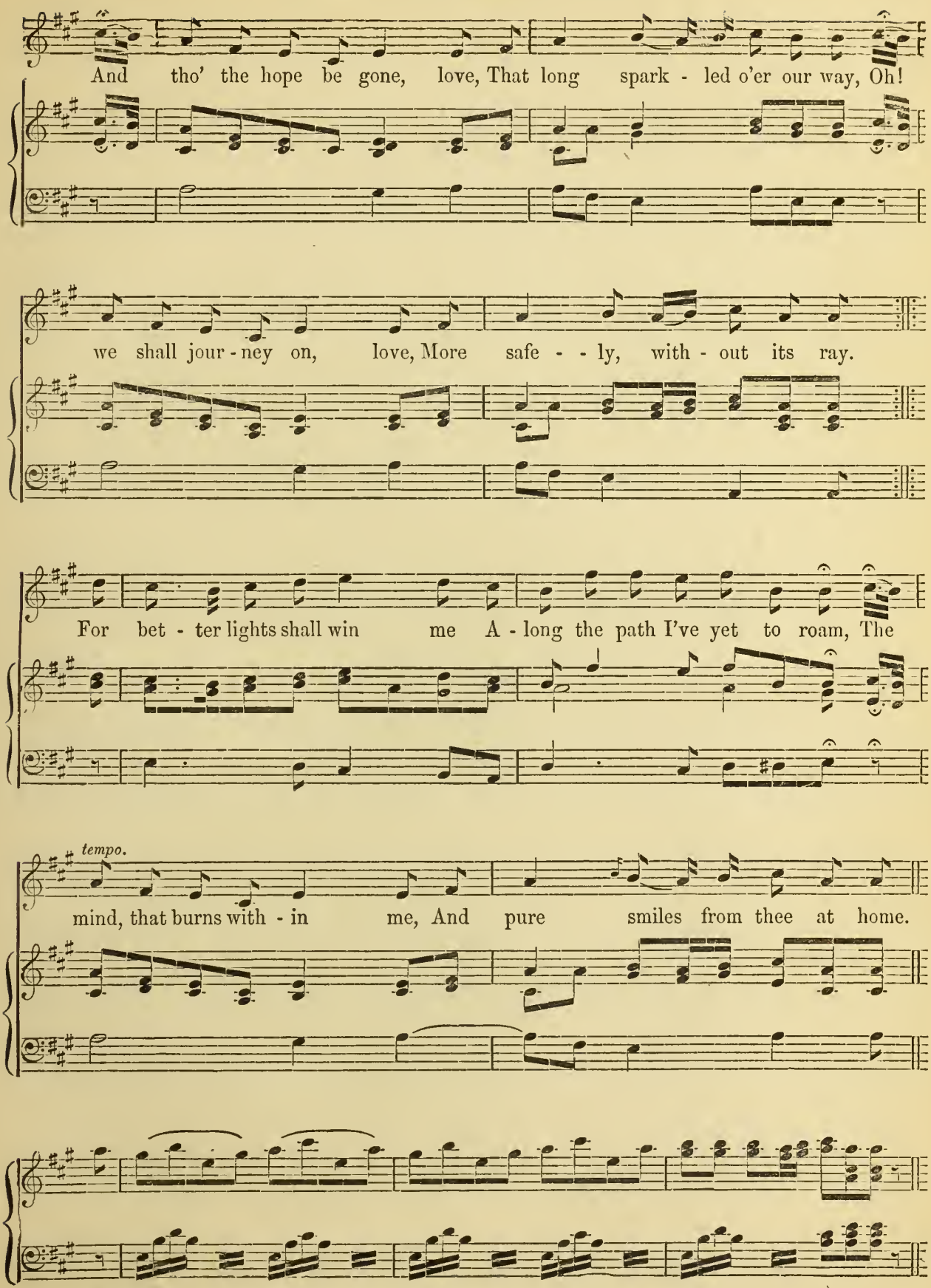



But while I've thee be - fore me, With heart so warm and eyes so bright, No
But while I've thee be - fore me, With heart . . . . . so bright, No
But while I've thee be - fore me, With heart and eyes so bright, No
tempo.
clouds can lin - ger o'er me, That smile turns them all to light!
clouds can lin - ger o'er me, That smile turns them all to light!
clouds can lin - ger o'er me, That smile turns them all to light!

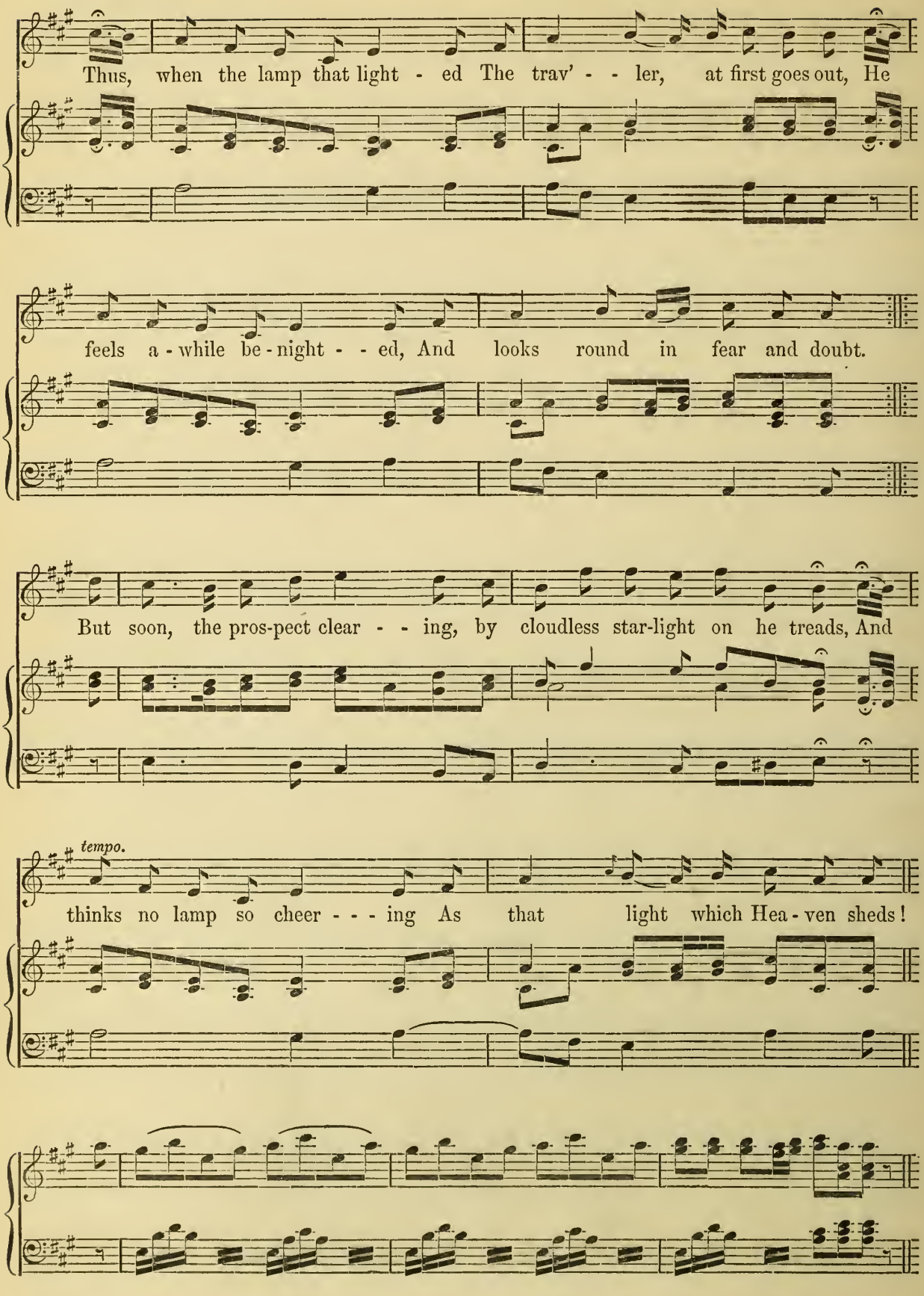
Second Verse.



Third Verse.


And tho' the hope be gone, love, That long spark - led o'er our way, Oh!
we shall jour - ney on, love, More safe - - ly, with - out its ray.
For bet - ter lights shall win me A - long the path I've yet to roam, The
tempo.
mind, that burns with - in me, And pure smiles from thee at home.

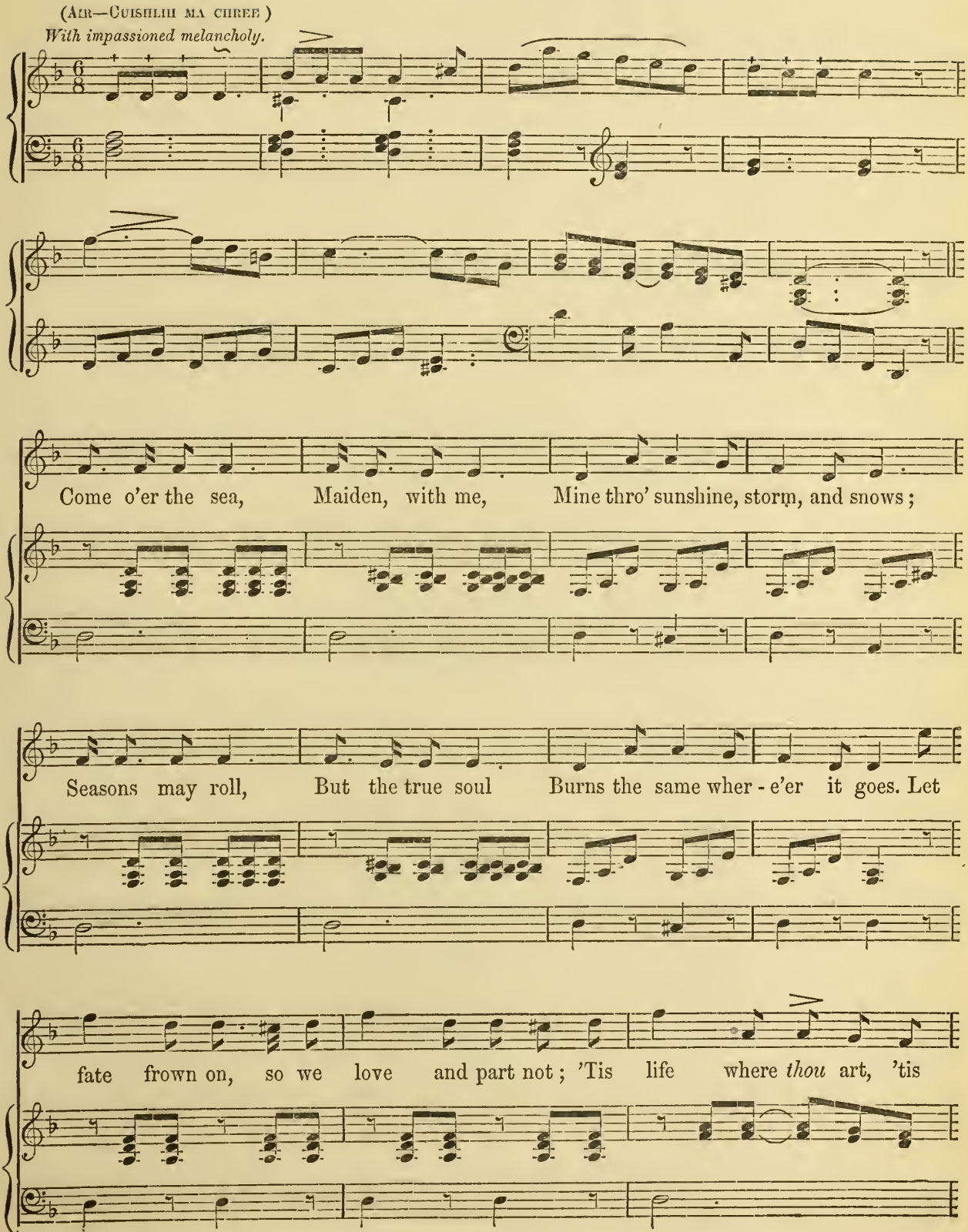
Fourth Verse.

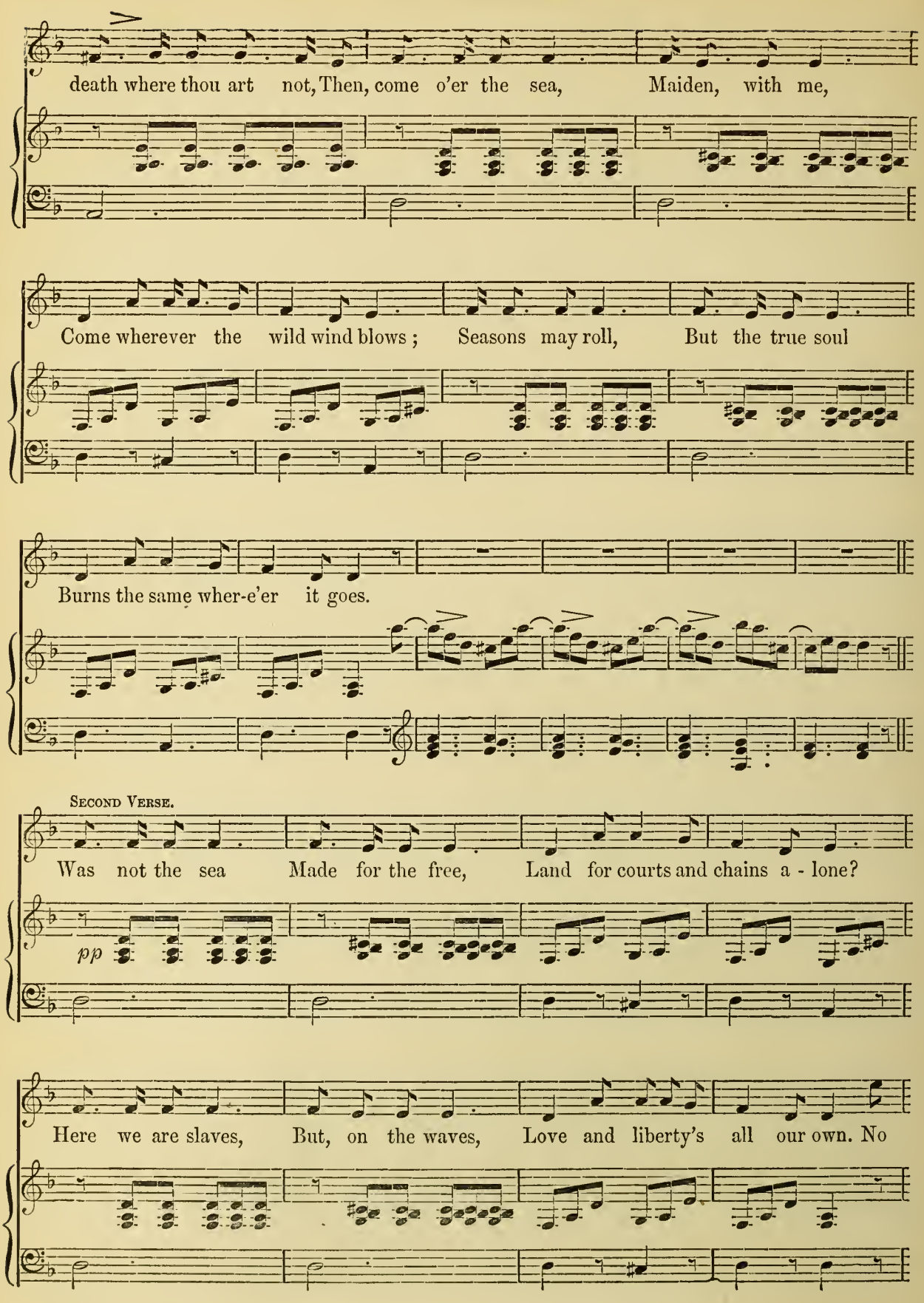


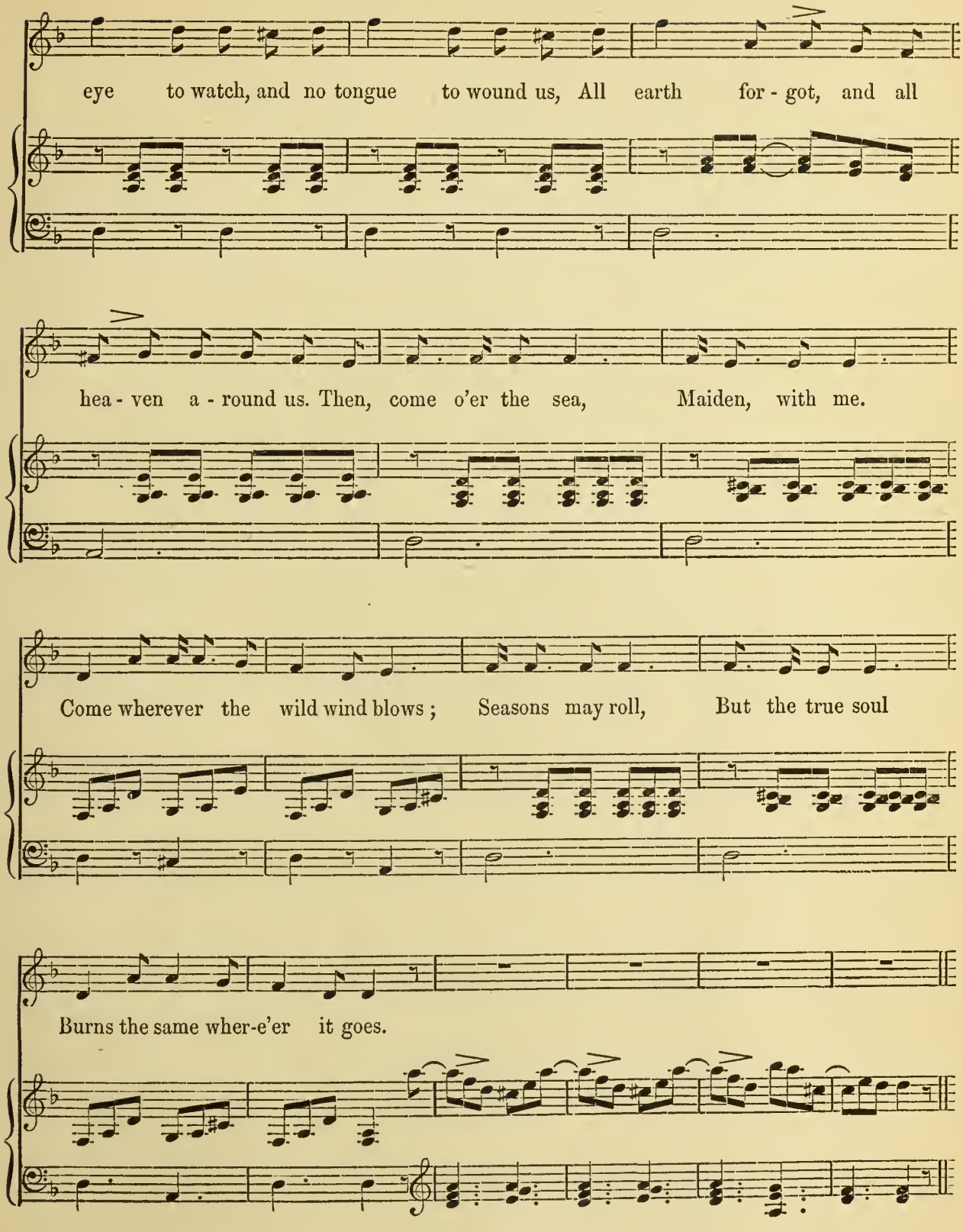
COME O'ER THE SEA.

(Air—Cuishlin ma chree.)

With impassioned melancholy.



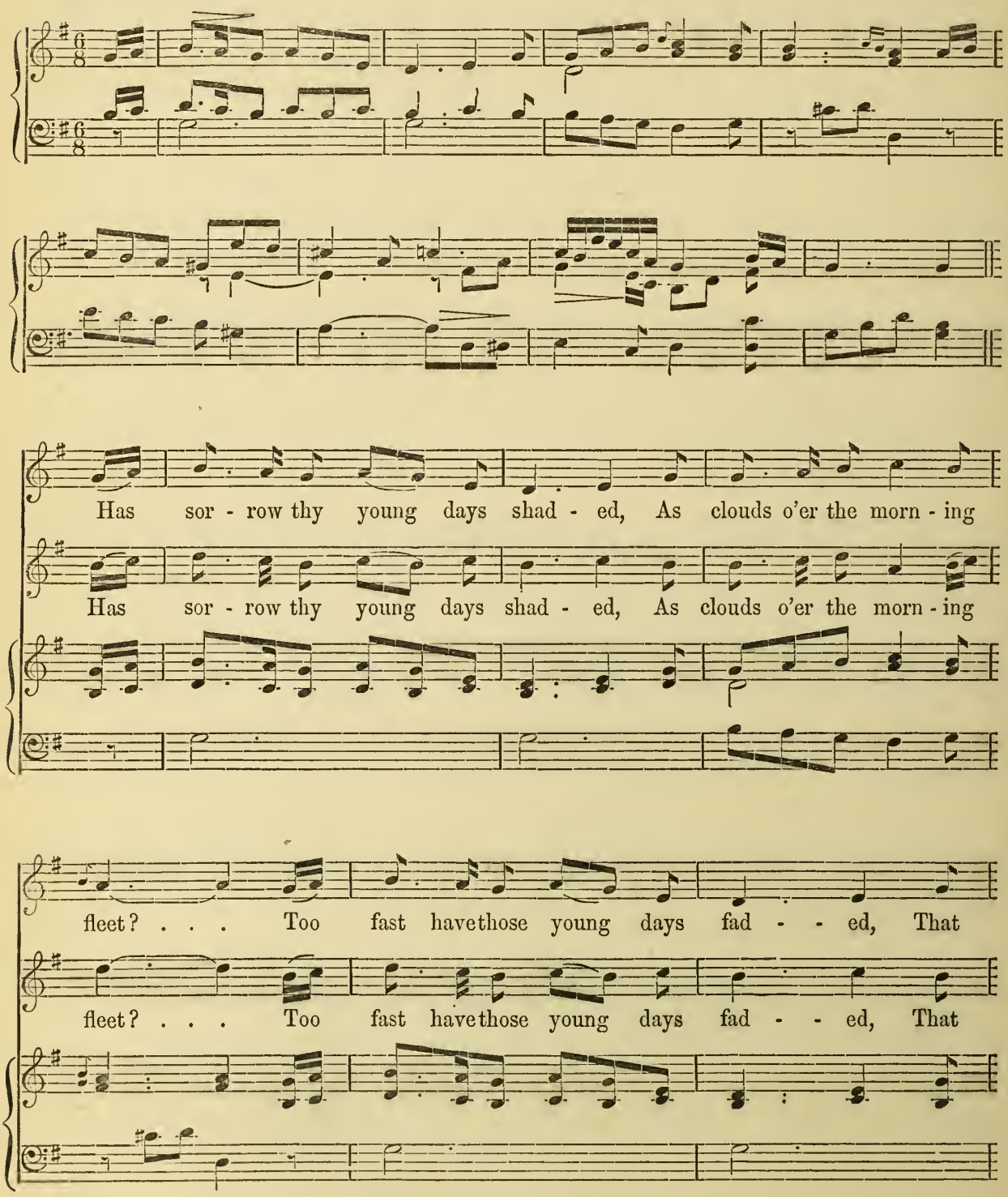

death where thou art not, Then, come o'er the sea, Maiden, with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows; Seasons may roll, But the true soul
Burns the same wher-e'er it goes.
SECOND VERSE.
Was not the sea Made for the free, Land for courts and chains a - lone?
pp
Here we are slaves, But, on the waves, Love and liberty's all our own. No


eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us, All earth for - got, and all
hea - ven a - round us. Then, come o'er the sea, Maiden, with me.
Come wherever the wild wind blows ; Seasons may roll, But the true soul
Burns the same wher-e'er it goes.

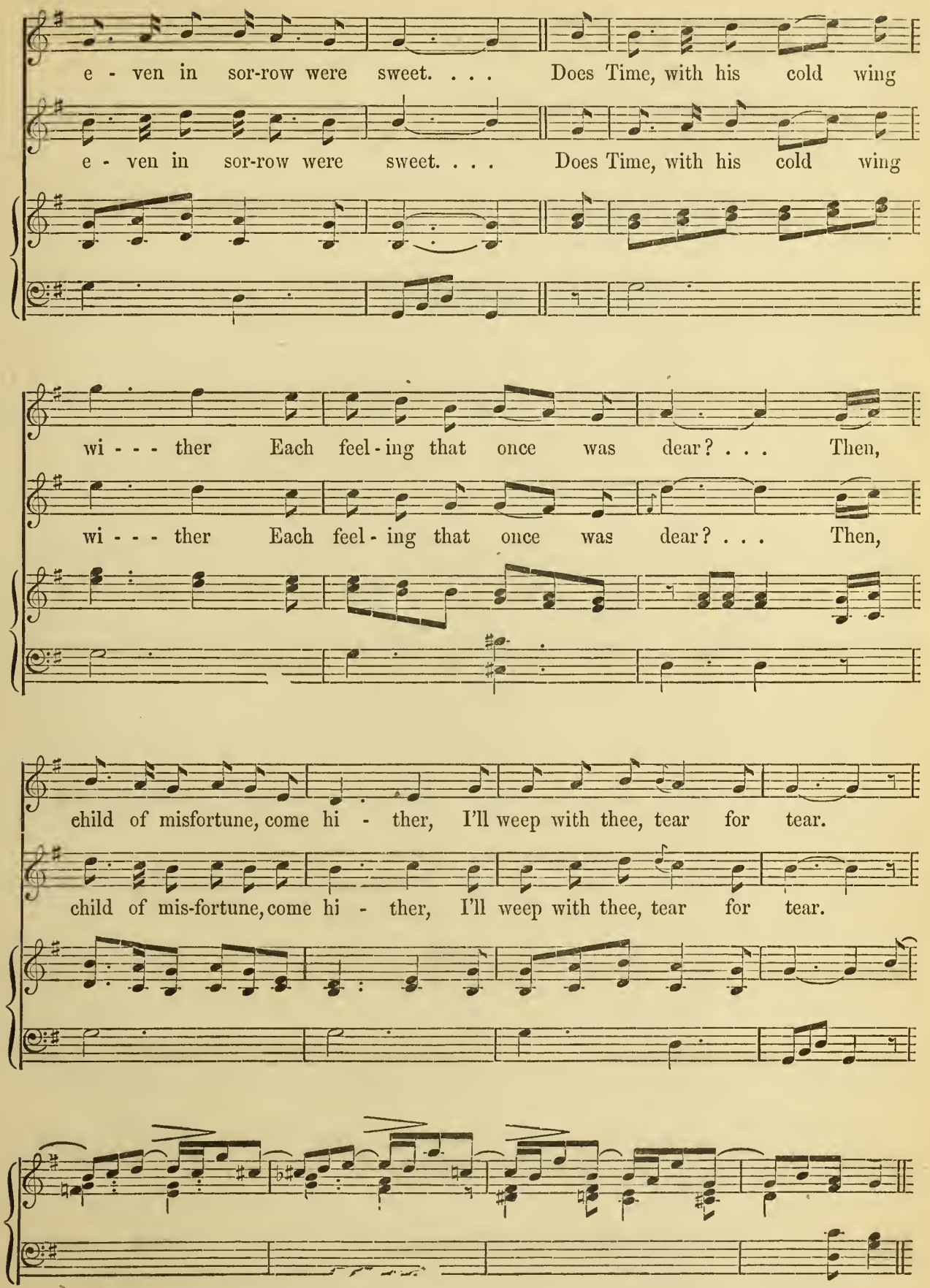
HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

(Air—Sly Patrick.)*

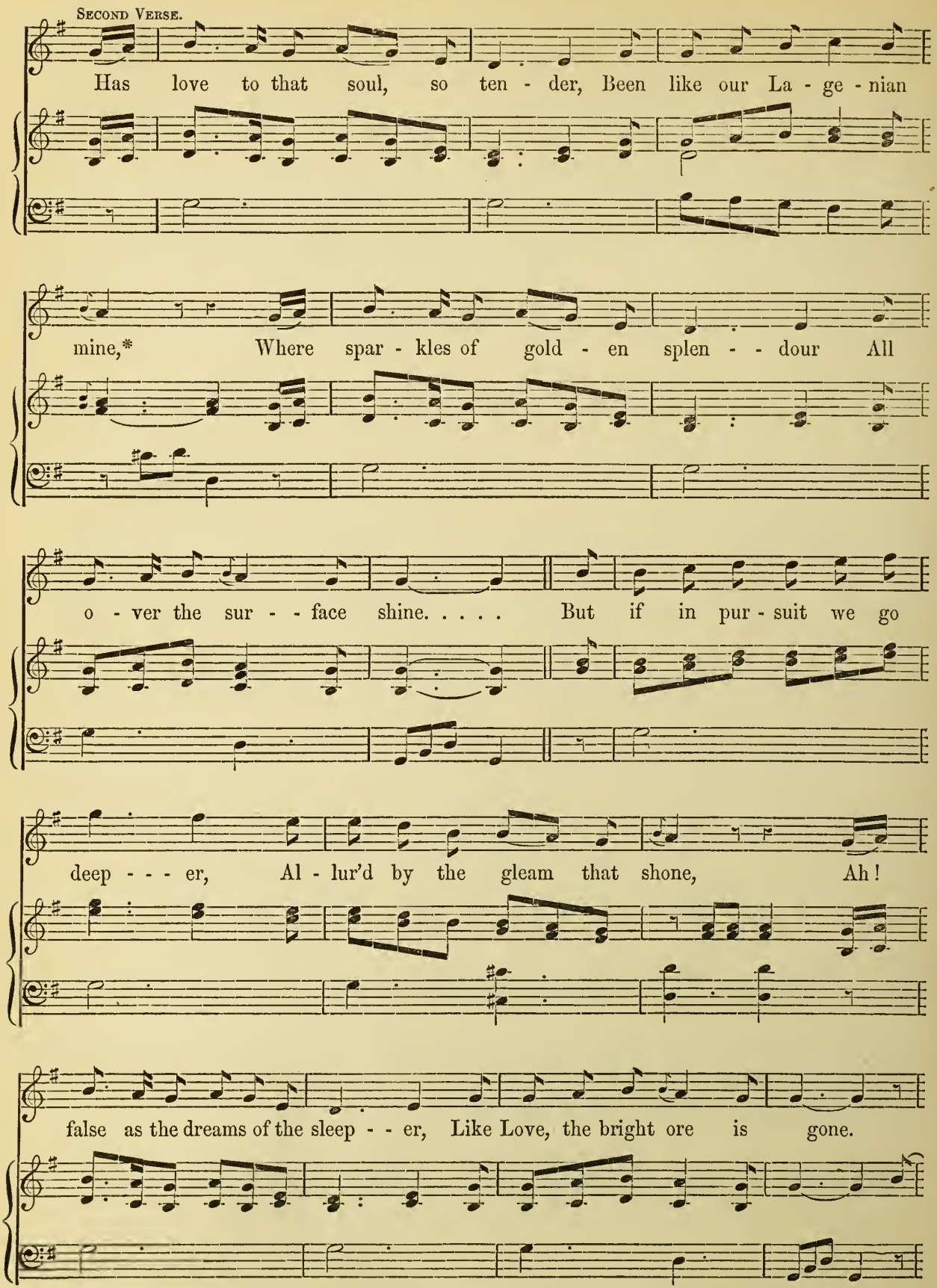
Harmonized for Two Voices.



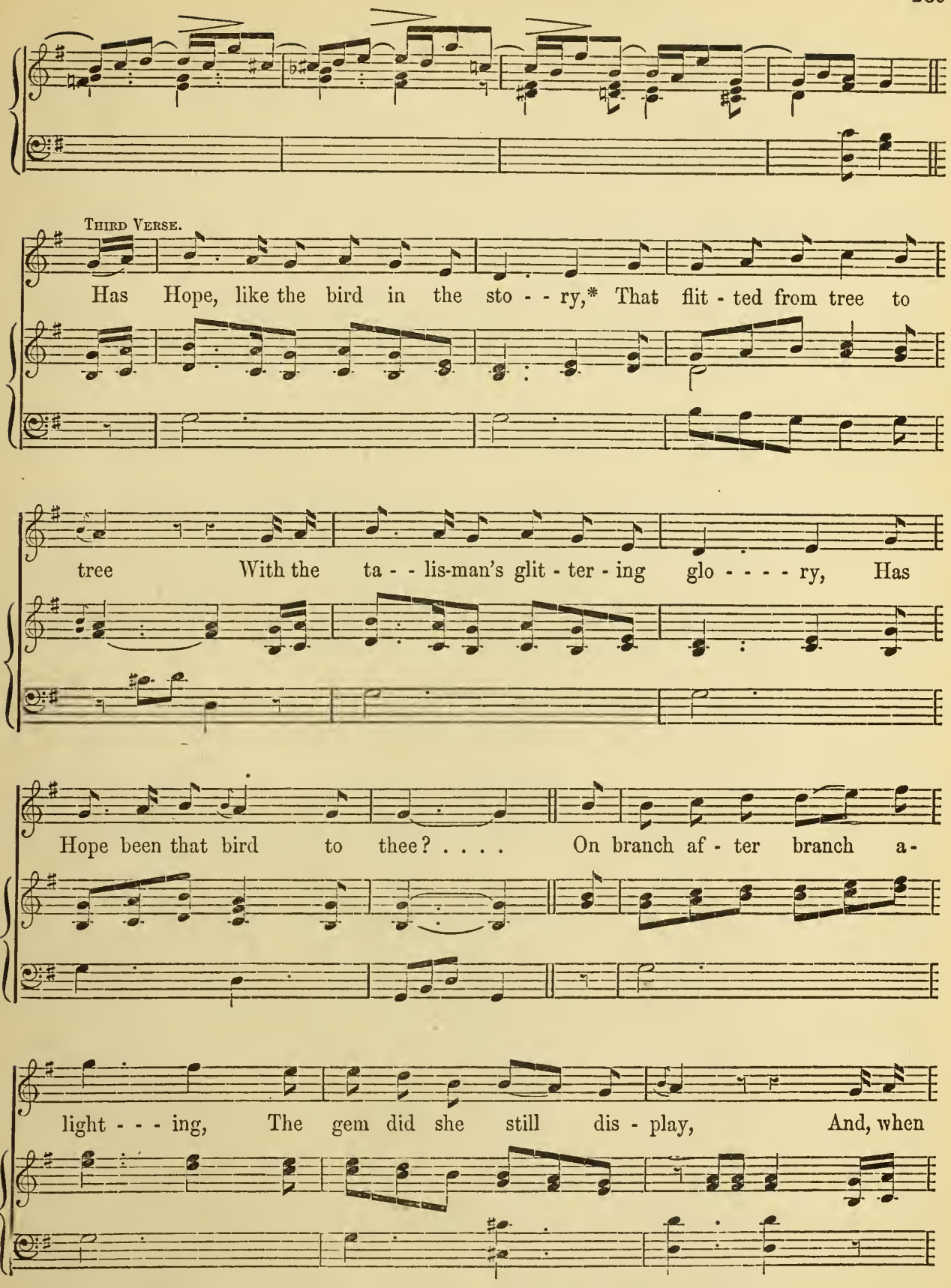
* To the gentleman who favoured me with this air I am indebted for many other old and beautiful melodies, from which, if ever we resume this work, I shall be able to make a very interesting selection.


e - ven in sor-row were sweet. . . . Does Time, with his cold wing
e - ven in sor-row were sweet. . . . Does Time, with his cold wing
wi - - - ther Each feel - ing that once was dear? . . . Then,
wi - - - ther Each feel - ing that once was dear? . . . Then,
child of misfortune, come hi - ther, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.
child of mis-fortune, come hi - ther, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

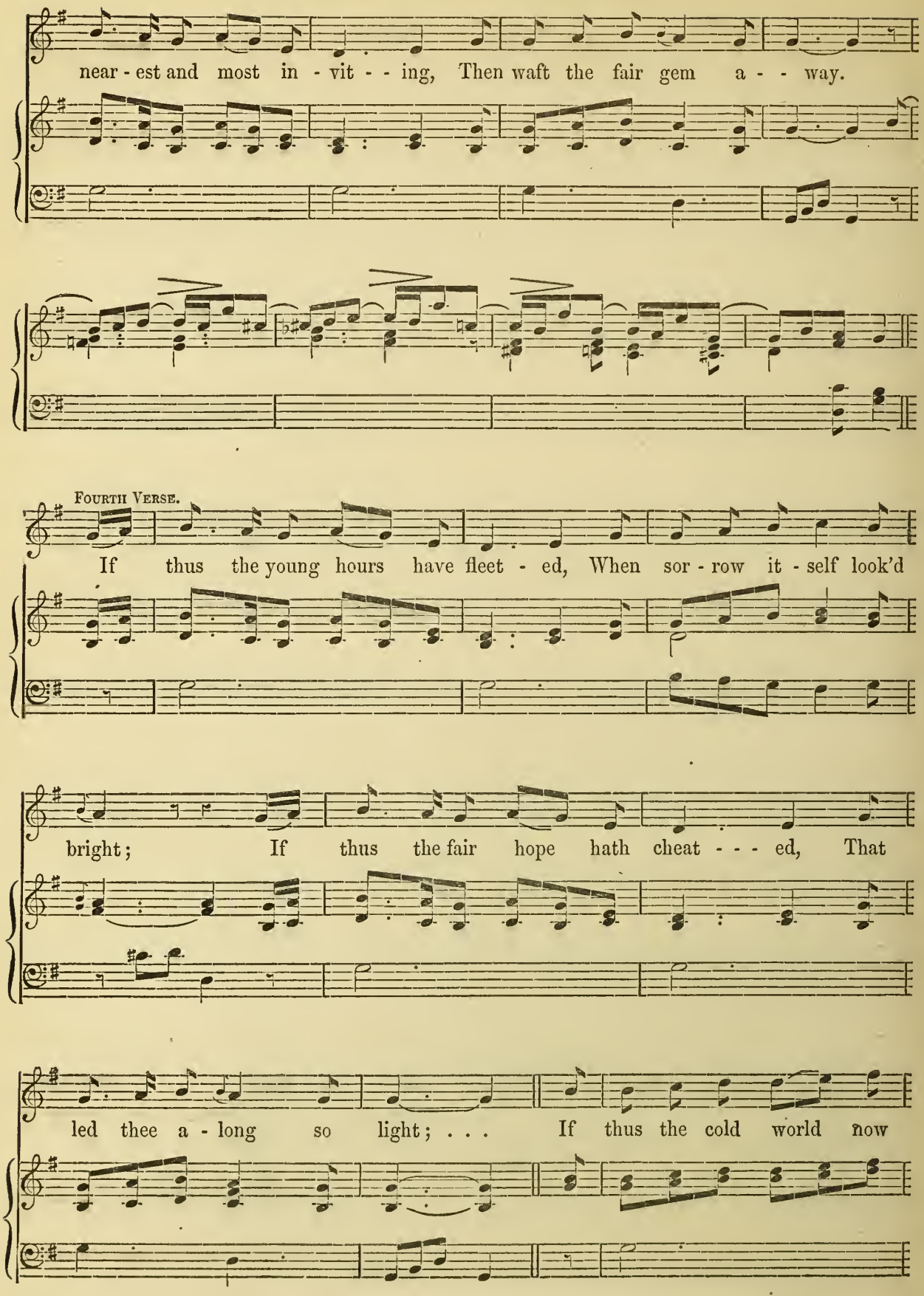
SECOND VERSE.

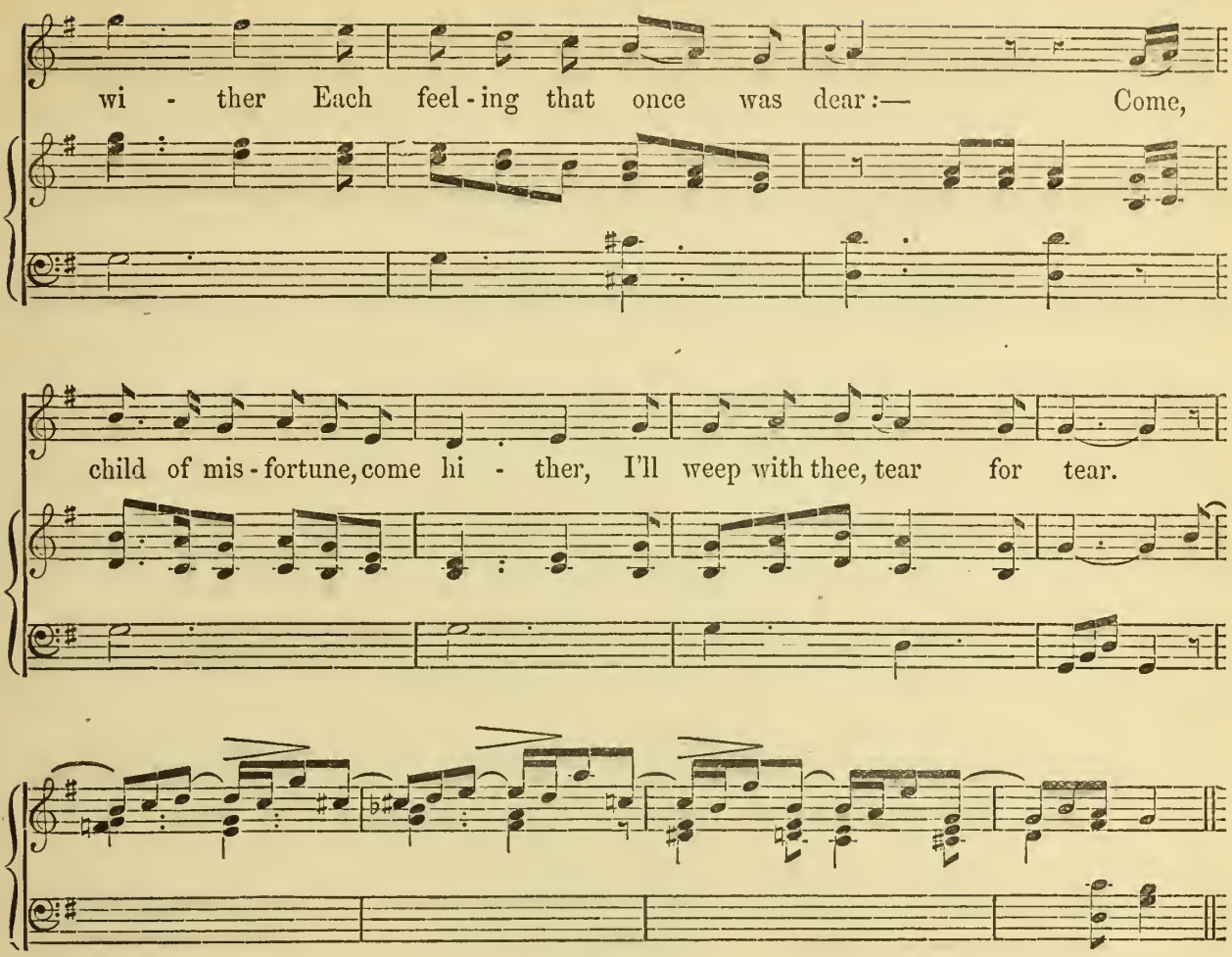


* Our Wicklow Gold Mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, but too well the character here given of them.



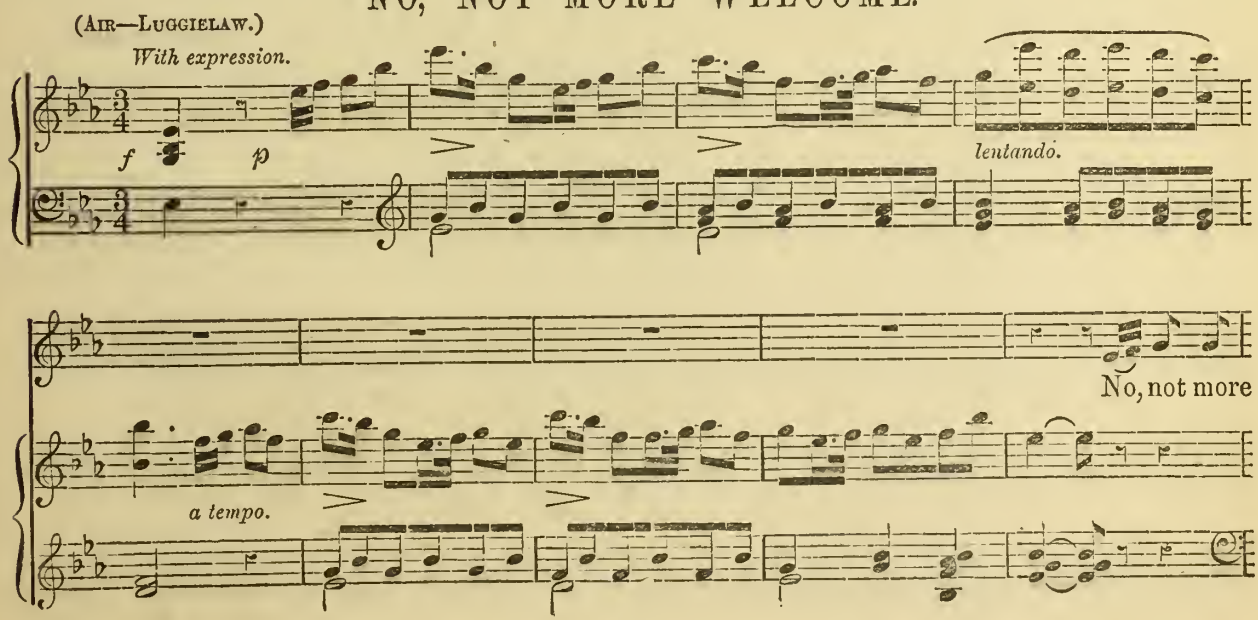
* "The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off, with the talisman in its mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it; but, as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again," &c.—*Arabian Nights.*

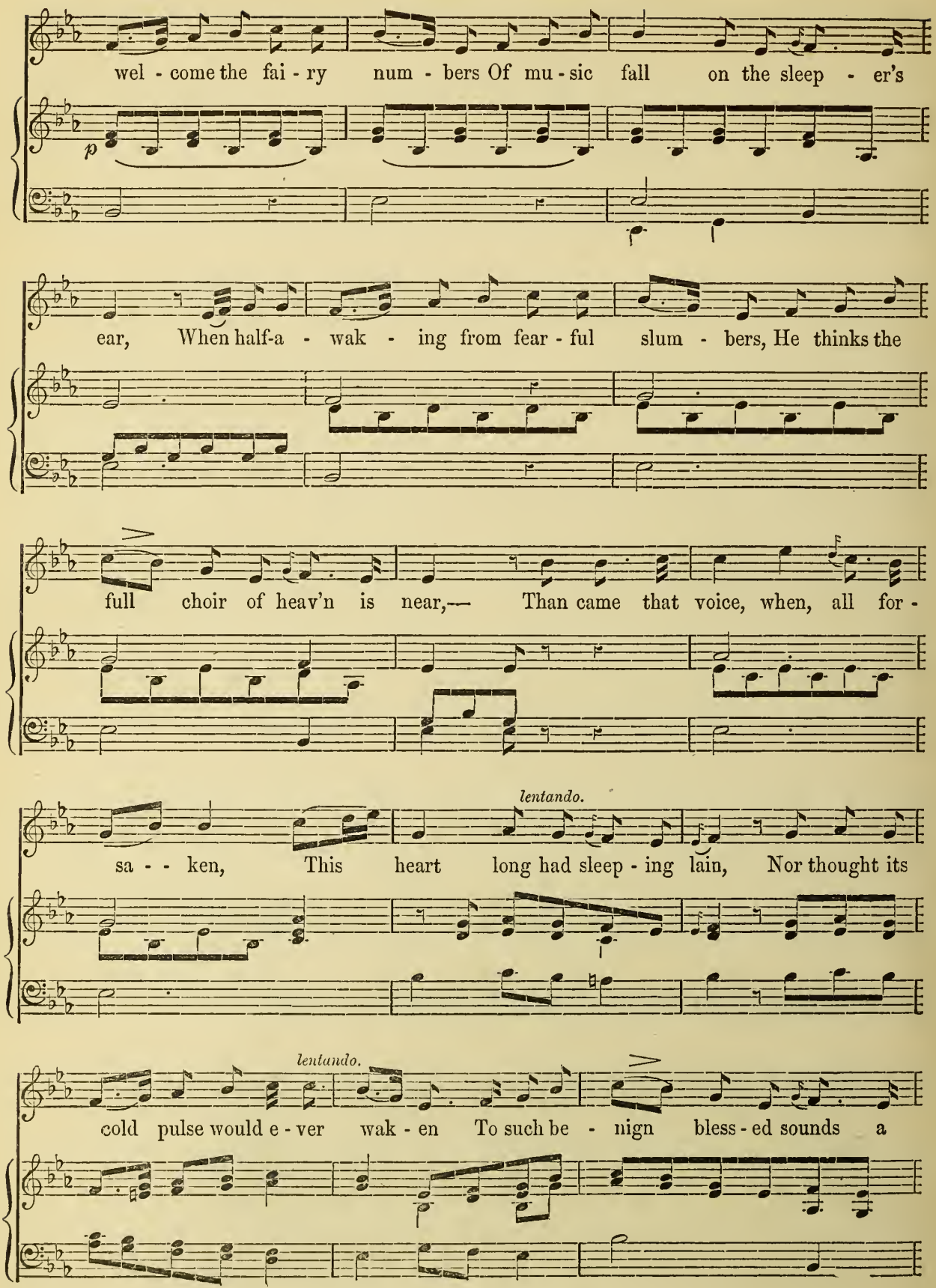

near - est and most in - vit - - ing, Then waft the fair gem a - - way.
FOURTH VERSE.
If thus the young hours have fleet - ed, When sor - row it - self look'd
bright; If thus the fair hope hath cheat - - - ed, That
led thee a - long so light; . . . If thus the cold world now

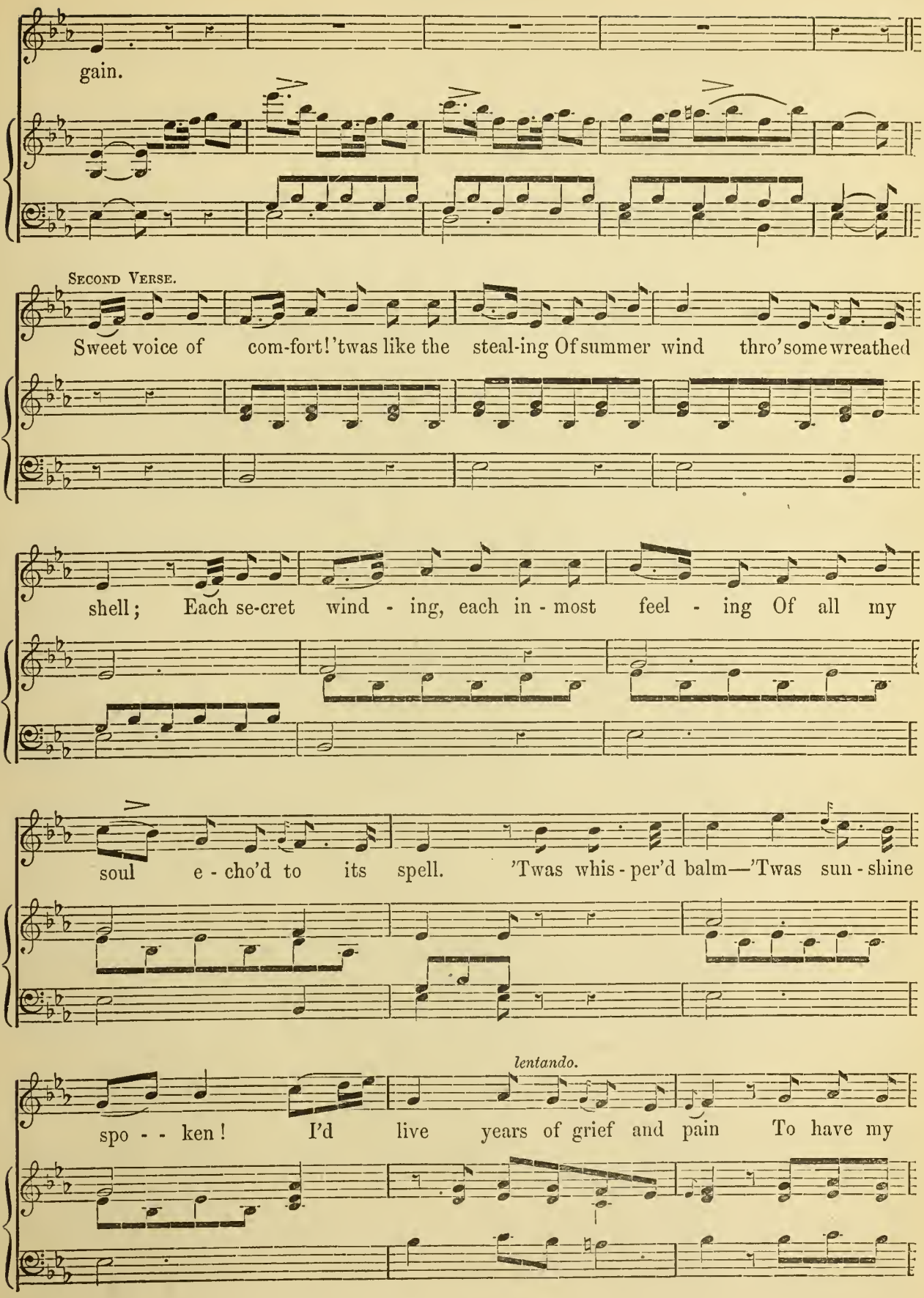


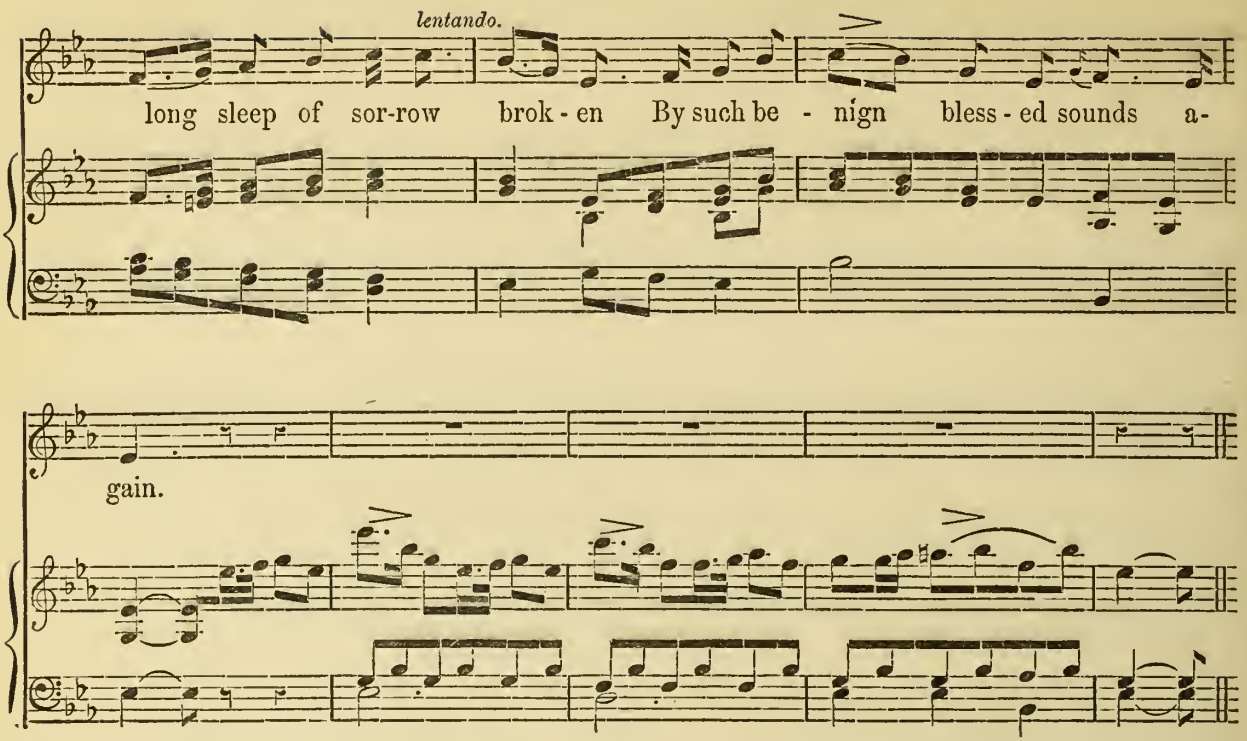
NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

(Air—Luggielaw.)




wel - come the fai - ry num - bers Of mu - sic fall on the sleep - er's
p
ear, When half-a - wak - ing from fear - ful slum - bers, He thinks the
full choir of heav'n is near,— Than came that voice, when, all for -
lentando.
sa - - ken, This heart long had sleep - ing lain, Nor thought its
lentando.
cold pulse would e - ver wak - en To such be - nign bless - ed sounds a

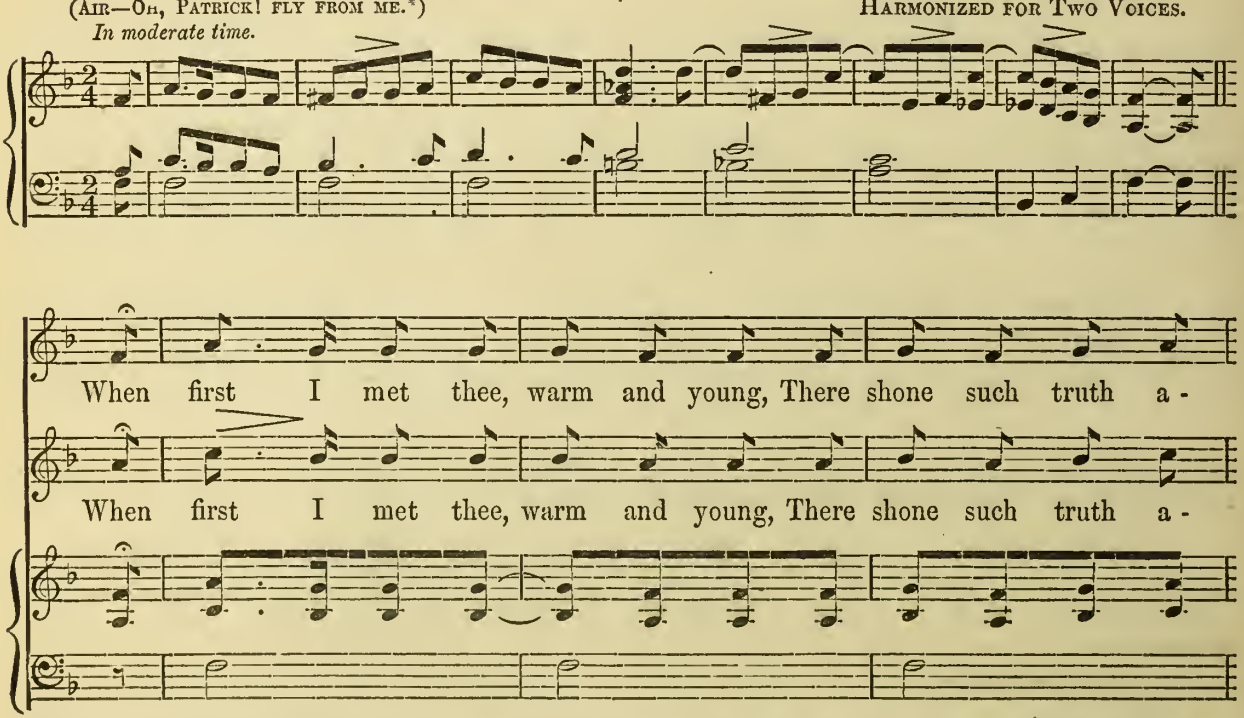

gain.
SECOND VERSE.
Sweet voice of com-fort! 'twas like the steal-ing Of summer wind thro' some wreathed
shell; Each se-cret wind - ing, each in - most feel - ing Of all my
soul e - cho'd to its spell. 'Twas whis - per'd balm—'Twas sun - shine
lentando.
spo - - ken! I'd live years of grief and pain To have my



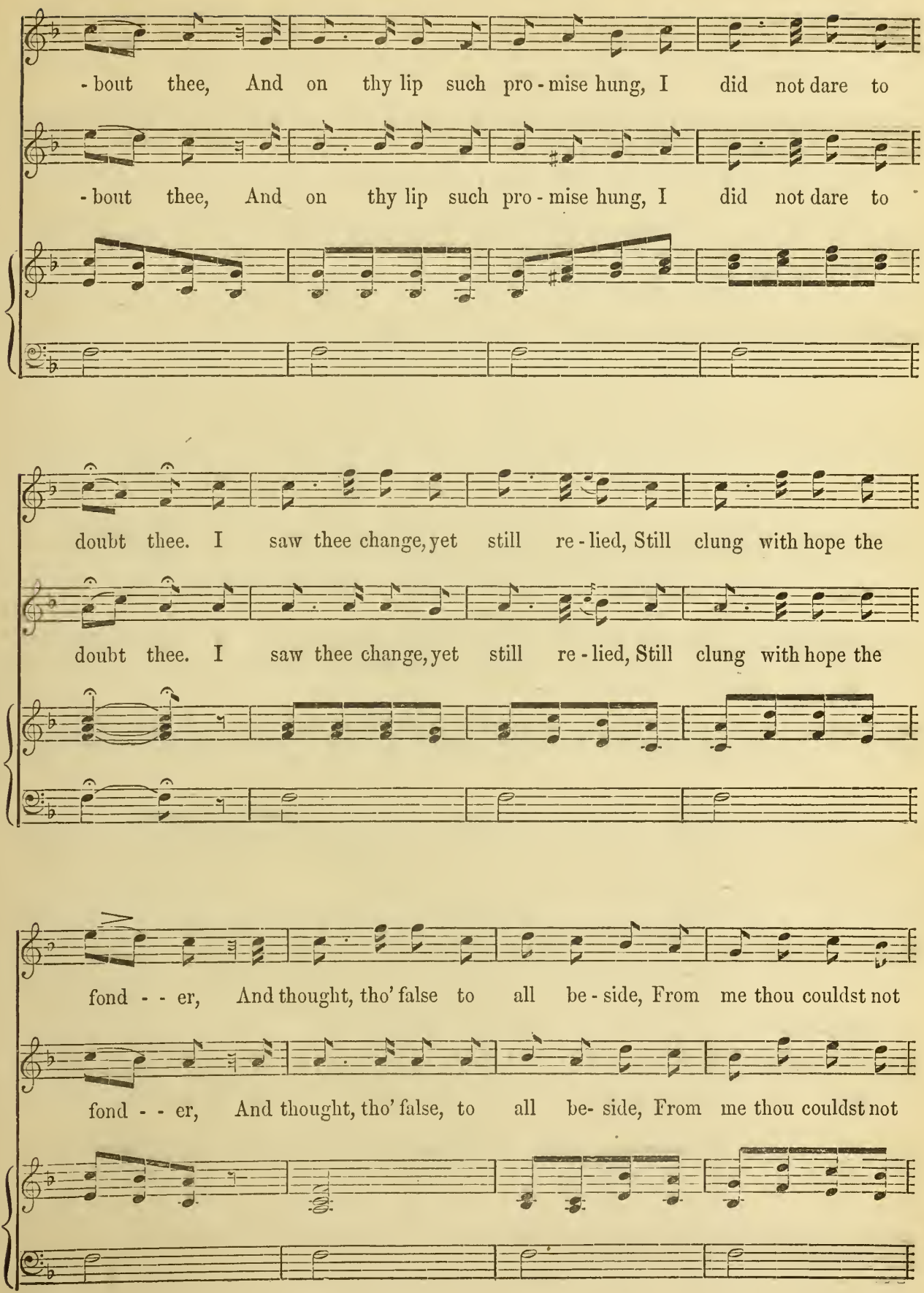
WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

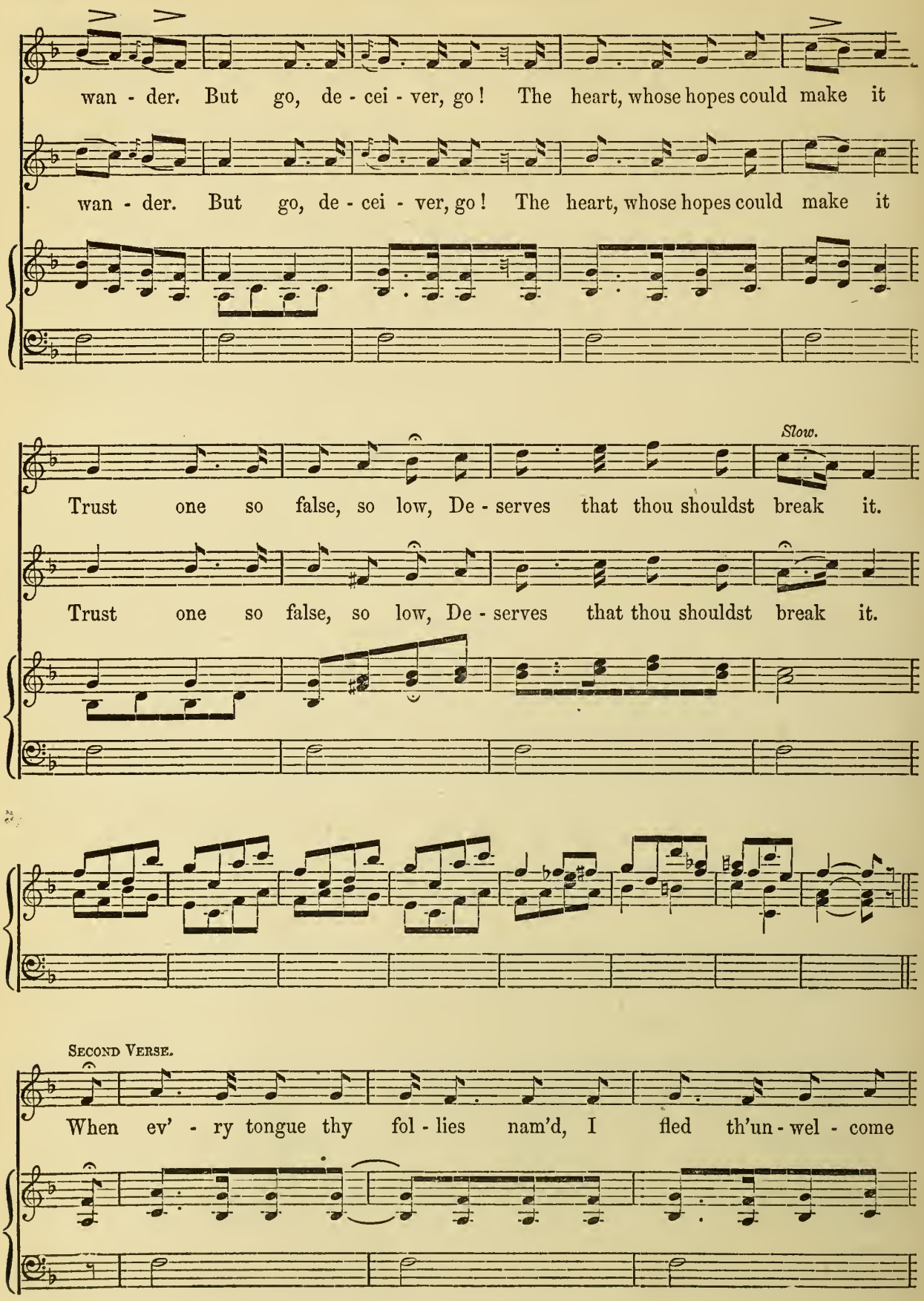
(AIR—OH, PATRICK! FLY FROM ME.*)

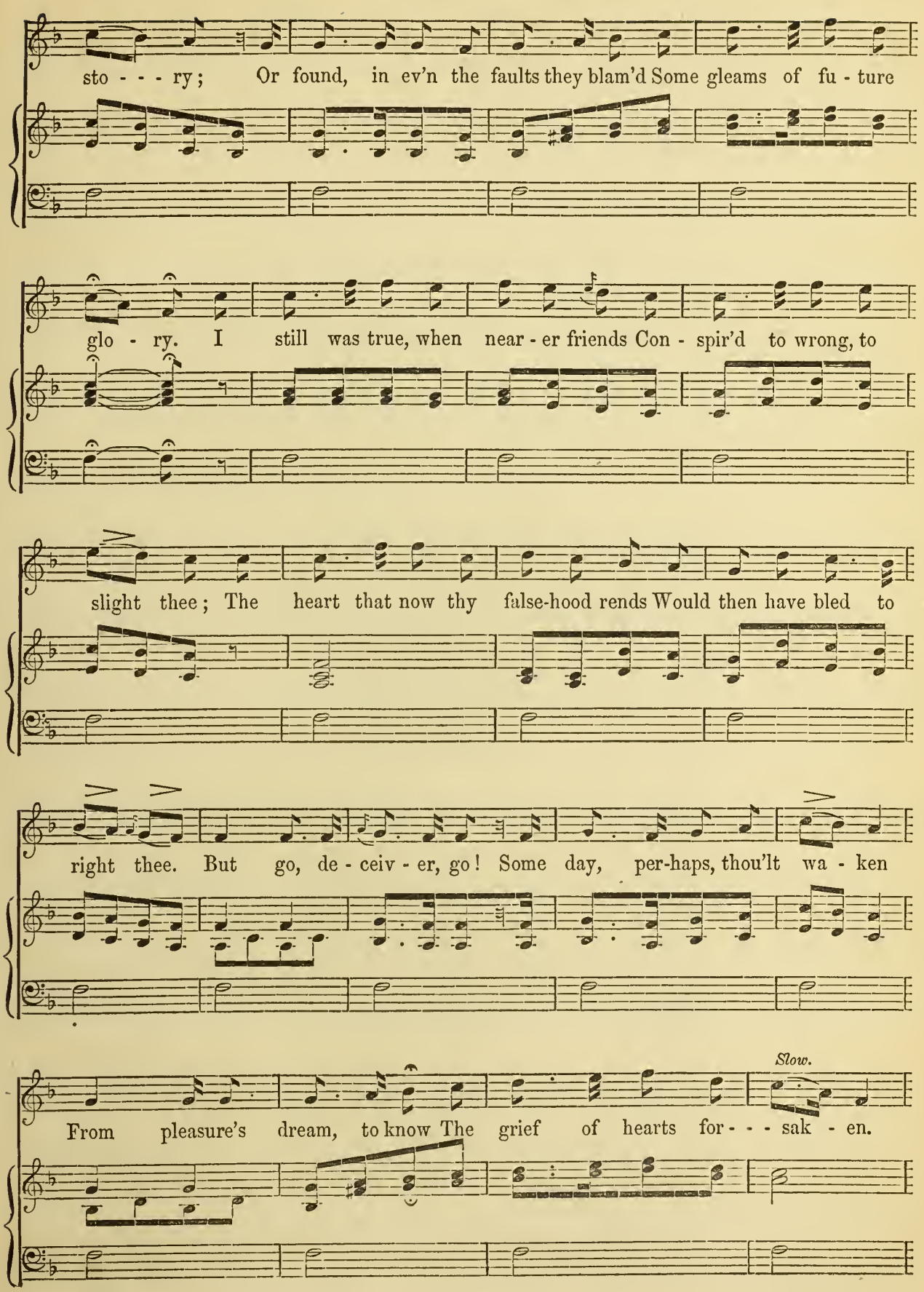
HARMONIZED FOR TWO VOICES.

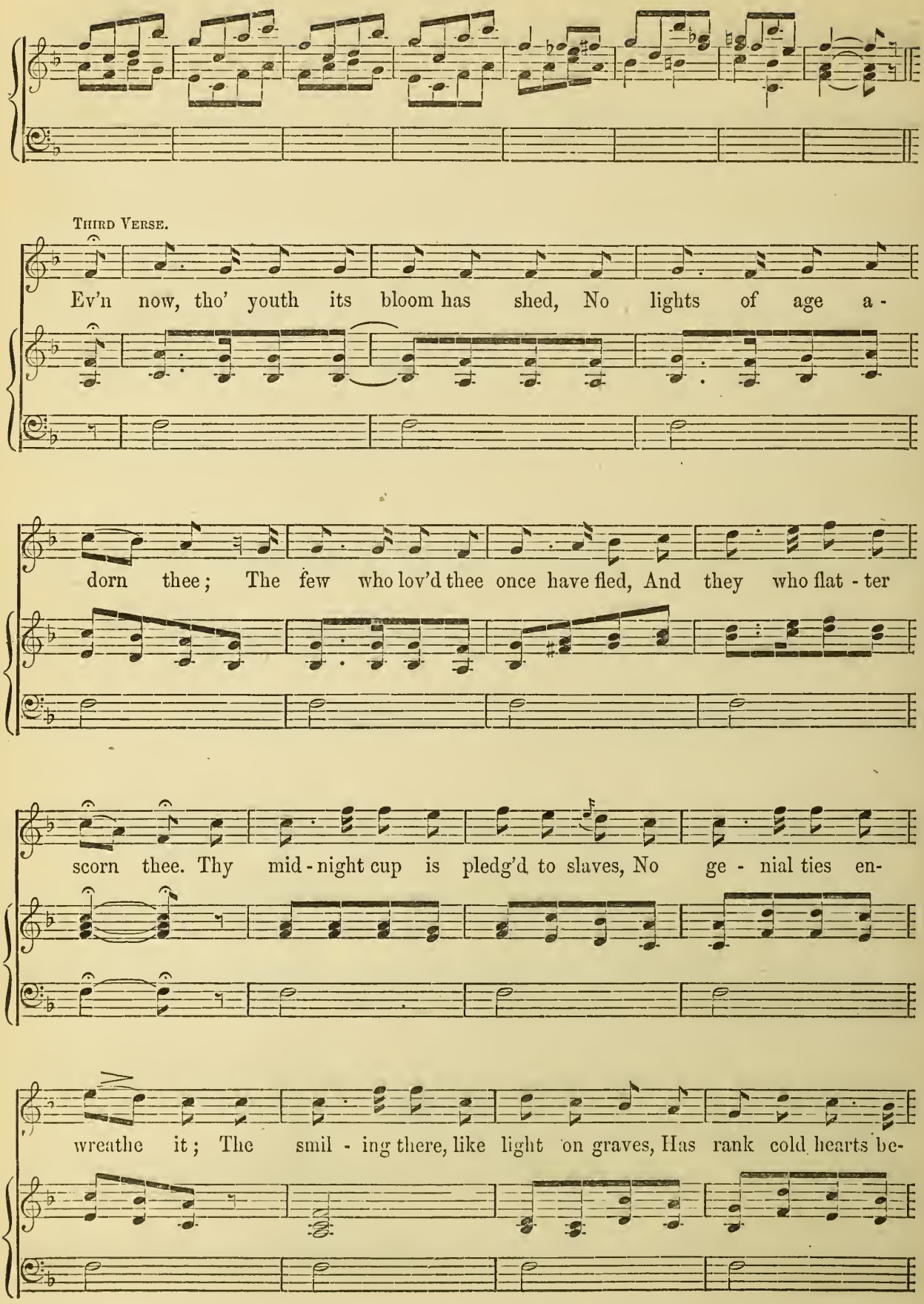


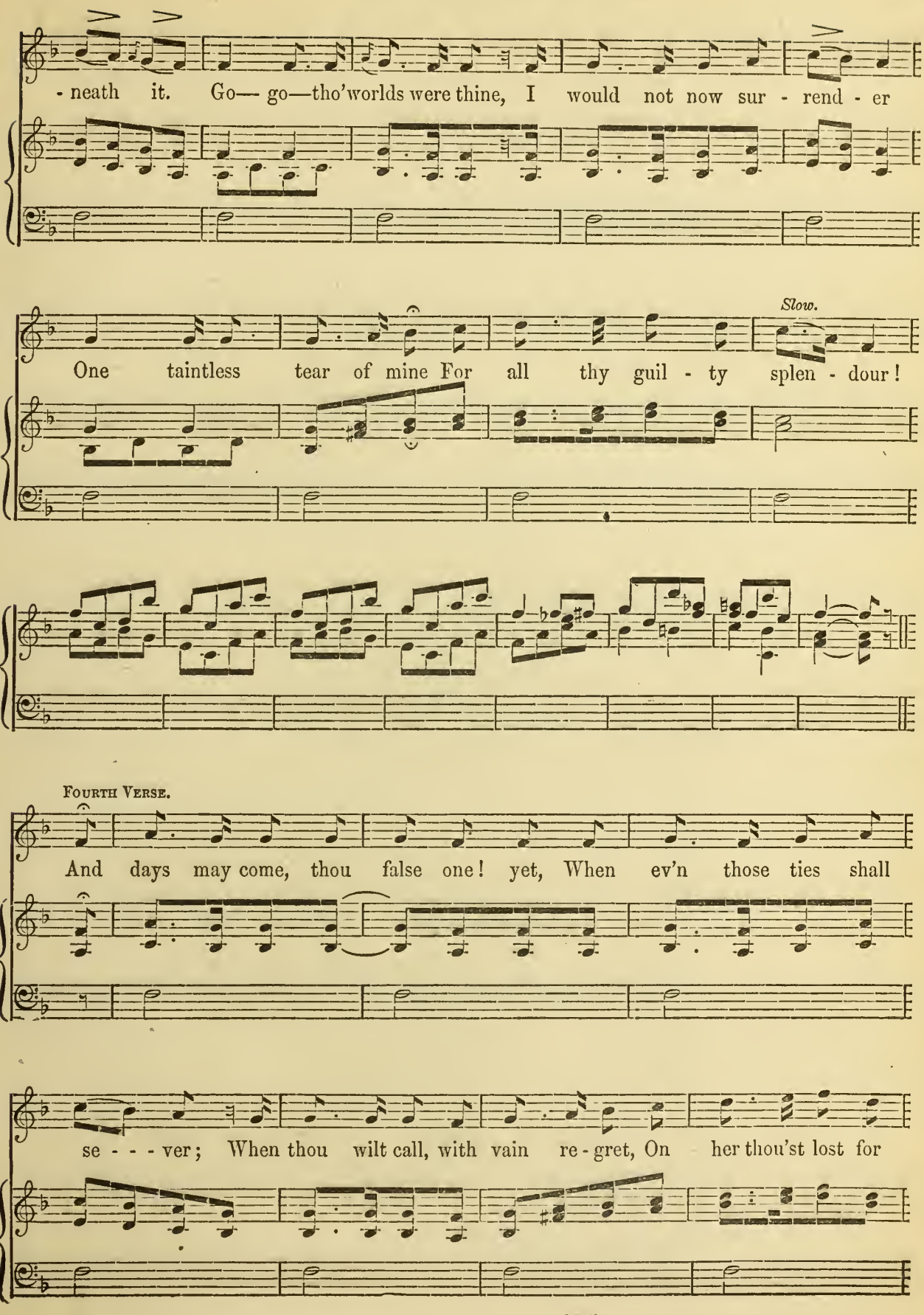
* This very beautiful Irish Air was sent to me by a gentleman of Oxford. There is much pathos in the original words, and both words and music have all the features of authenticity.

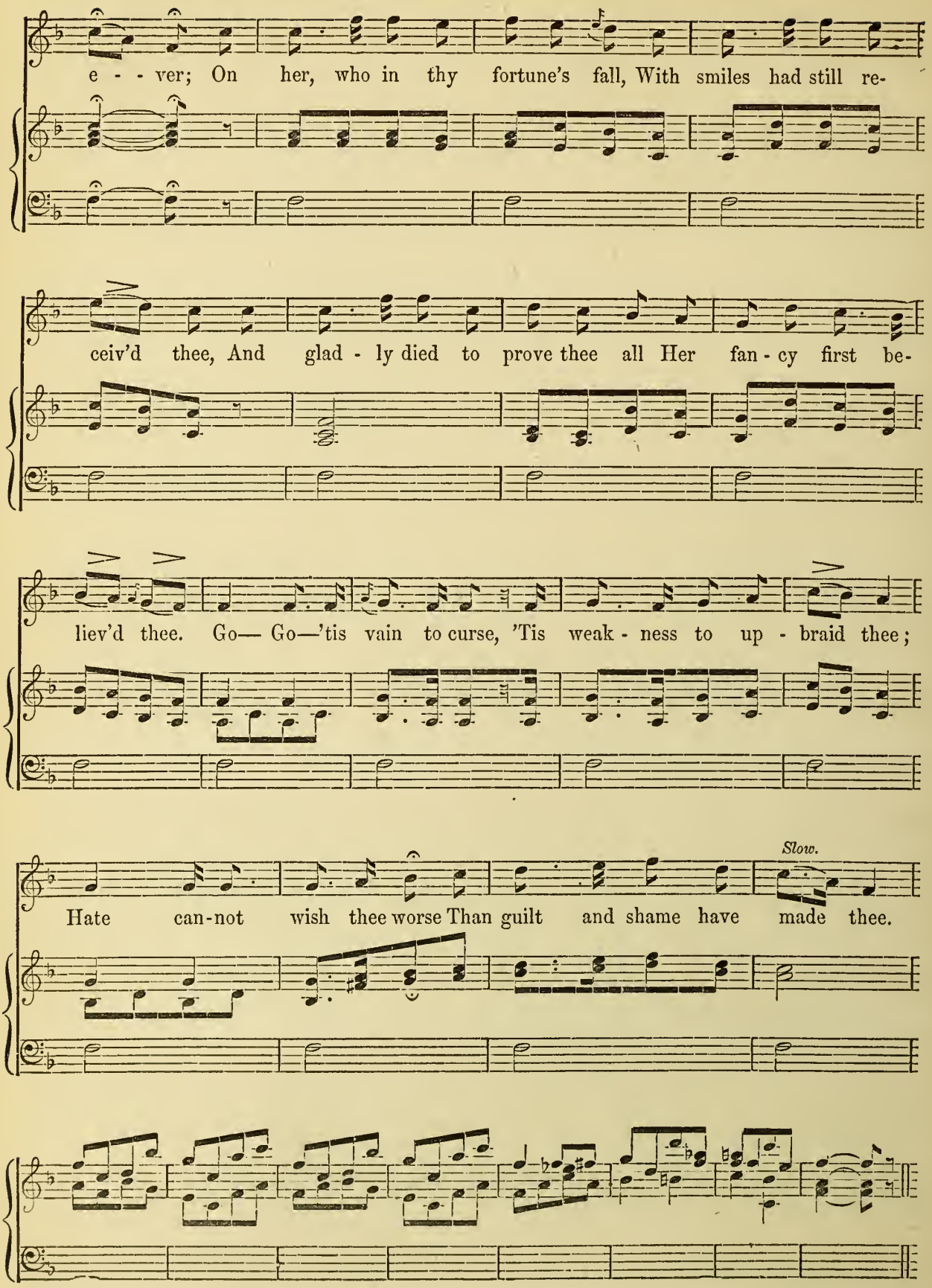

-bout thee, And on thy lip such pro-mise hung, I did not dare to
-bout thee, And on thy lip such pro-mise hung, I did not dare to
doubt thee. I saw thee change, yet still re-lied, Still clung with hope the
doubt thee. I saw thee change, yet still re-lied, Still clung with hope the
fond - - er, And thought, tho' false to all be-side, From me thou couldst not
fond - - er, And thought, tho' false, to all be-side, From me thou couldst not


wan - der. But go, de - cei - ver, go! The heart, whose hopes could make it
wan - der. But go, de - cei - ver, go! The heart, whose hopes could make it
Slow.
Trust one so false, so low, De - serves that thou shouldst break it.
Trust one so false, so low, De - serves that thou shouldst break it.
SECOND VERSE.
When ev' - ry tongue thy fol - lies nam'd, I fled th'un - wel - come


sto - - - ry; Or found, in ev'n the faults they blam'd Some gleams of fu - ture
glo - ry. I still was true, when near - er friends Con - spir'd to wrong, to
slight thee; The heart that now thy false-hood rends Would then have bled to
right thee. But go, de - ceiv - er, go! Some day, per-haps, thou'lt wa - ken
Slow.
From pleasure's dream, to know The grief of hearts for - - - sak - en.

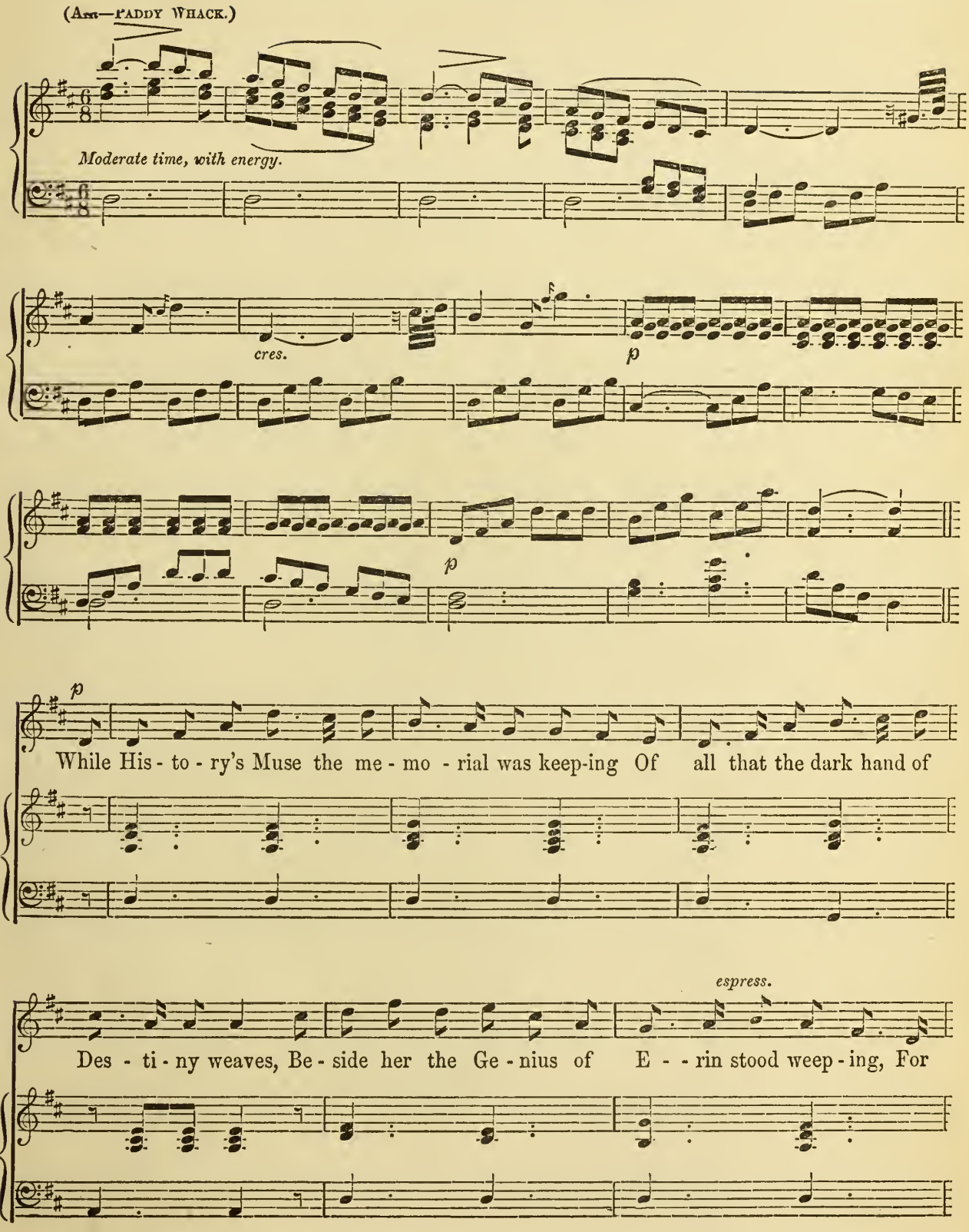

THIRD VERSE.
Ev'n now, tho' youth its bloom has shed, No lights of age a-
dorn thee; The few who lov'd thee once have fled, And they who flat-ter
scorn thee. Thy mid-night cup is pledg'd to slaves, No ge-nial ties en-
wreathe it; The smil-ing there, like light on graves, Has rank cold hearts be-

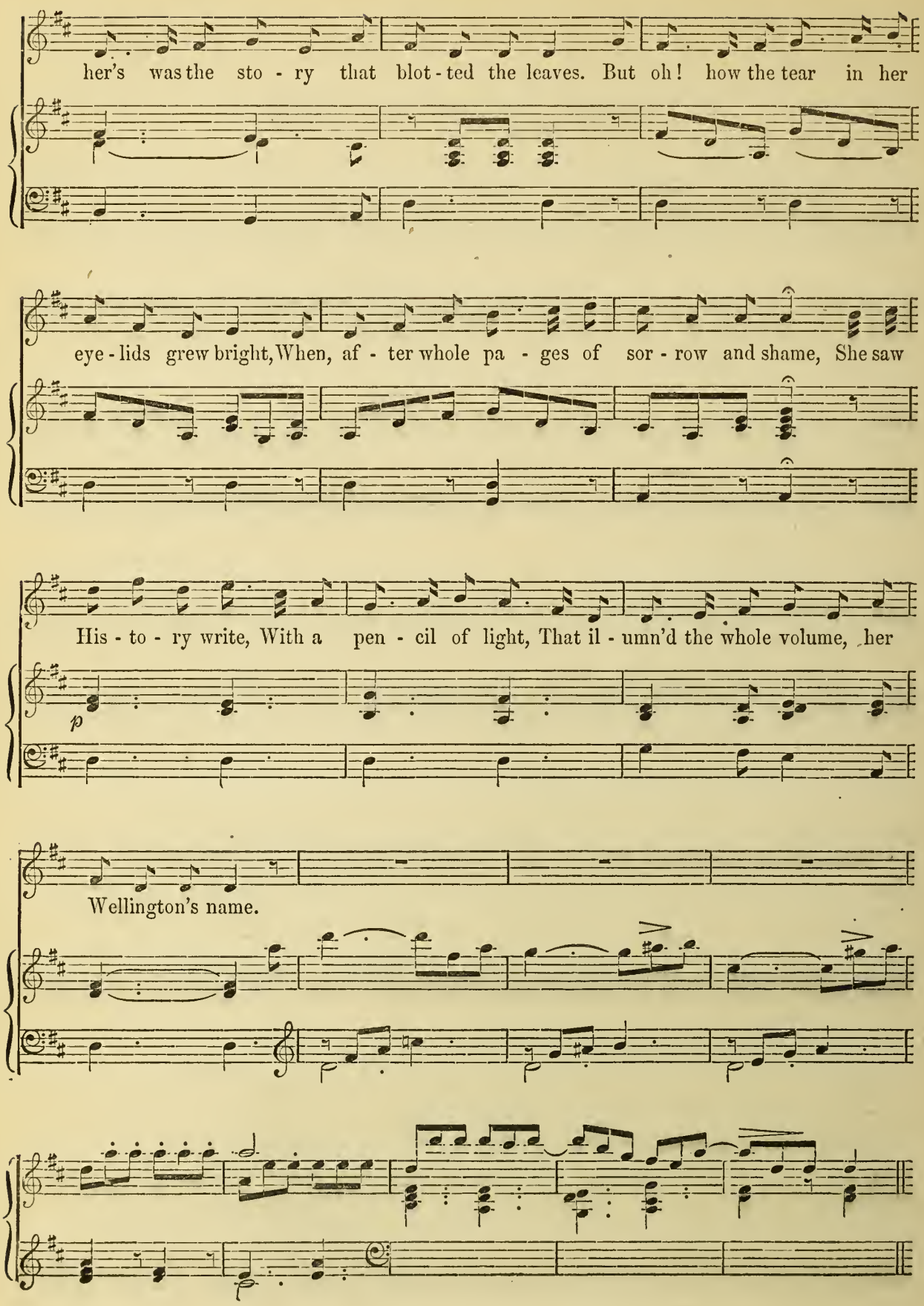

- neath it. Go— go—tho'worlds were thine, I would not now sur - rend - er
Slow.
One taintless tear of mine For all thy guil - ty splen - dour!
Fourth Verse.
And days may come, thou false one! yet, When ev'n those ties shall
se - - - ver; When thou wilt call, with vain re - gret, On her thou'st lost for


e - - ver; On her, who in thy fortune's fall, With smiles had still re-
ceiv'd thee, And glad - ly died to prove thee all Her fan - cy first be-
liev'd thee. Go— Go—'tis vain to curse, 'Tis weak - ness to up - braid thee;
Slow.
Hate can-not wish thee worse Than guilt and shame have made thee.

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

(Air—PADDY WHACK.)




her's was the sto - ry that blot - ted the leaves. But oh! how the tear in her
eye - lids grew bright, When, af - ter whole pa - ges of sor - row and shame, She saw
His - to - ry write, With a pen - cil of light, That il - umn'd the whole volume, her
p
Wellington's name.

Second Verse.

"Hail star of my Isle!" said the Spi - rit, all sparkling With beams, such as break from her

espress.

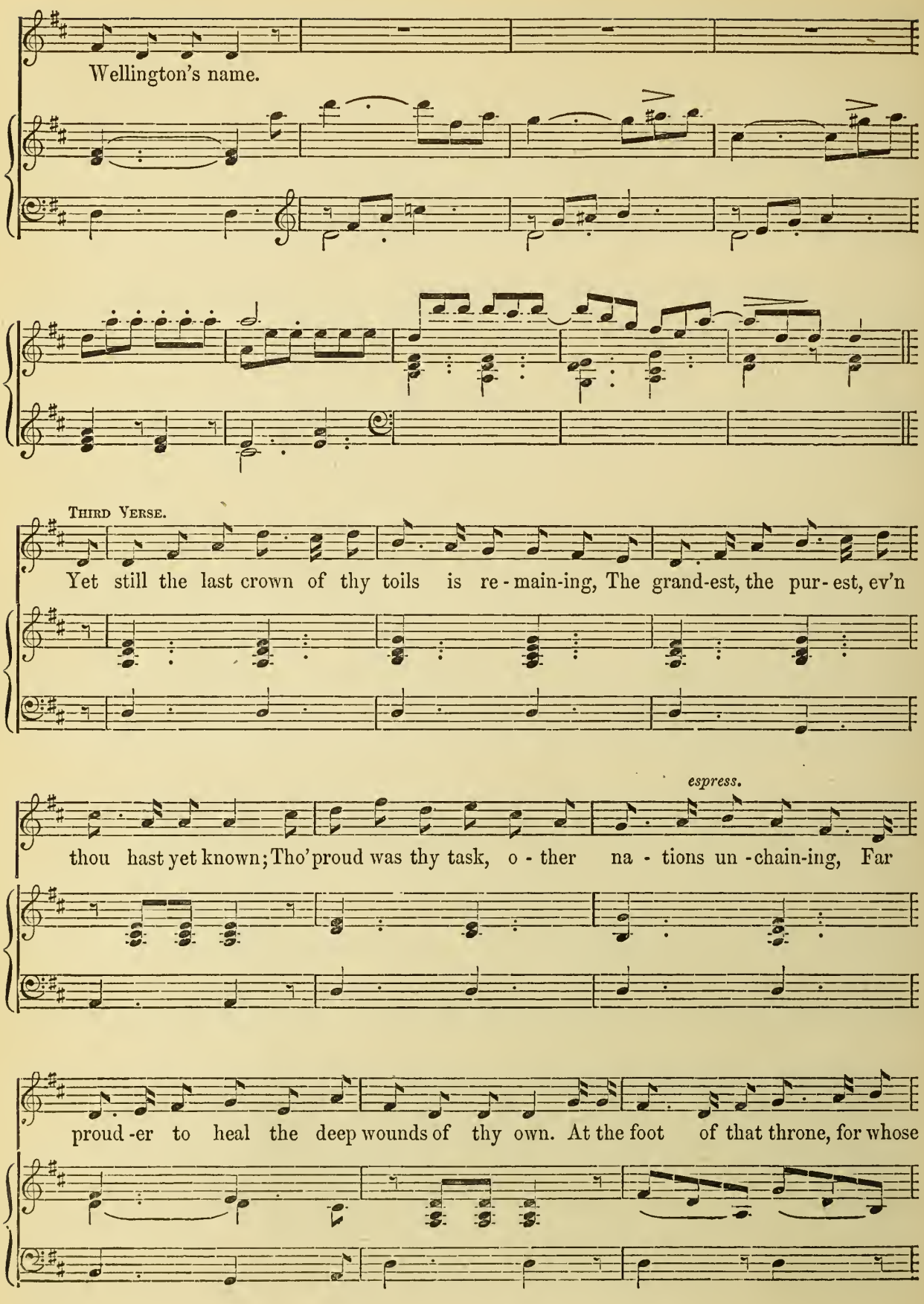
own dew - y skies, "Thro' a - ges of sor - row, de - sert - ed and dark - ling, I've

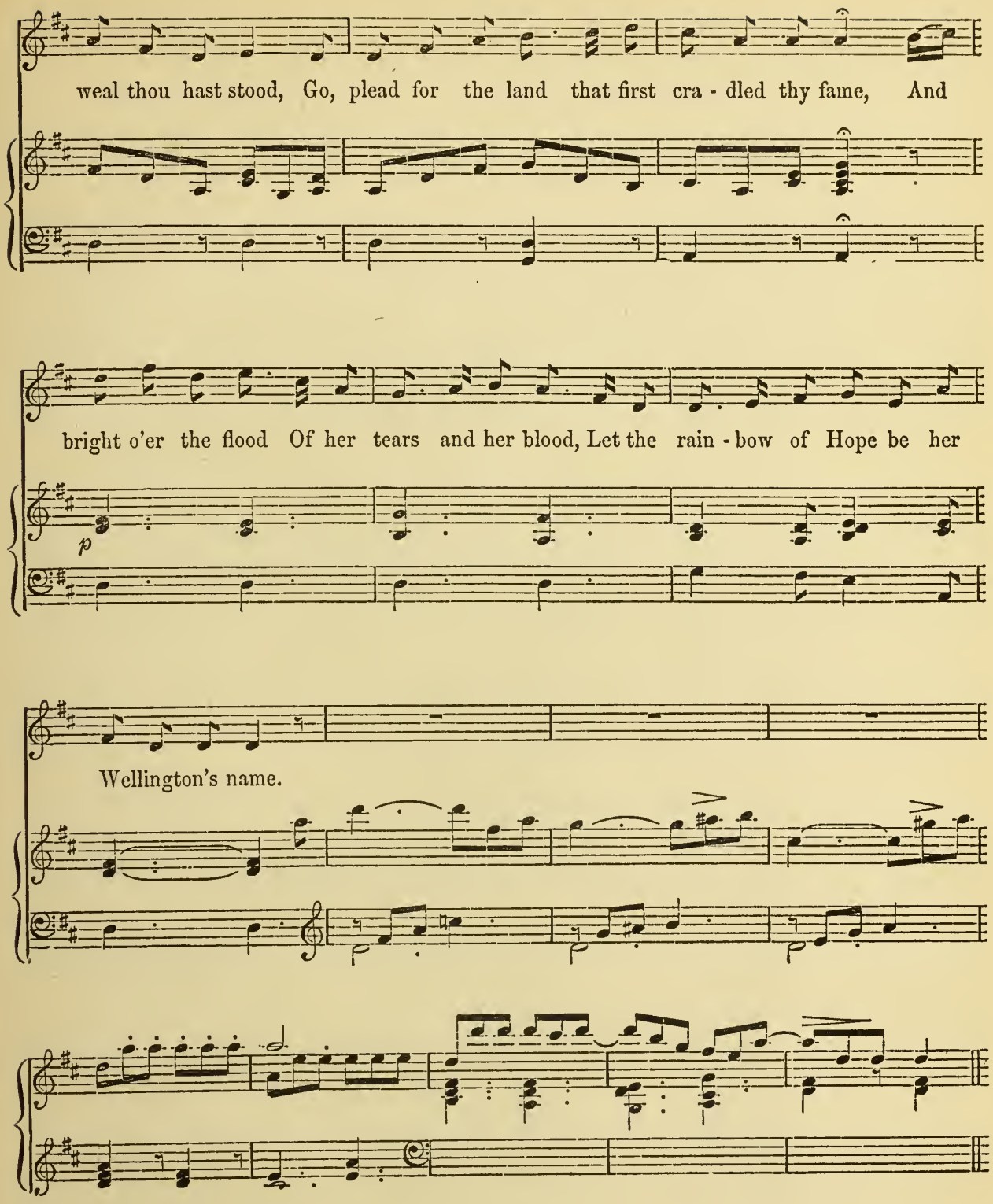
watch'd for some glo - ry like thine to a rise. For tho' He - roes I've num-ber'd, un-

blest was their lot, And un - hal - low'd they sleep in the cross-ways of fame; But

oh! there is not One dis - ho - nour-ing blot On the wreath that en - cir - cles my

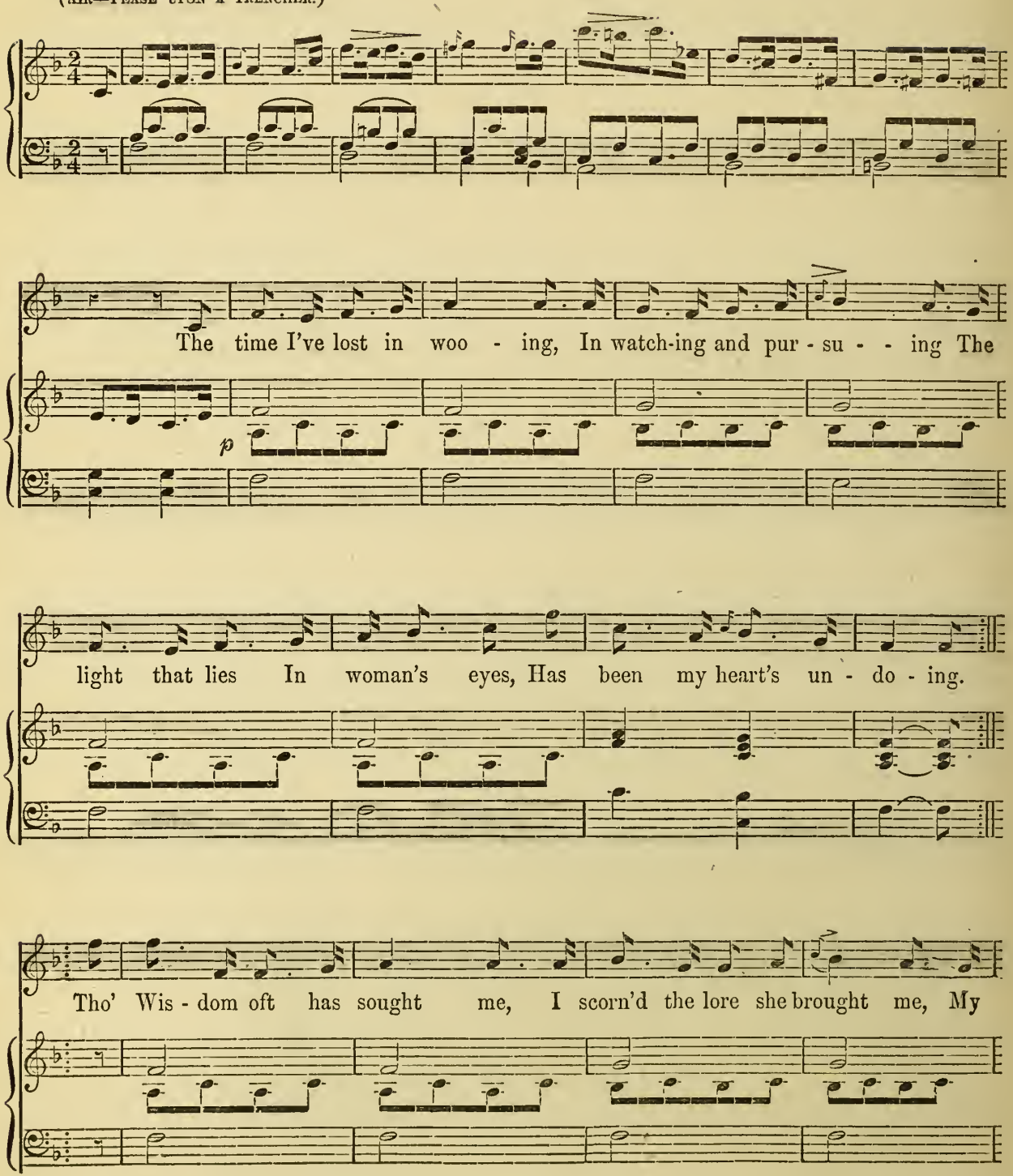
p

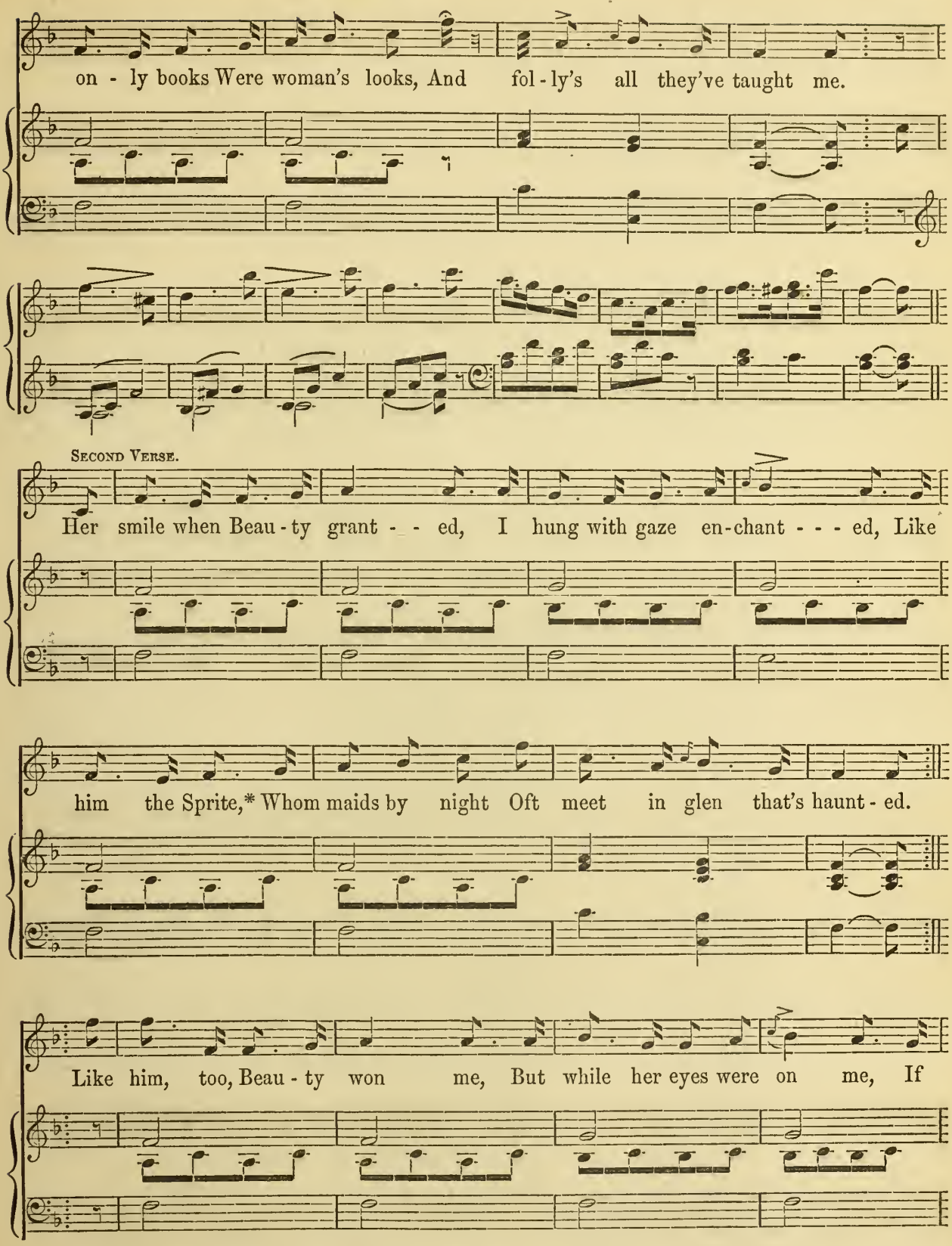

Wellington's name.
THIRD VERSE.
Yet still the last crown of thy toils is re - main-ing, The grand-est, the pur - est, ev'n
espress.
thou hast yet known; Tho' proud was thy task, o - ther na - tions un - chain-ing, Far
proud - er to heal the deep wounds of thy own. At the foot of that throne, for whose


weal thou hast stood, Go, plead for the land that first cra - dled thy fame, And
bright o'er the flood Of her tears and her blood, Let the rain - bow of Hope be her
p
Wellington's name.

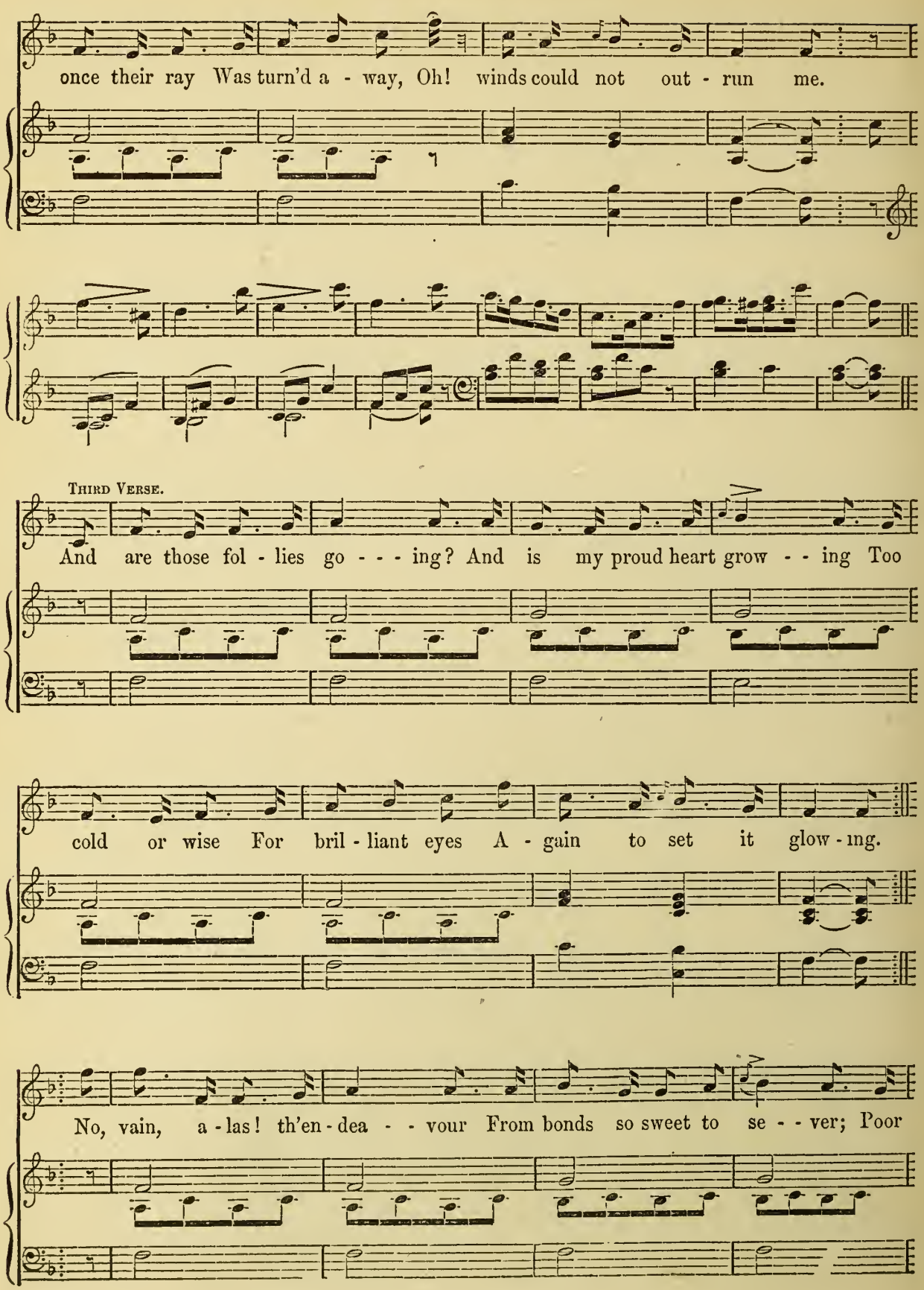
THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

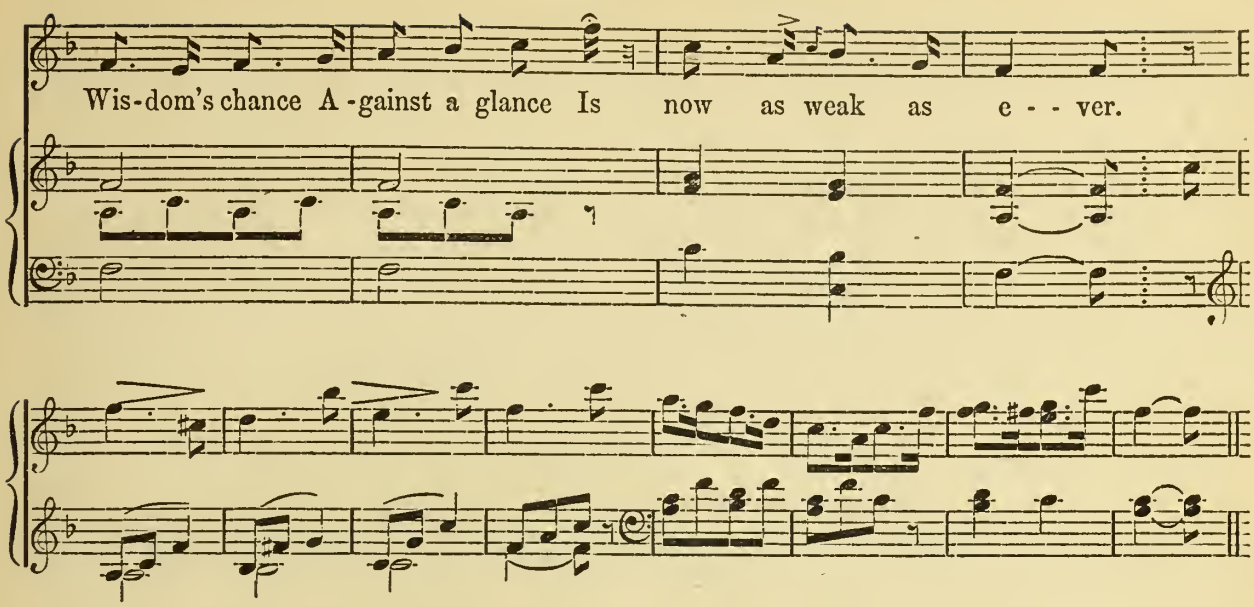
(Air—Pease upon a Trencher.)





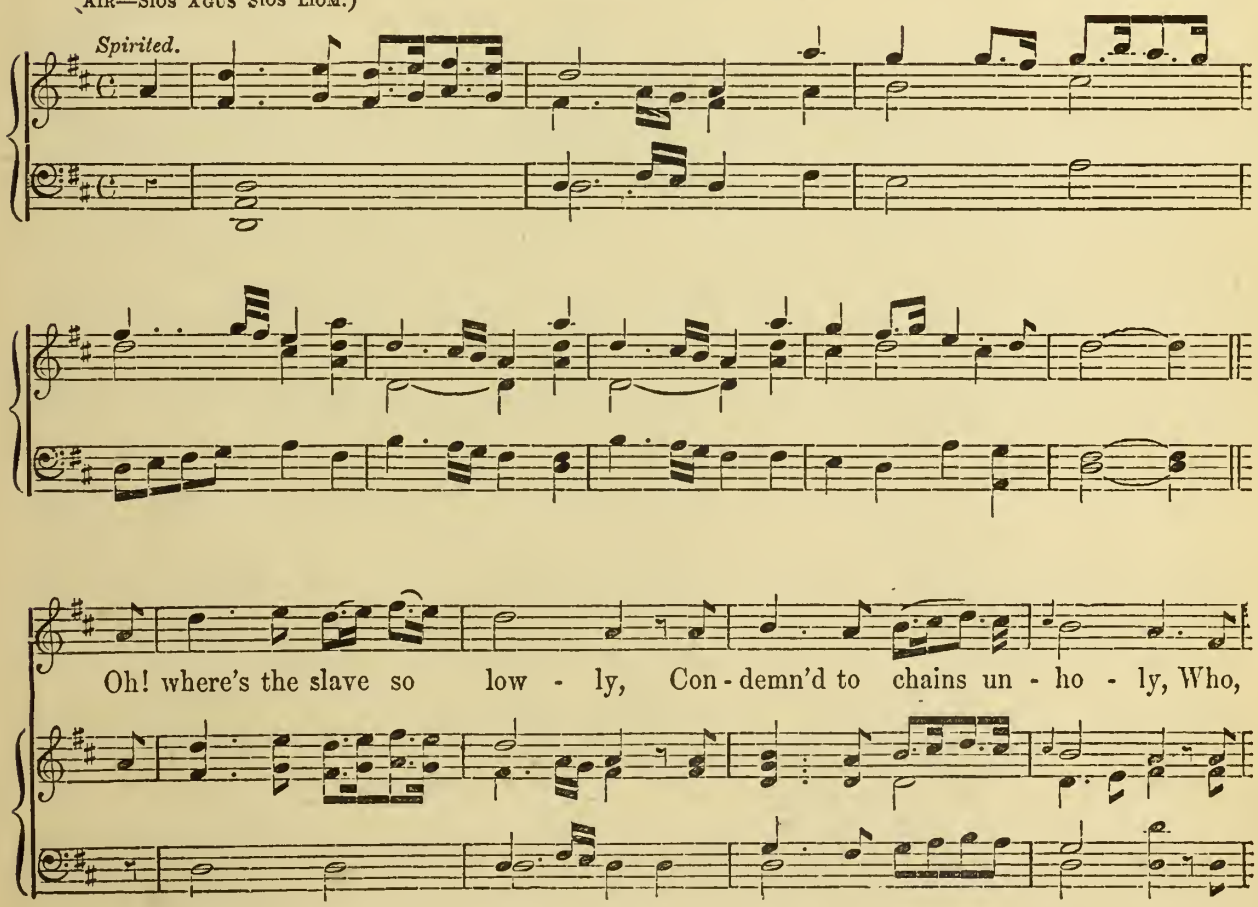
* This alludes to a kind of Irish Fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields at dusk. As long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed and in your power;—but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement) he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun; but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady Morgan, in a note upon her national and interesting novel, O'Donnel), has given a very different account of that goblin.

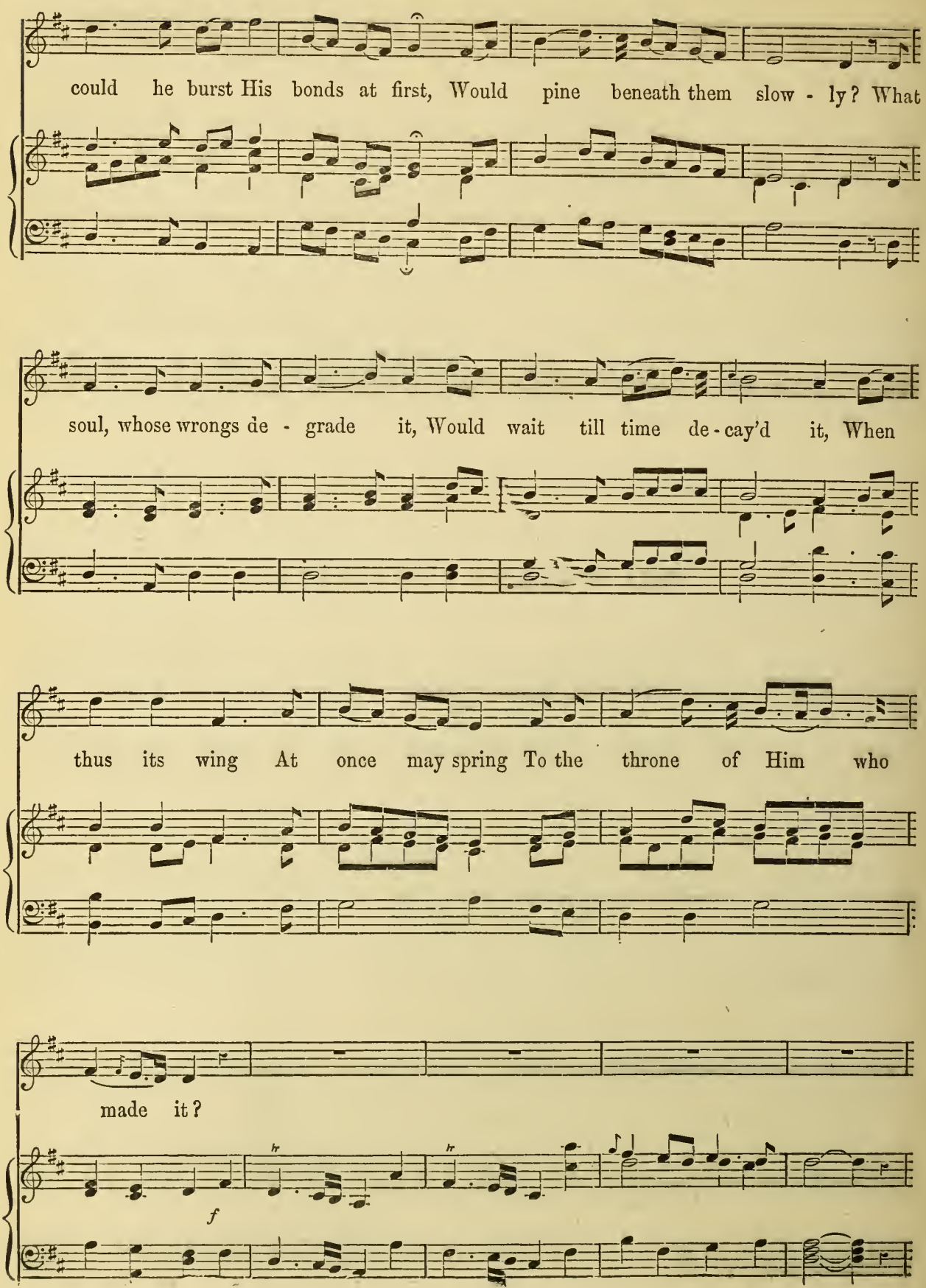

once their ray Was turn'd a - way, Oh! winds could not out - run me.
THIRD VERSE.
And are those fol - lies go - - - ing? And is my proud heart grow - - ing Too
cold or wise For bril - liant eyes A - gain to set it glow - ing.
No, vain, a - las! th'en - dea - - vour From bonds so sweet to se - - ver; Poor

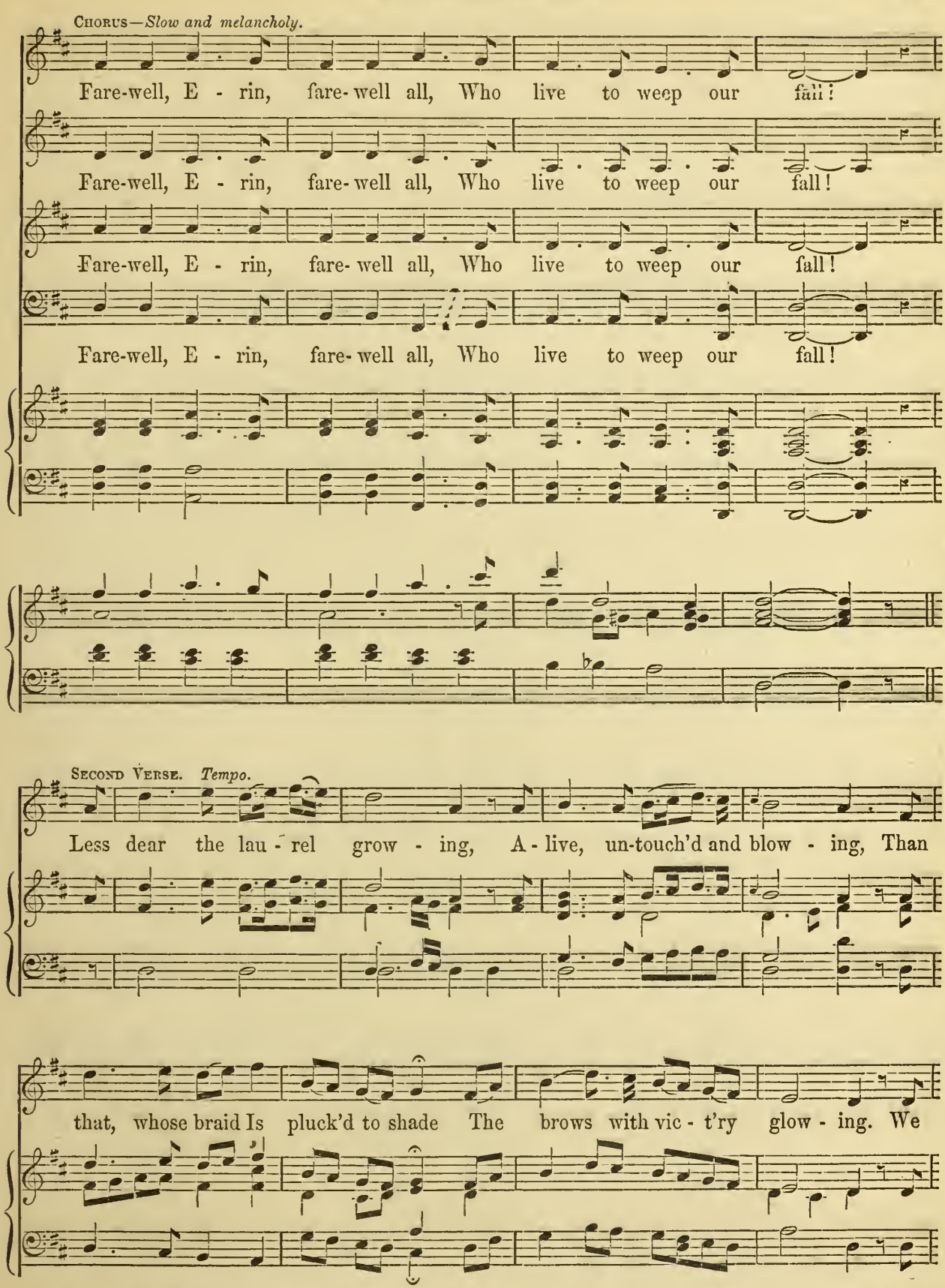


OH! WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

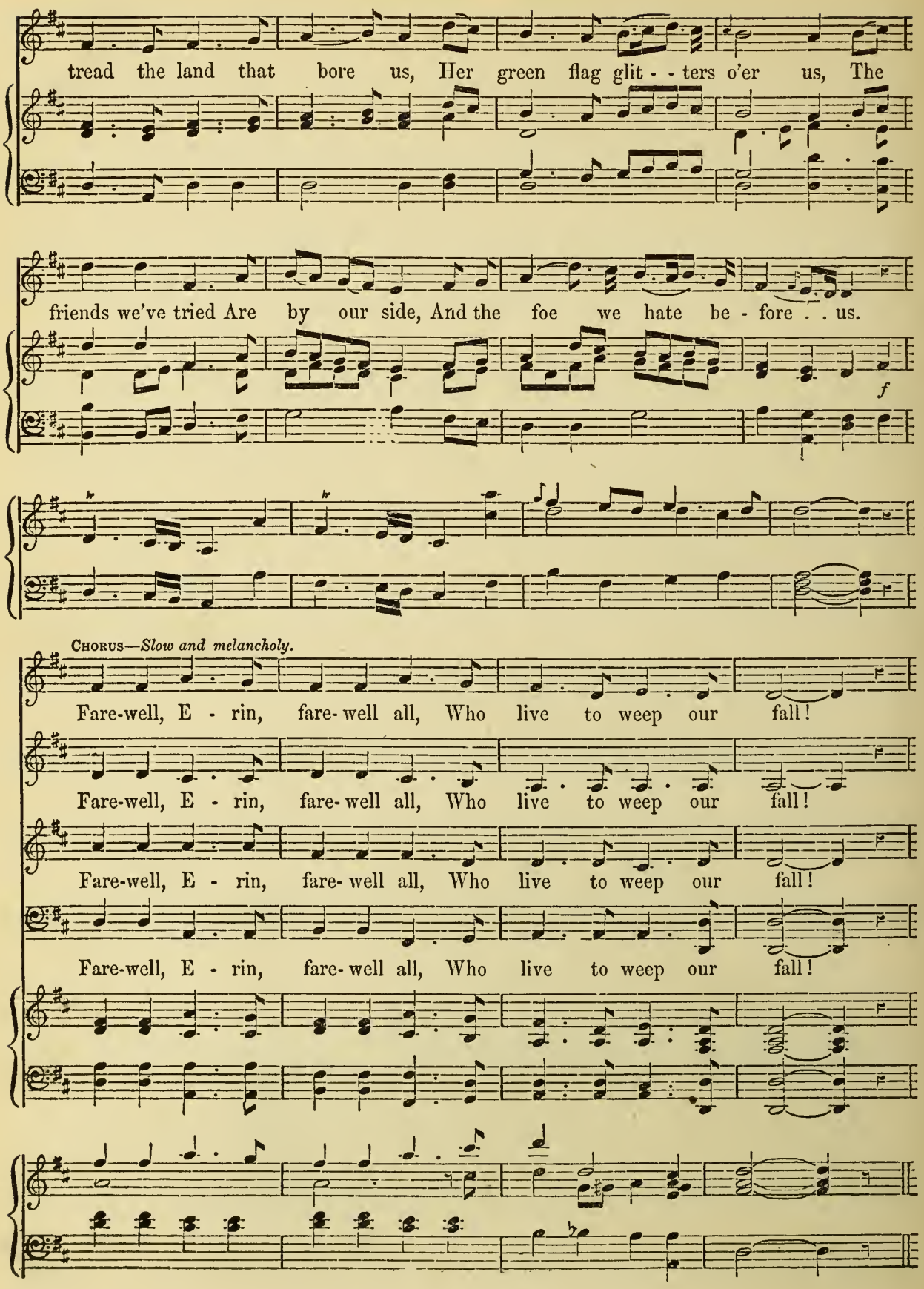
(Air—Sios agus sios liom.)




could he burst His bonds at first, Would pine beneath them slow - ly? What
soul, whose wrongs de - grade it, Would wait till time de - cay'd it, When
thus its wing At once may spring To the throne of Him who
made it?
f



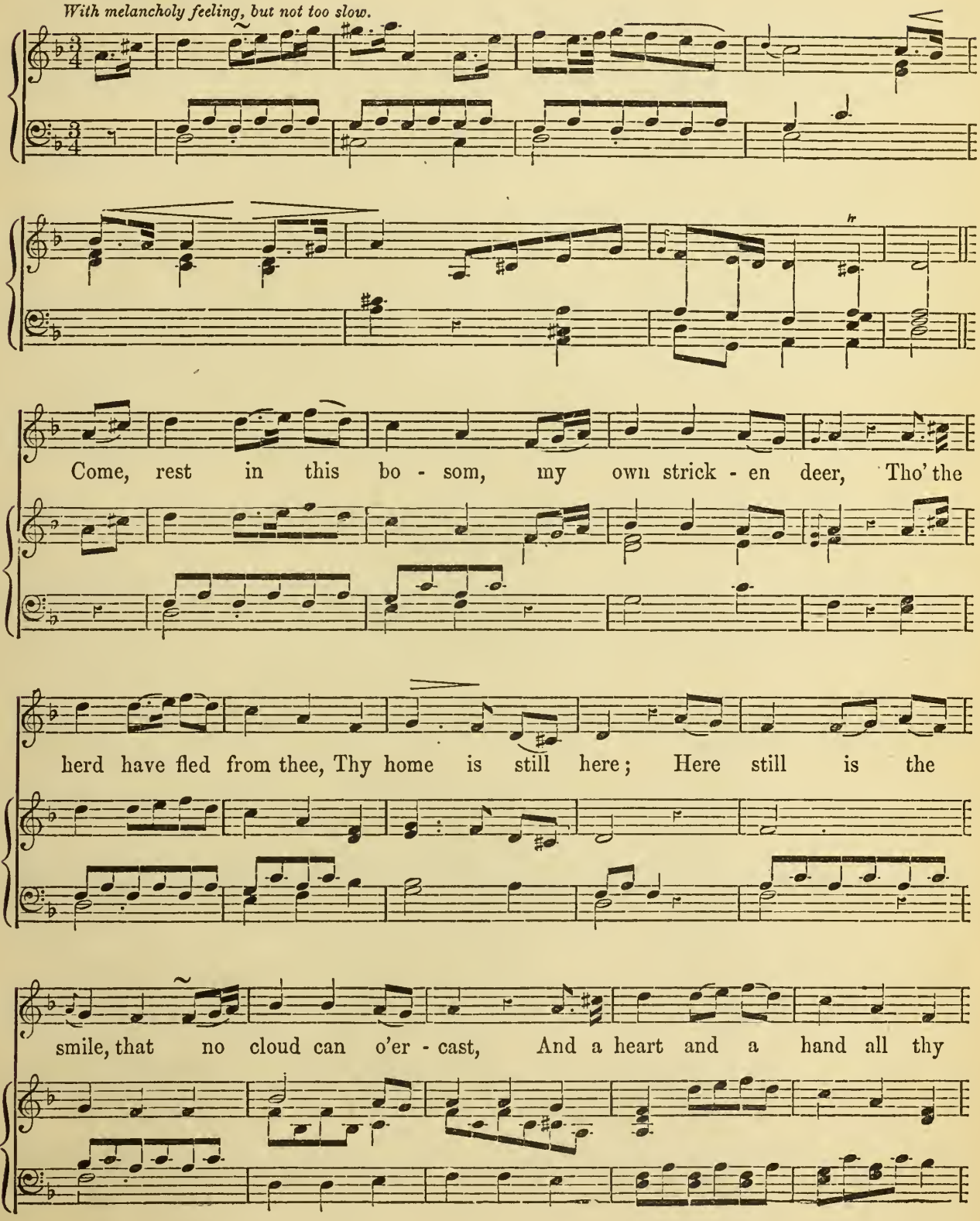
* The dirge, as above harmonized, having been sung by upwards of 200 voices on the occasion of the Moore Commemorations held at Dublin, March 1852, I have presumed to introduce it here.—ED.

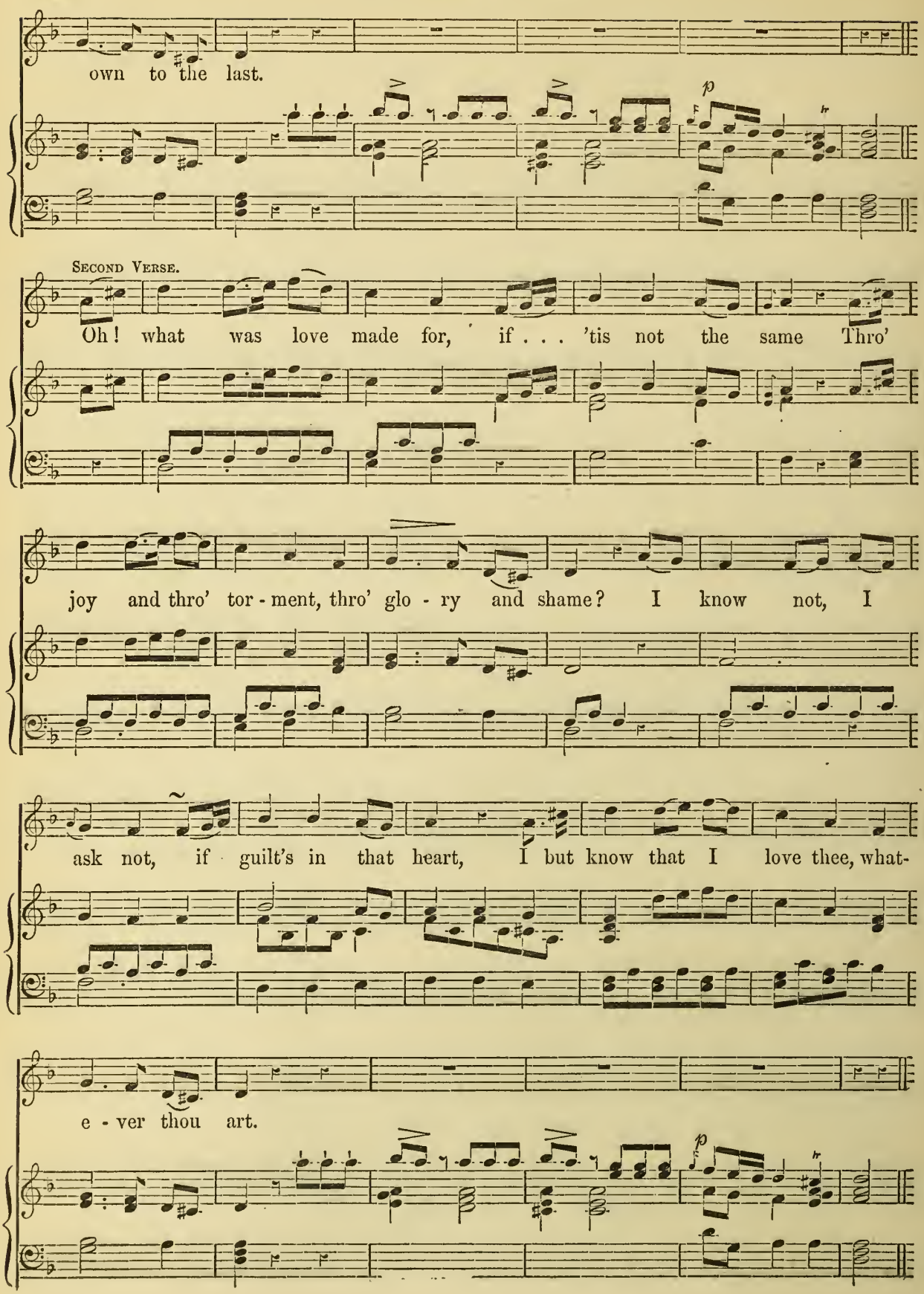

tread the land that bore us, Her green flag glit - - ters o'er us, The
friends we've tried Are by our side, And the foe we hate be - fore . . us.
f
CHORUS—*Slow and melancholy.*
Fare-well, E - rin, fare- well all, Who live to weep our fall!
Fare-well, E - rin, fare- well all, Who live to weep our fall!
Fare-well, E - rin, fare- well all, Who live to weep our fall!
Fare-well, E - rin, fare- well all, Who live to weep our fall!

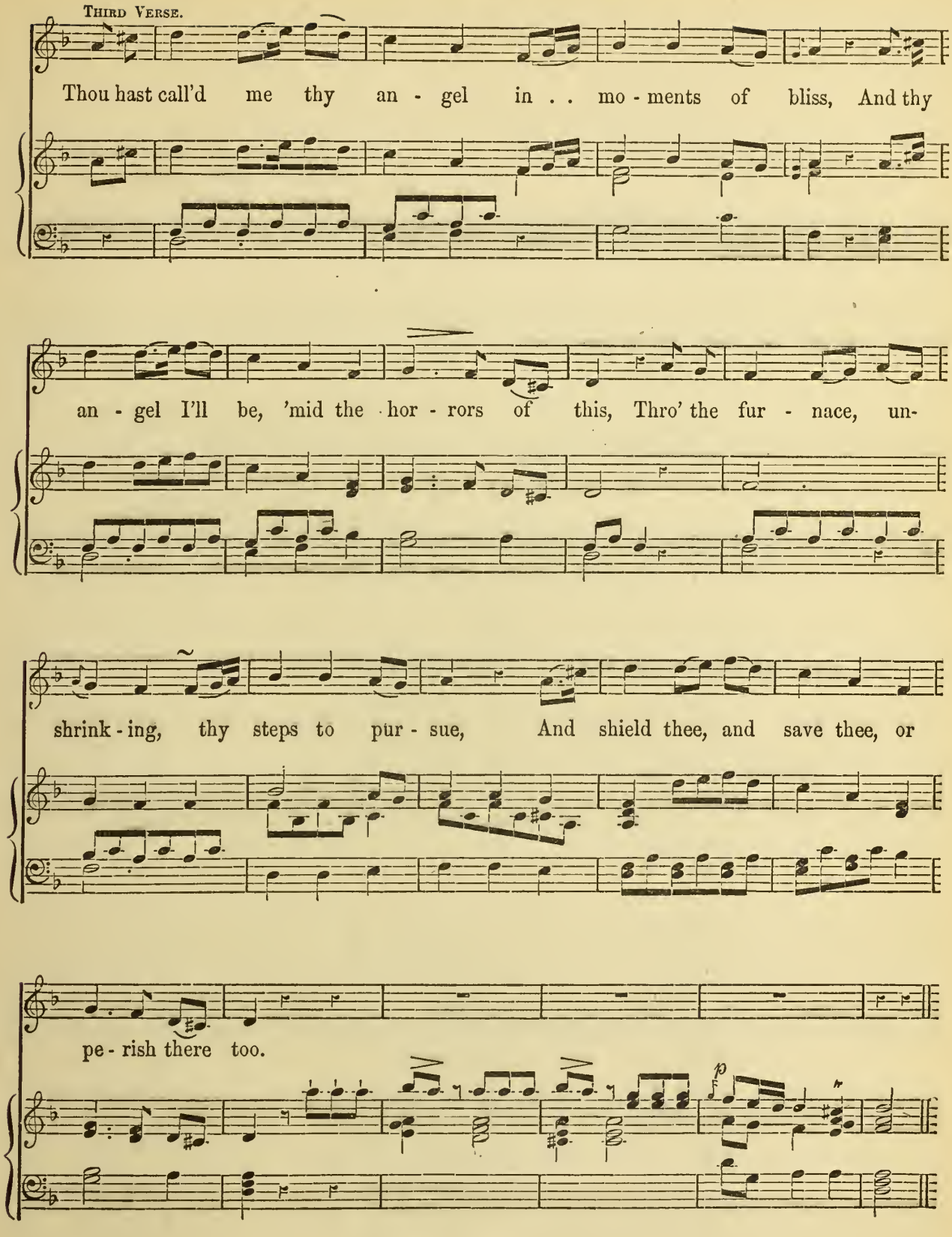
COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

(Air—Lough Sheeling.)

With melancholy feeling, but not too slow.




own to the last.
SECOND VERSE.
Oh! what was love made for, if . . . 'tis not the same Thro'
joy and thro' tor - ment, thro' glo - ry and shame? I know not, I
ask not, if guilt's in that heart, I but know that I love thee, what-
e - ver thou art.

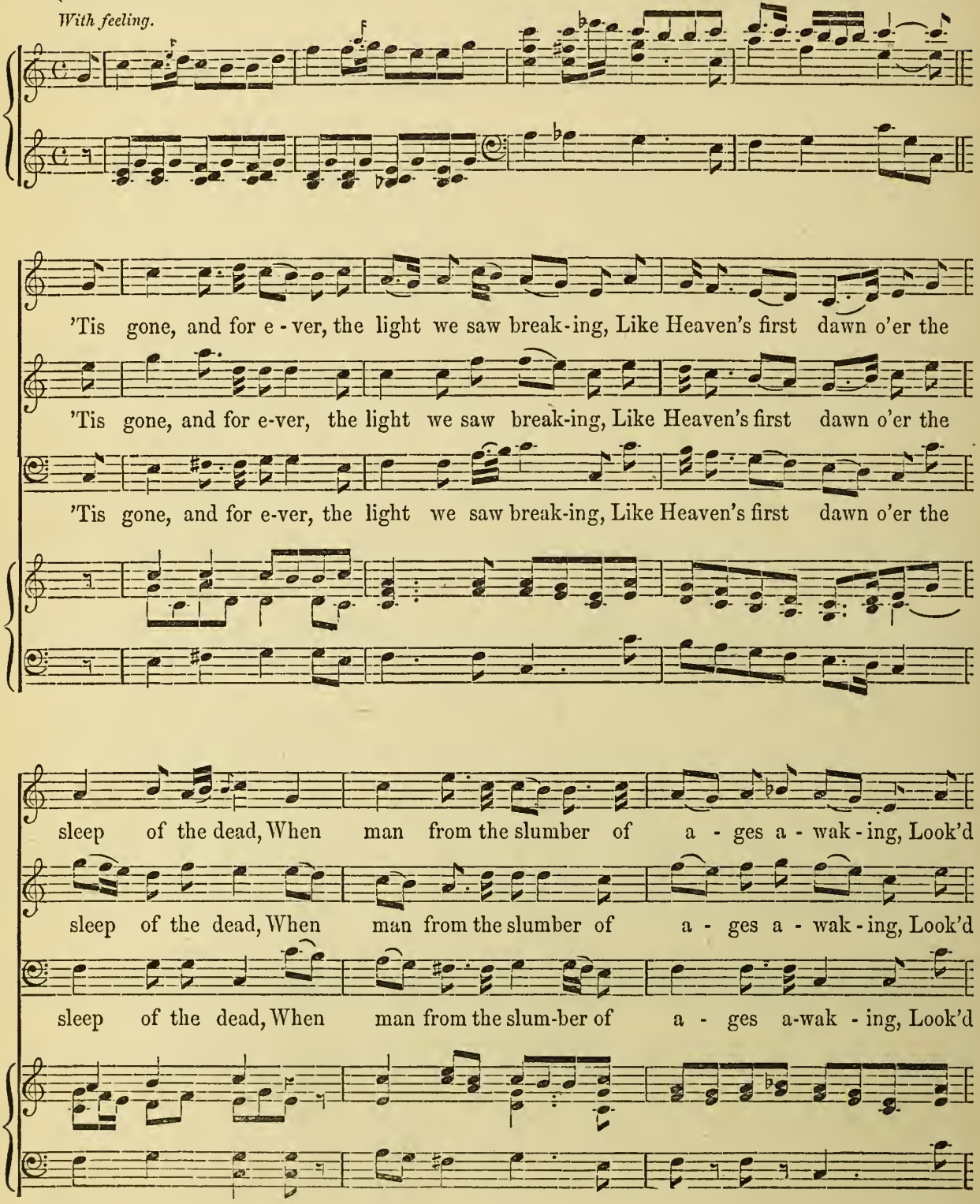

THIRD VERSE.
Thou hast call'd me thy an - gel in . . mo - ments of bliss, And thy
an - gel I'll be, 'mid the hor - rors of this, Thro' the fur - nace, un-
shrink - ing, thy steps to pur - sue, And shield thee, and save thee, or
pe - rish there too.
p

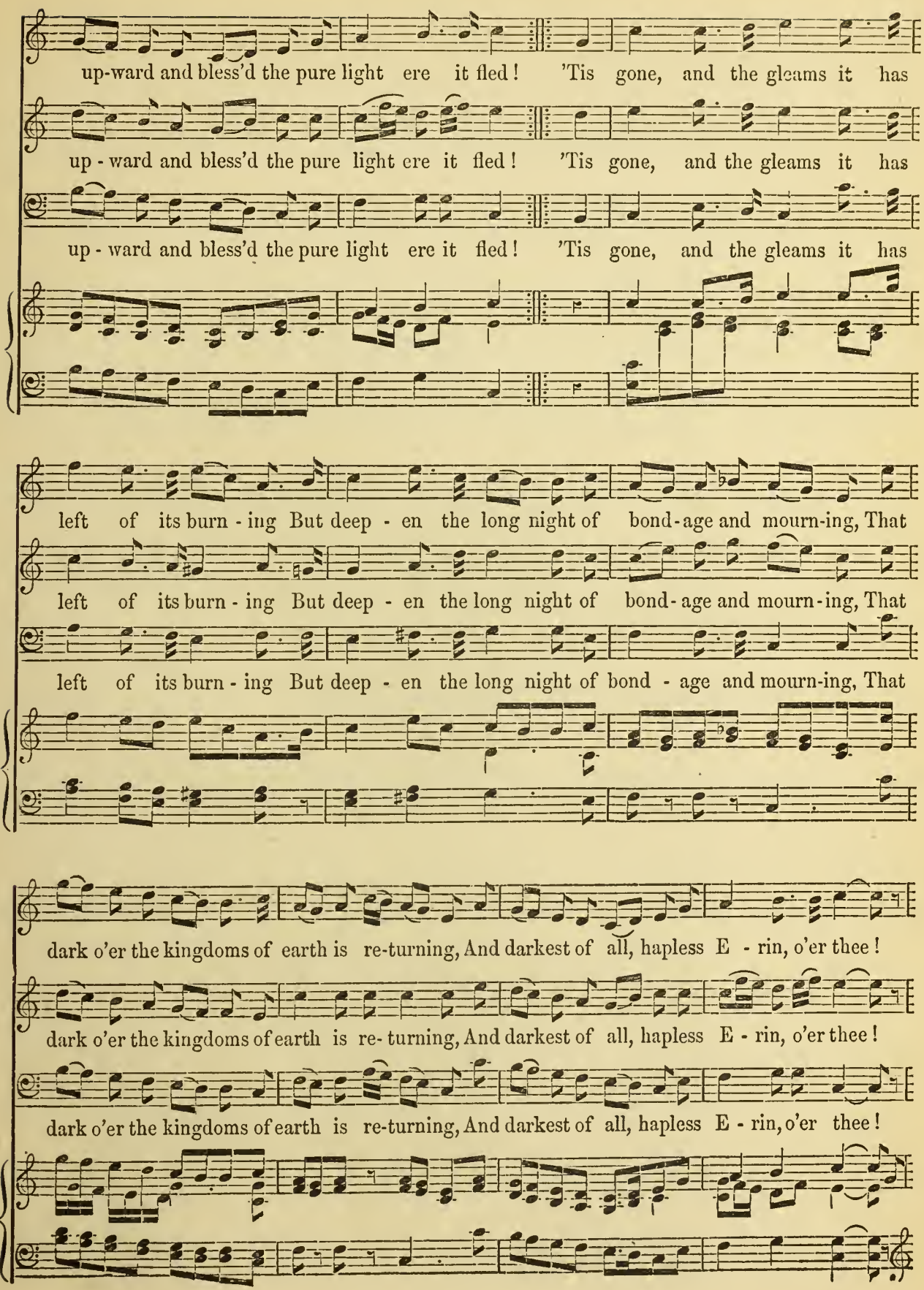
'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

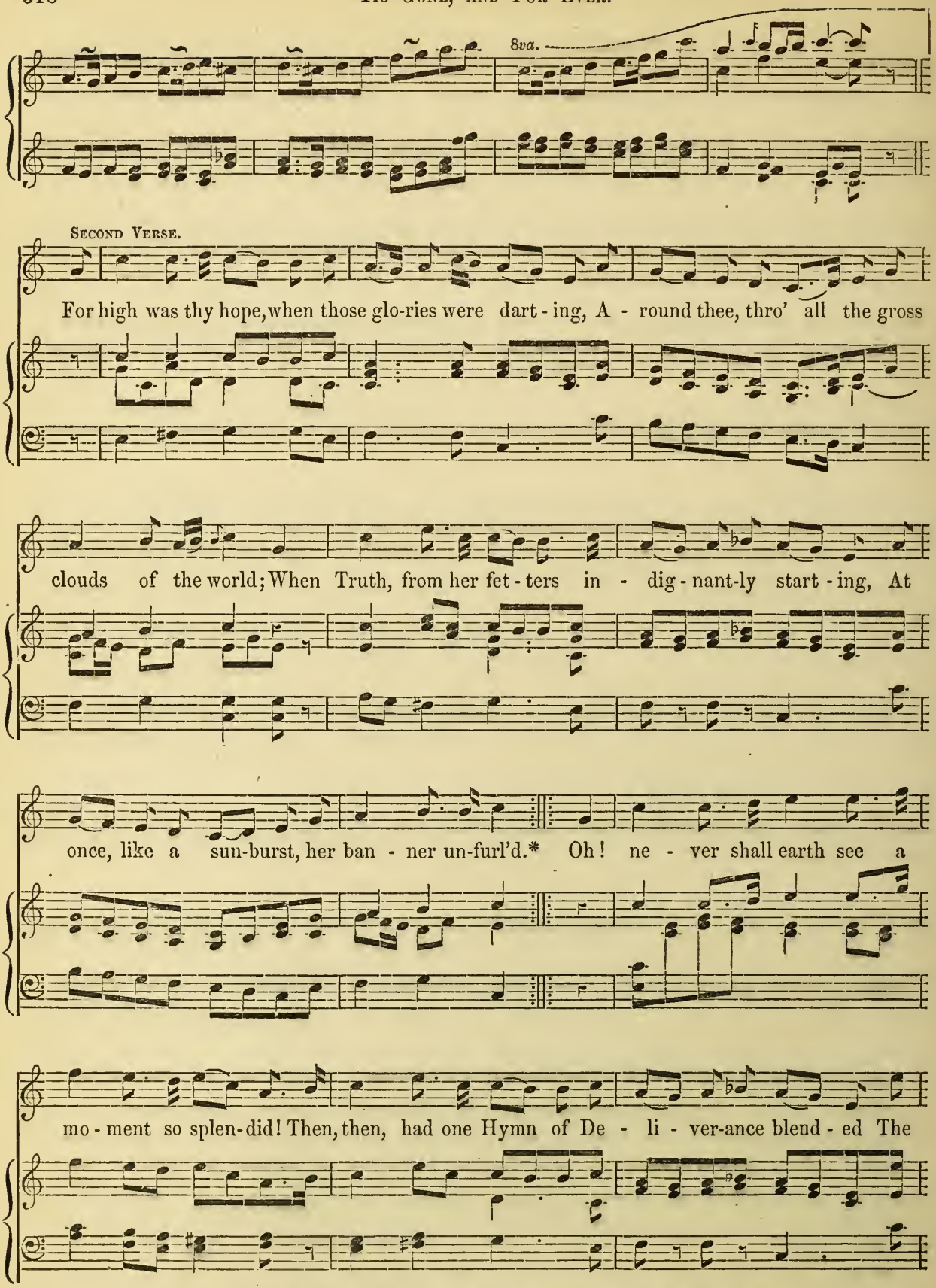
(Air—Savournah Deelish.)

Harmonized for Three Voices.

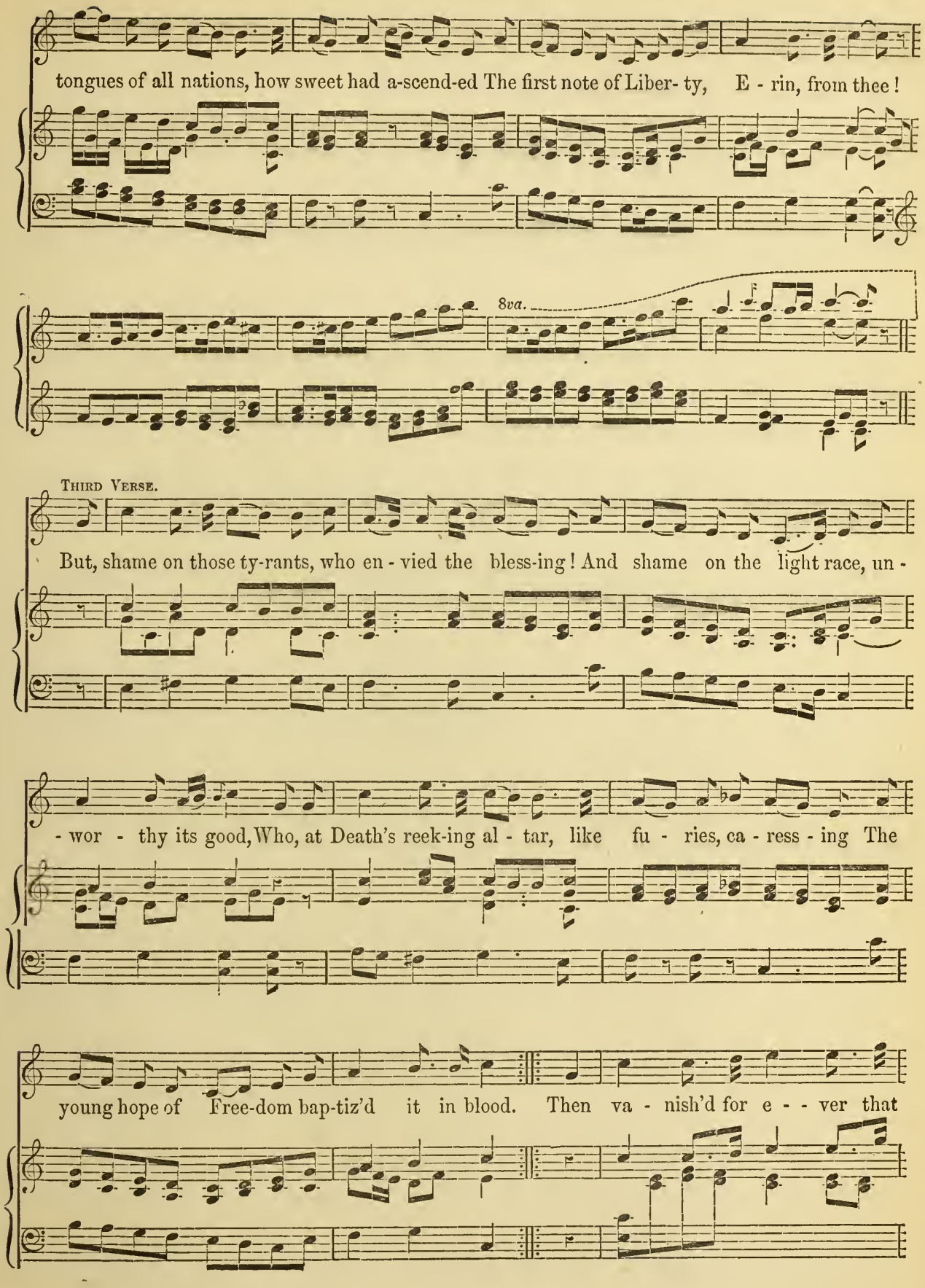
With feeling.

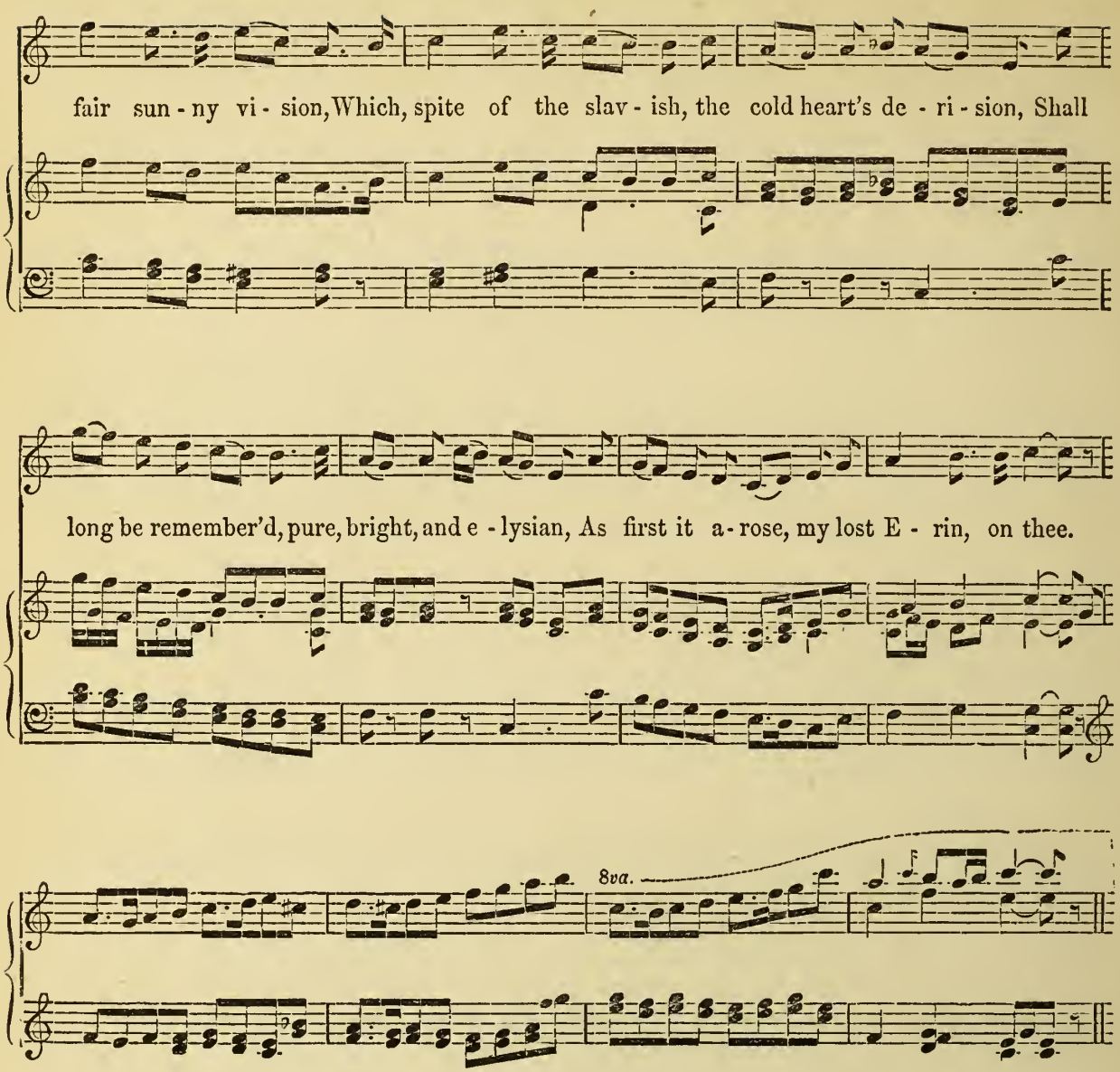



up-ward and bless'd the pure light ere it fled! 'Tis gone, and the gleams it has
up - ward and bless'd the pure light ere it fled! 'Tis gone, and the gleams it has
up - ward and bless'd the pure light ere it fled! 'Tis gone, and the gleams it has
left of its burn - ing But deep - en the long night of bond-age and mourn-ing, That
left of its burn - ing But deep - en the long night of bond - age and mourn-ing, That
left of its burn - ing But deep - en the long night of bond - age and mourn-ing, That
dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is re-turning, And darkest of all, hapless E - rin, o'er thee!
dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is re- turning, And darkest of all, hapless E - rin, o'er thee!
dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is re-turning, And darkest of all, hapless E - rin, o'er thee!



* "The Sun-burst" was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the Royal Banner.

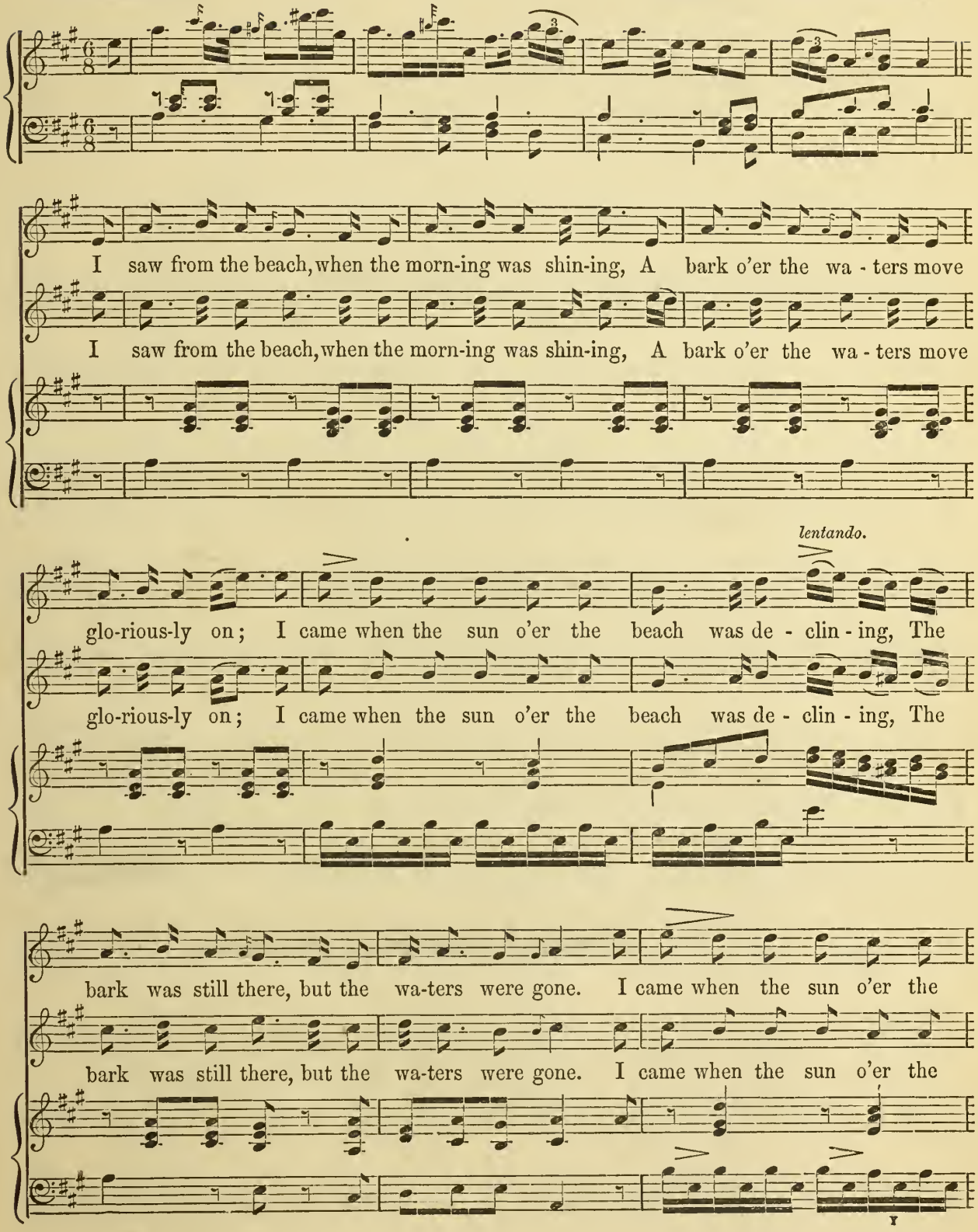

tongues of all nations, how sweet had a-scend-ed The first note of Liber- ty, E - rin, from thee!
8va.
Third Verse.
But, shame on those ty-rants, who en - vied the bless-ing! And shame on the light race, un -
- wor - thy its good, Who, at Death's reek-ing al - tar, like fu - ries, ca - ress - ing The
young hope of Free-dom bap-tiz'd it in blood. Then va - nish'd for e - - ver that

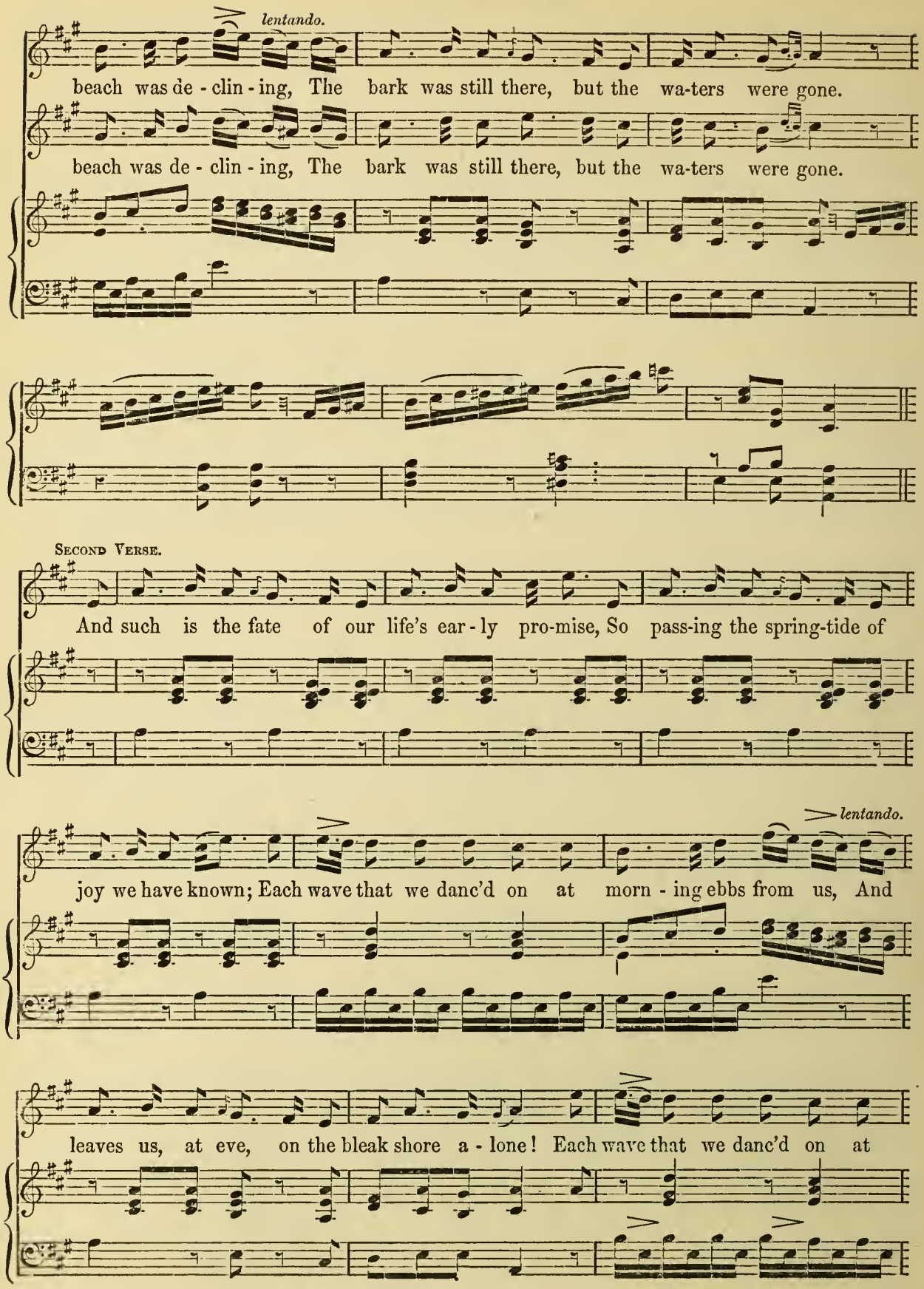

fair sun - ny vi - sion, Which, spite of the slav - ish, the cold heart's de - ri - sion, Shall
long be remember'd, pure, bright, and e - lysian, As first it a - rose, my lost E - rin, on thee.
8va.

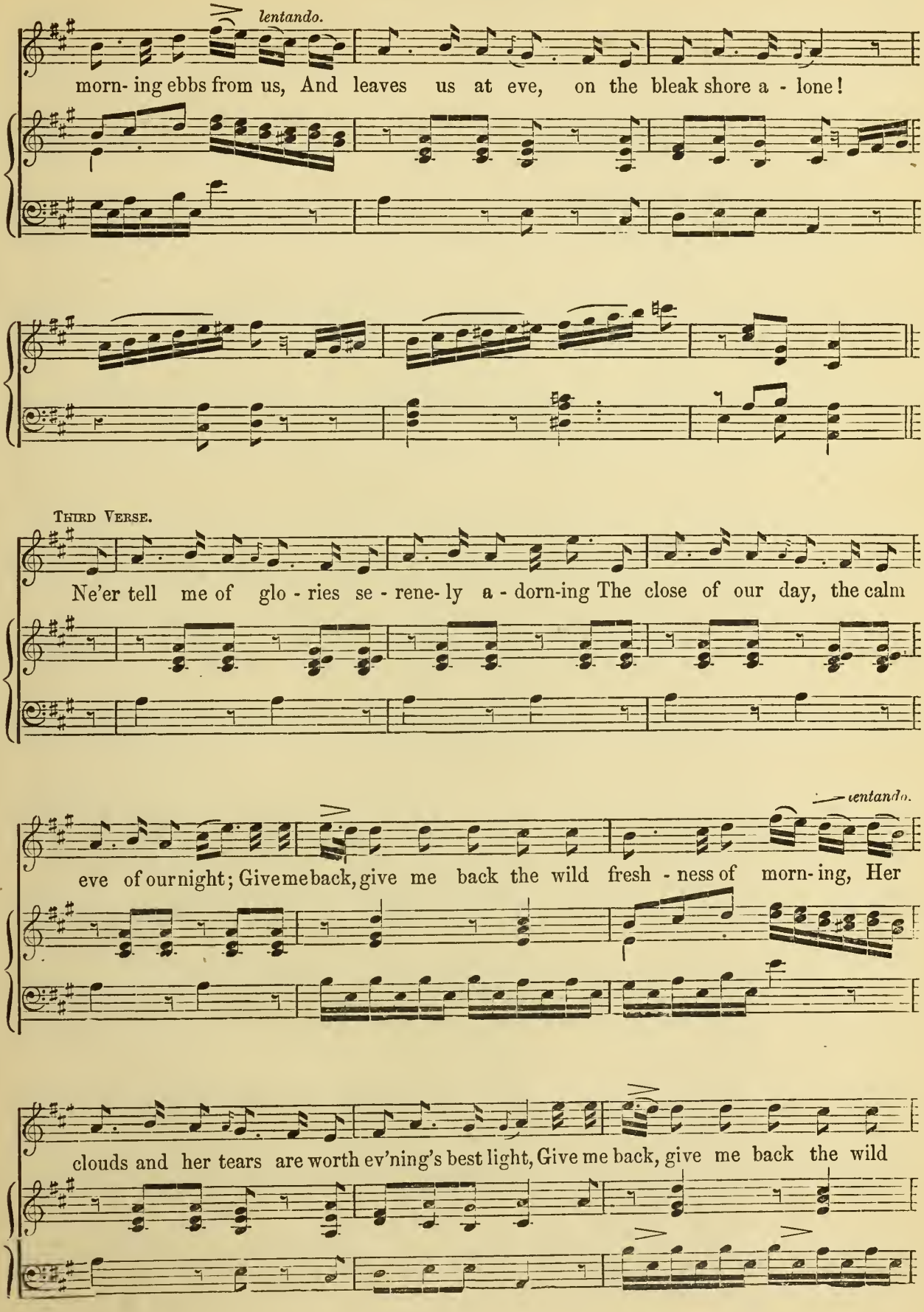
I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

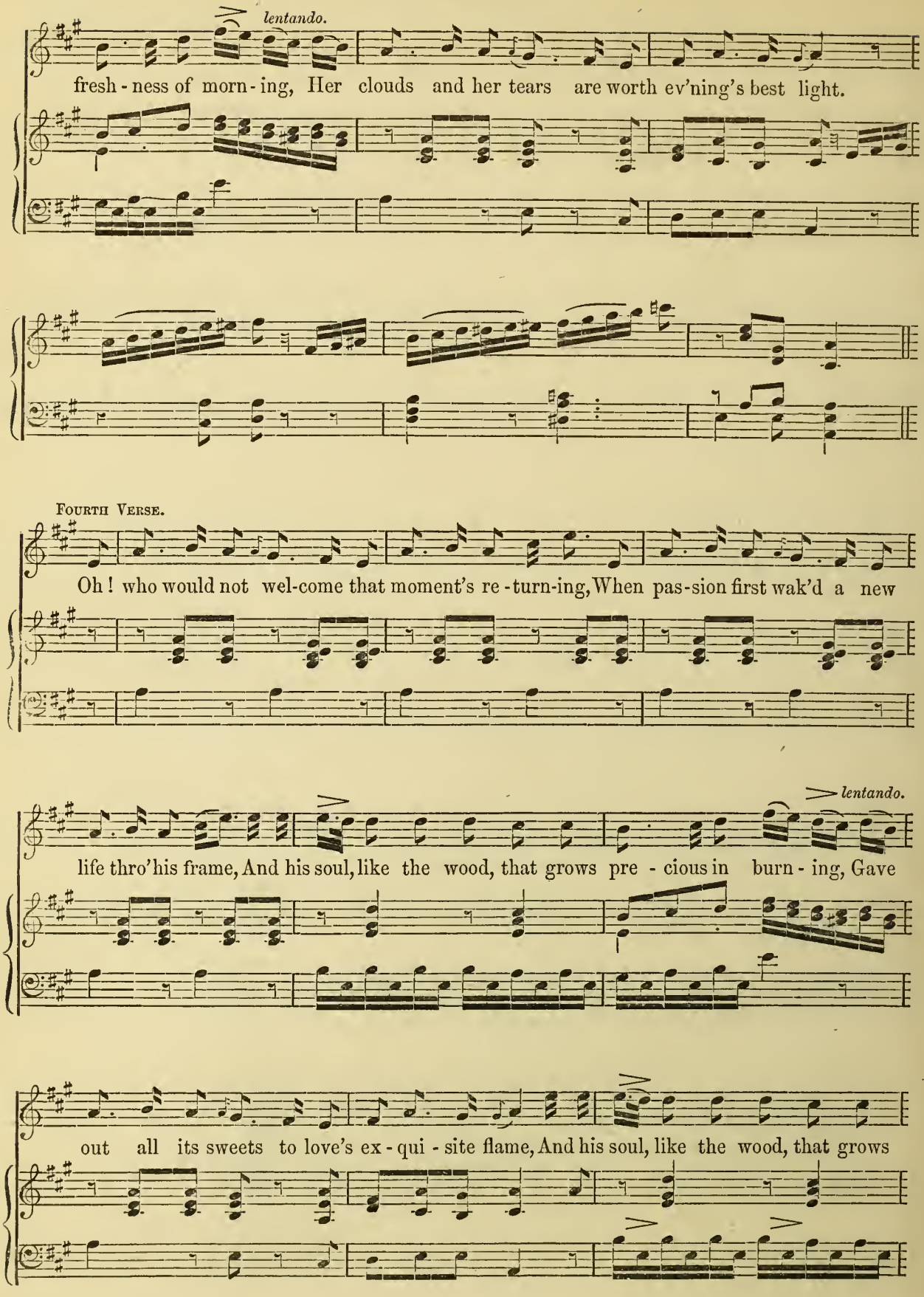
(Air—Miss Molly.)

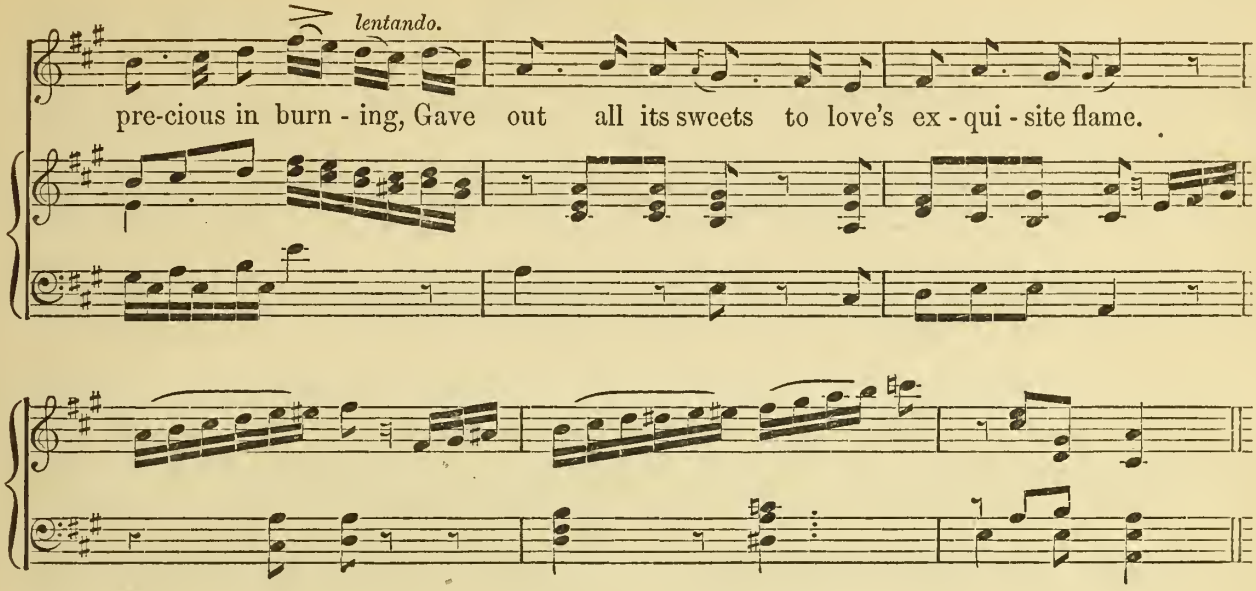
Harmonized for Two Voices.




lentando.
beach was de - clin - ing, The bark was still there, but the wa-ters were gone.
beach was de - clin - ing, The bark was still there, but the wa-ters were gone.
SECOND VERSE.
And such is the fate of our life's ear - ly pro-mise, So pass-ing the spring-tide of
lentando.
joy we have known; Each wave that we danc'd on at morn - ing ebbs from us, And
leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore a - lone! Each wave that we danc'd on at

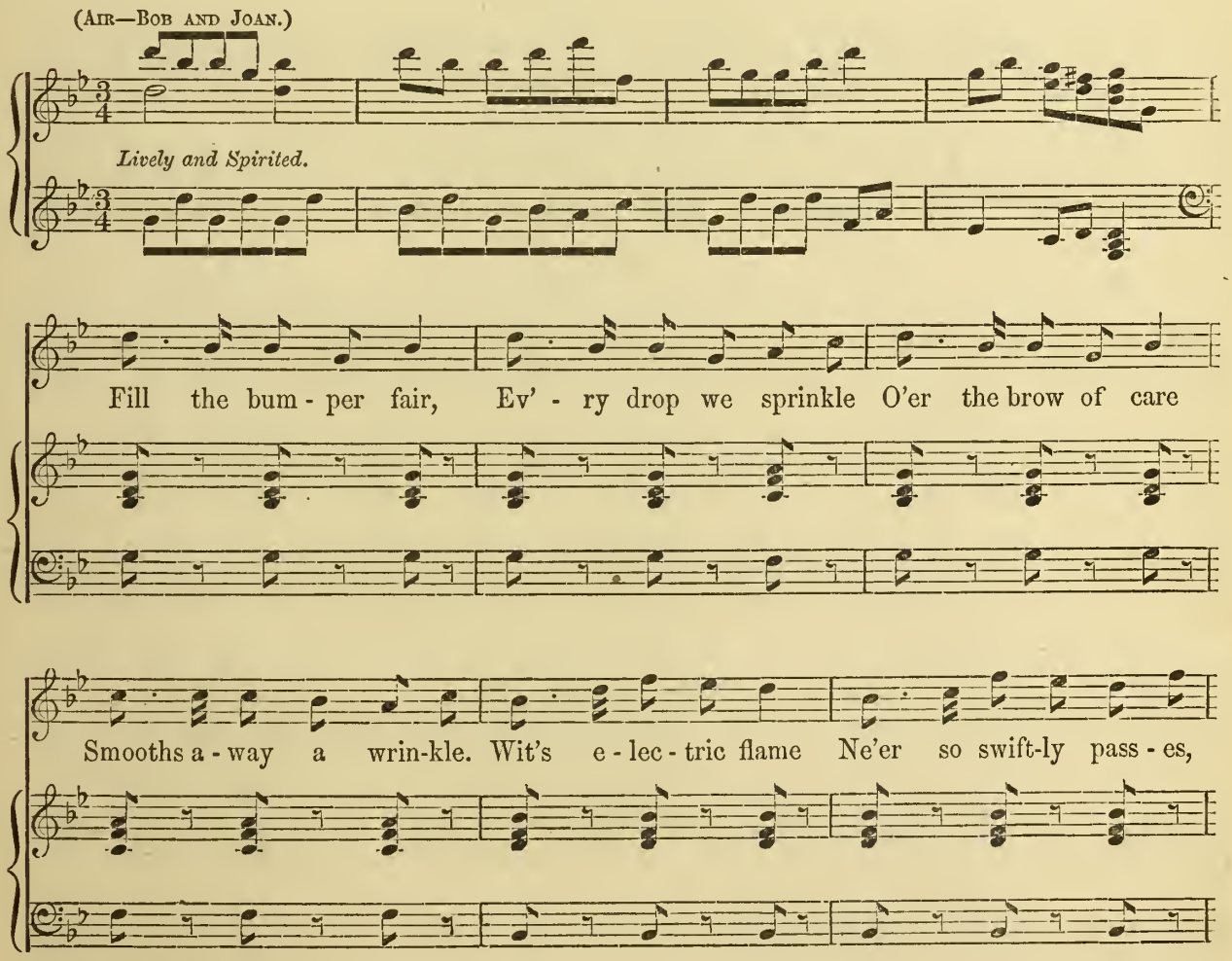

lentando.
morn- ing ebbs from us, And leaves us at eve, on the bleak shore a - lone!
Third Verse.
Ne'er tell me of glo - ries se - rene- ly a - dorn-ing The close of our day, the calm
lentando.
eve of our night; Give me back, give me back the wild fresh - ness of morn- ing, Her
clouds and her tears are worth ev'ning's best light, Give me back, give me back the wild

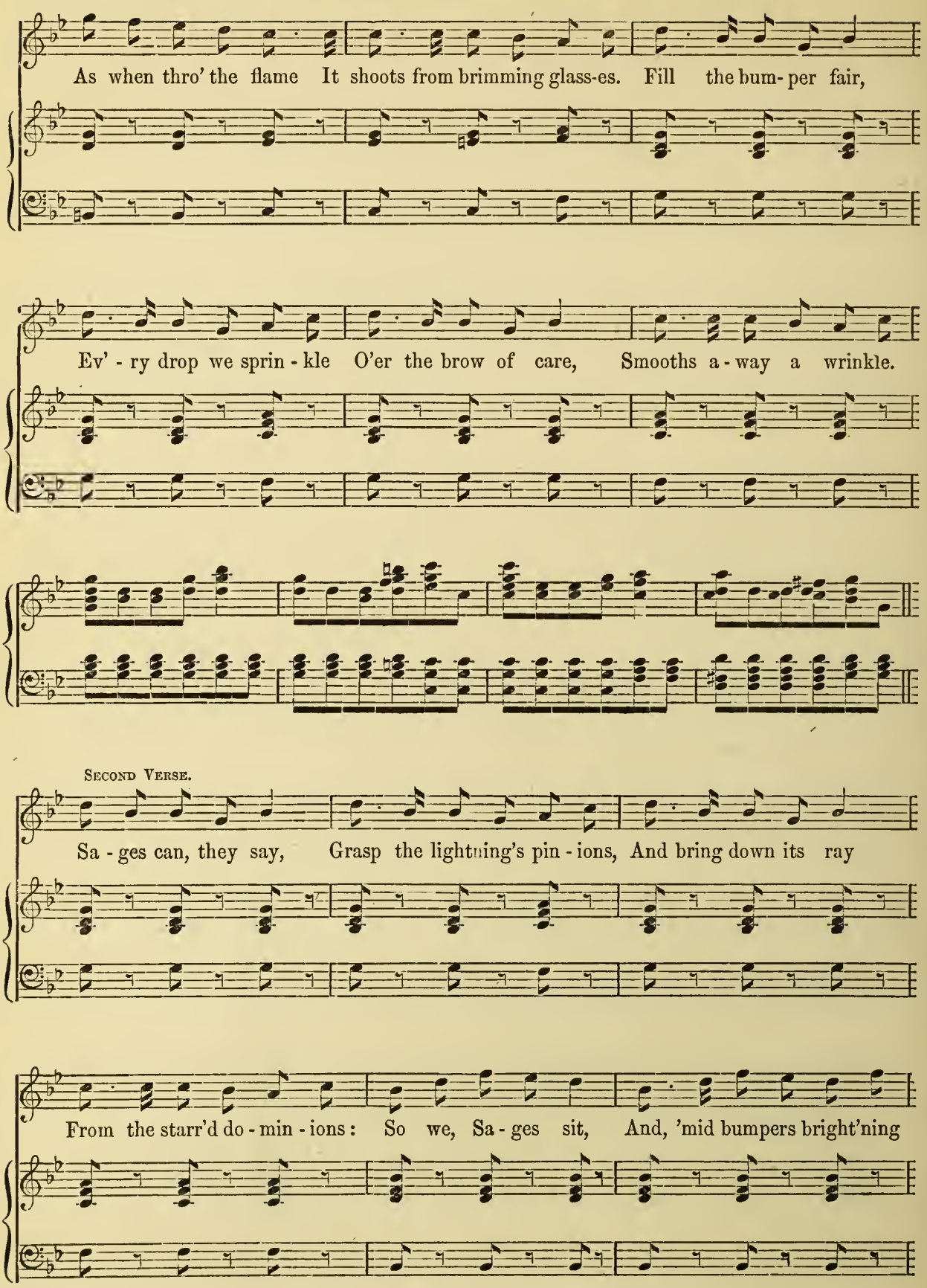

lentando.
fresh - ness of morn - ing, Her clouds and her tears are worth ev'ning's best light.
FOURTH VERSE.
Oh! who would not wel-come that moment's re - turn-ing, When pas-sion first wak'd a new
lentando.
life thro'his frame, And his soul, like the wood, that grows pre - cious in burn - ing, Gave
out all its sweets to love's ex - qui - site flame, And his soul, like the wood, that grows

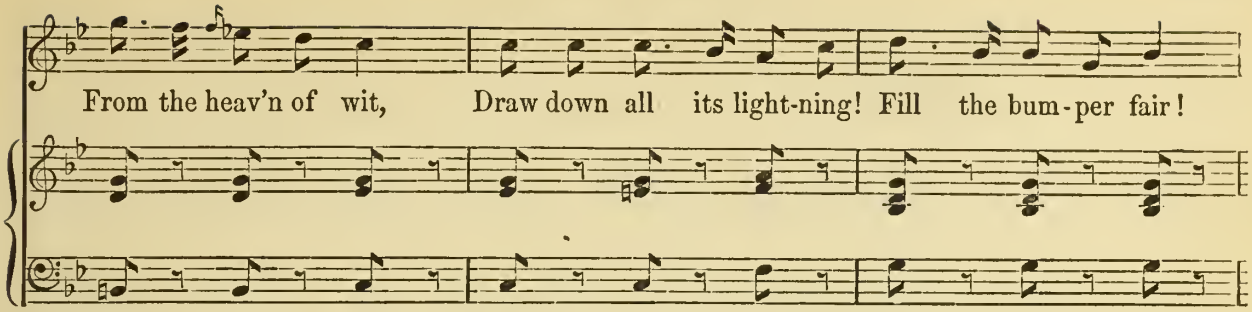


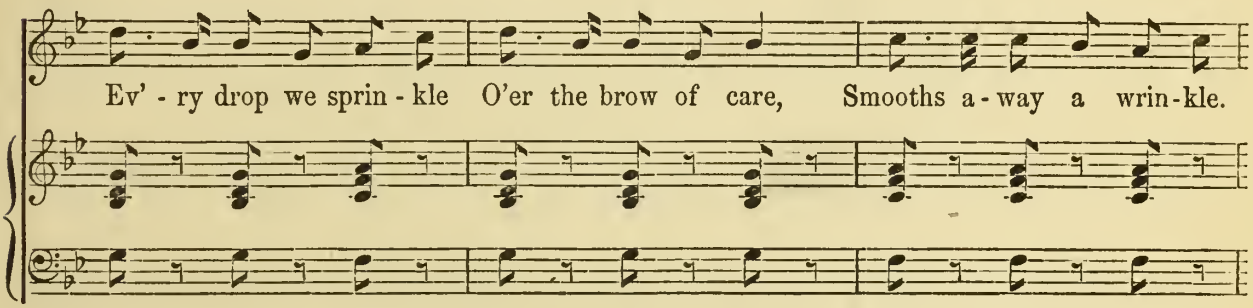
FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

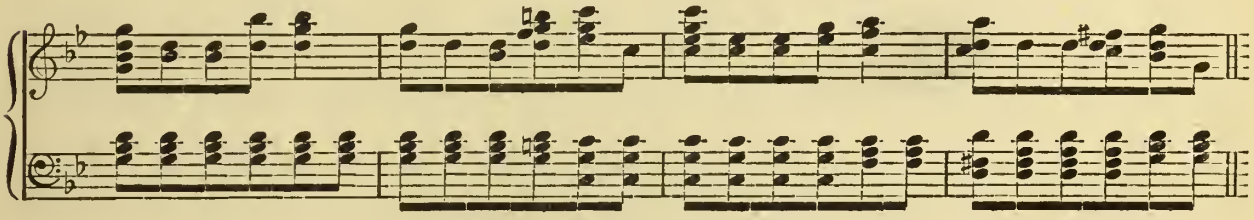
(AIR—BOB AND JOAN.)



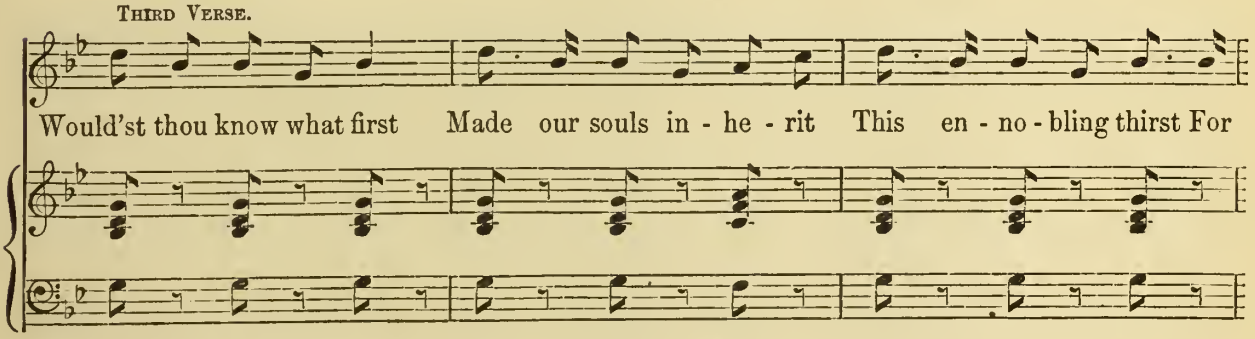

As when thro' the flame It shoots from brimming glass-es. Fill the bum- per fair,
Ev' - ry drop we sprin - kle O'er the brow of care, Smooths a - way a wrinkle.
SECOND VERSE.
Sa - ges can, they say, Grasp the lightning's pin - ions, And bring down its ray
From the starr'd do - min - ions: So we, Sa - ges sit, And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning

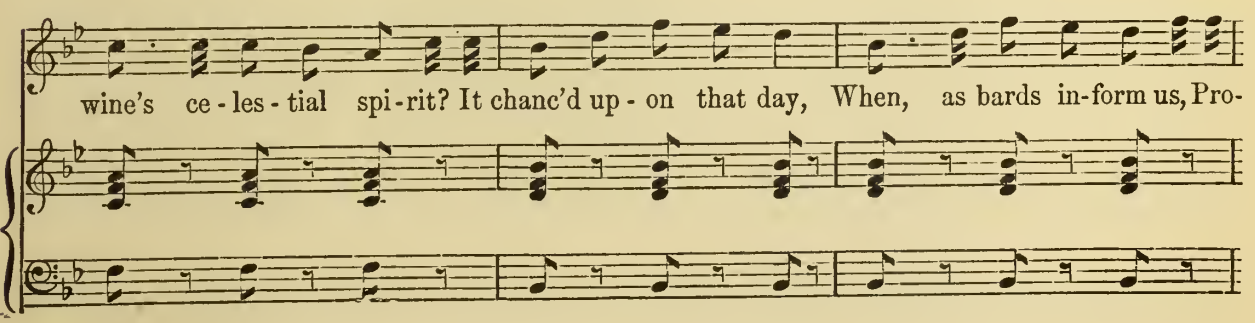

From the heav'n of wit, Draw down all its light-ning! Fill the bum-per fair!

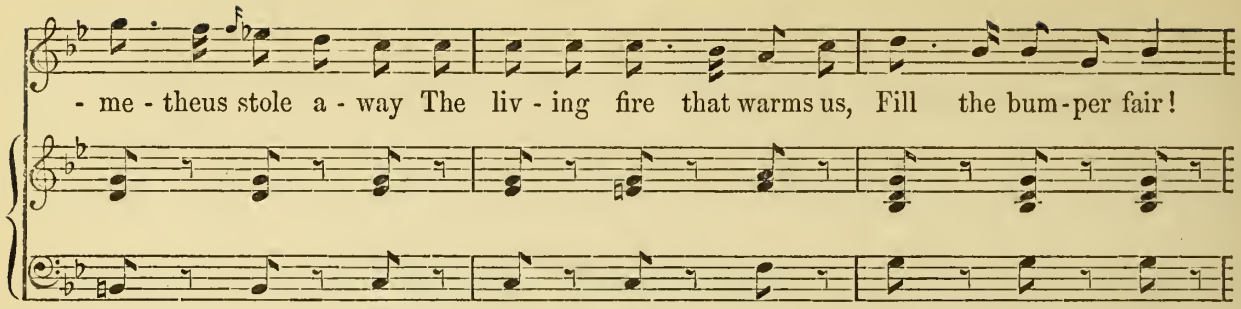

Ev'-ry drop we sprin-kle O'er the brow of care, Smooths a-way a wrin-kle.

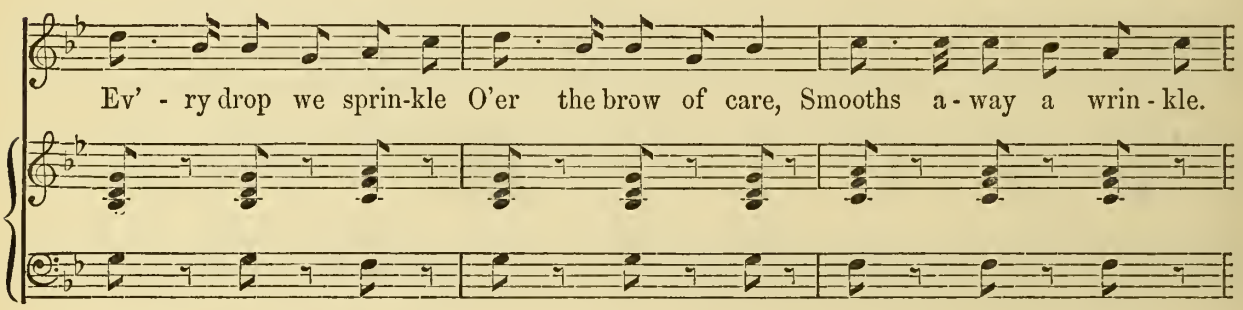


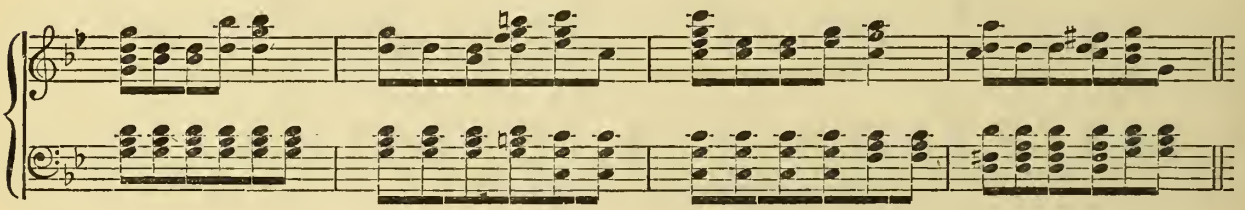
THIRD VERSE.


Would'st thou know what first Made our souls in-he-rit This en-no-bling thirst For

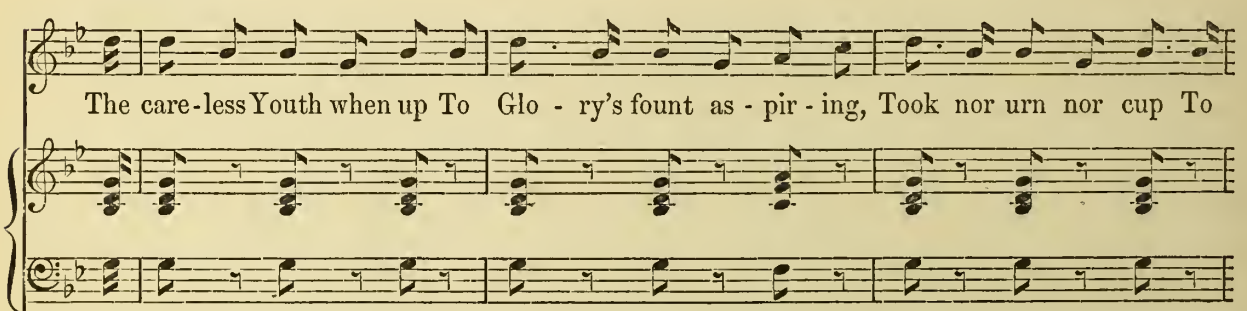

wine's ce-les-tial spi-rit? It chanc'd up-on that day, When, as bards in-form us, Pro-

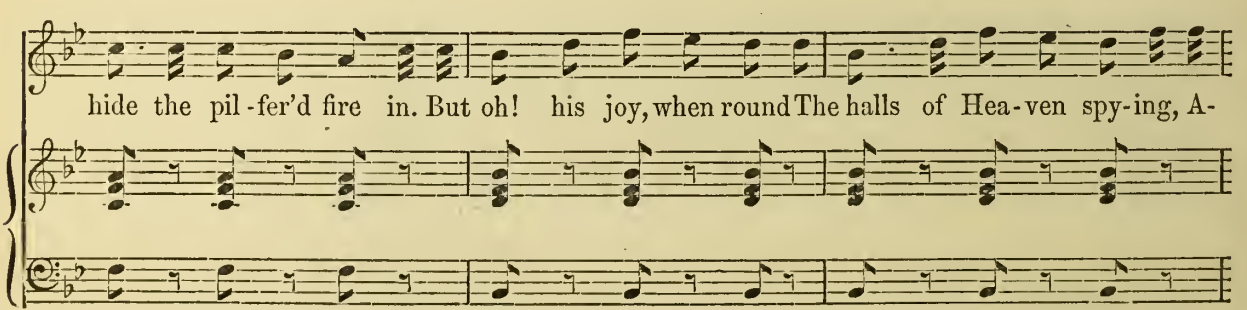


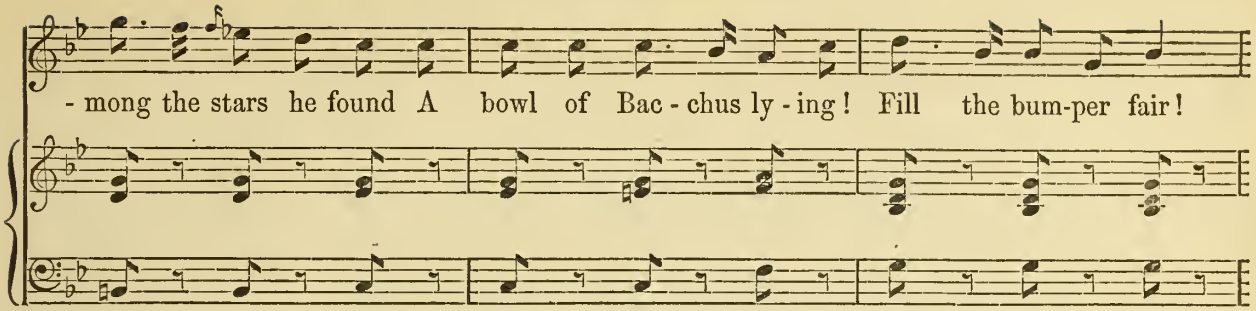


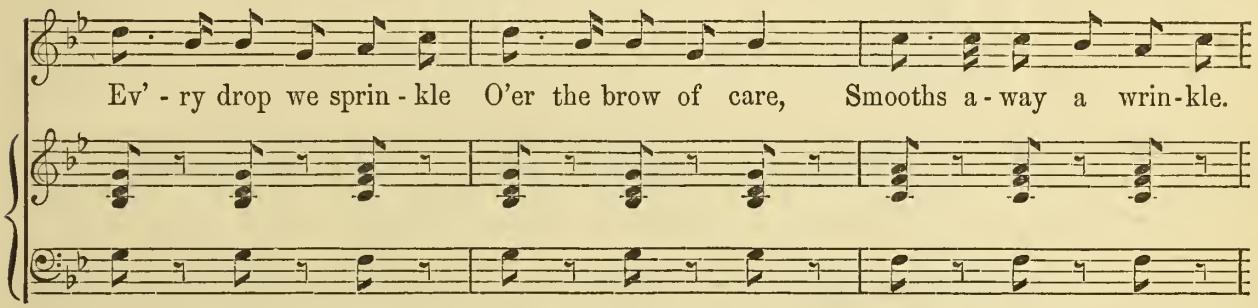


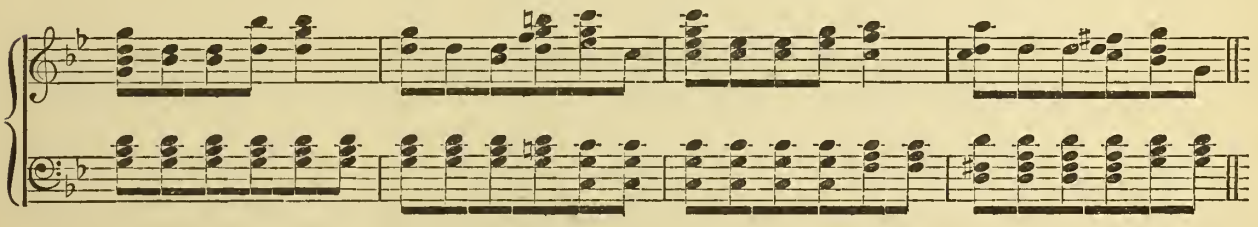
FOURTH VERSE.



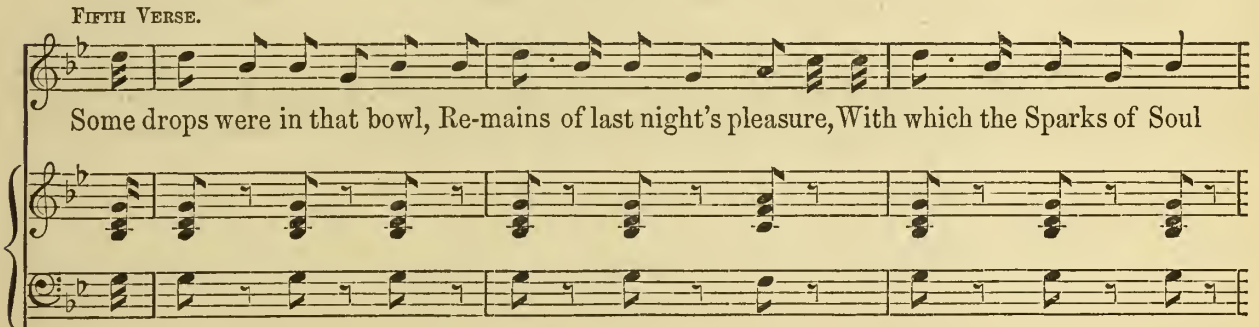


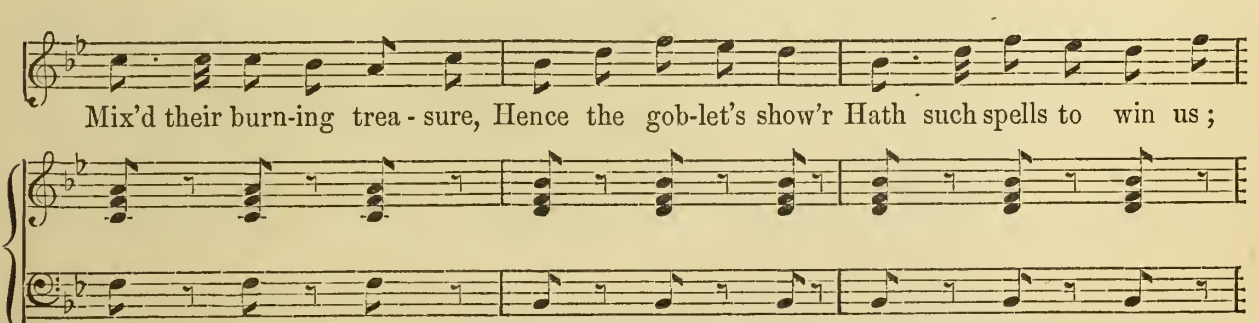

- mong the stars he found A bowl of Bac - chus ly - ing! Fill the bum-per fair!

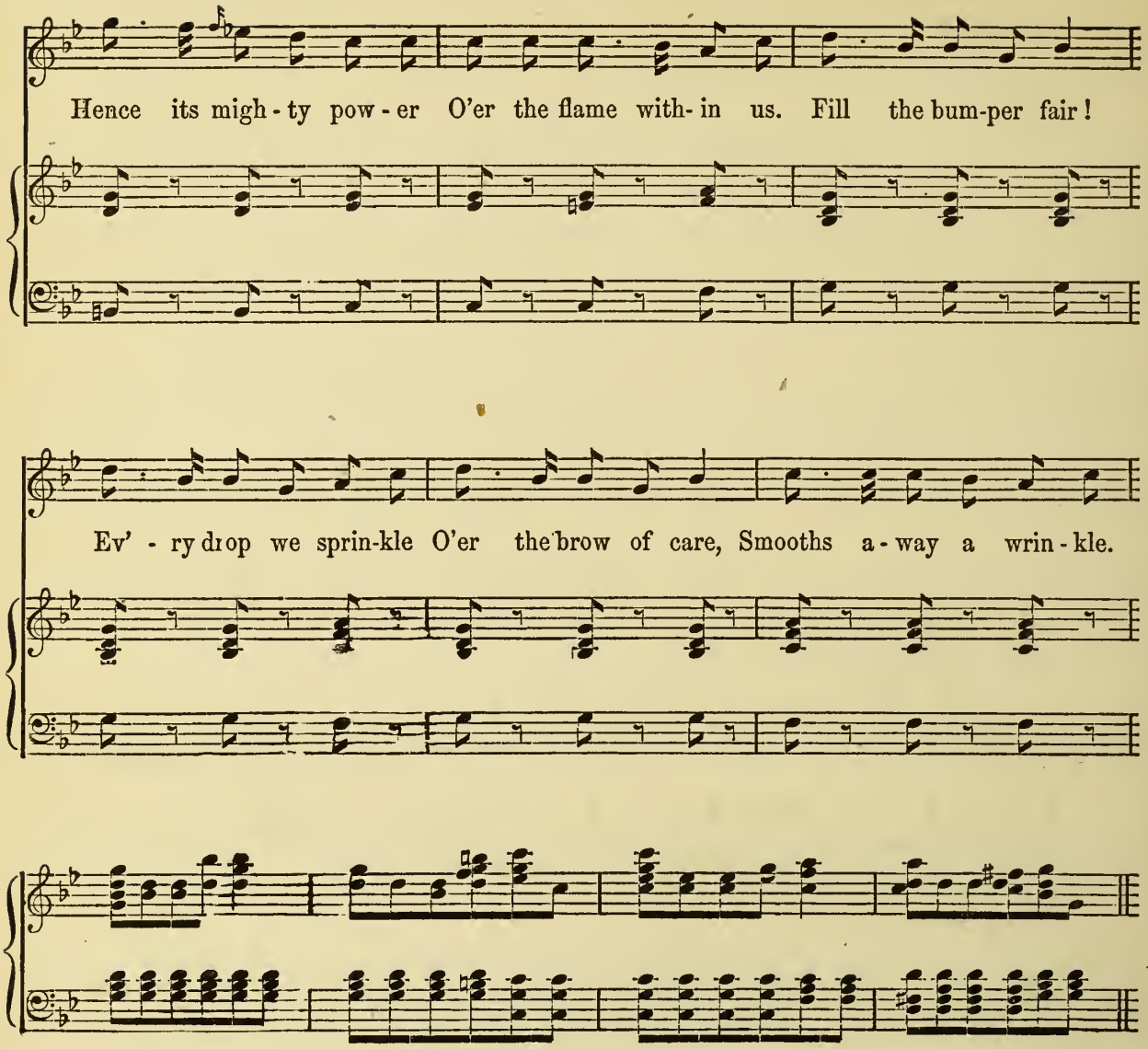

Ev' - ry drop we sprin - kle O'er the brow of care, Smooths a - way a wrin - kle.



FIFTH VERSE.


Some drops were in that bowl, Re-mains of last night's pleasure, With which the Sparks of Soul

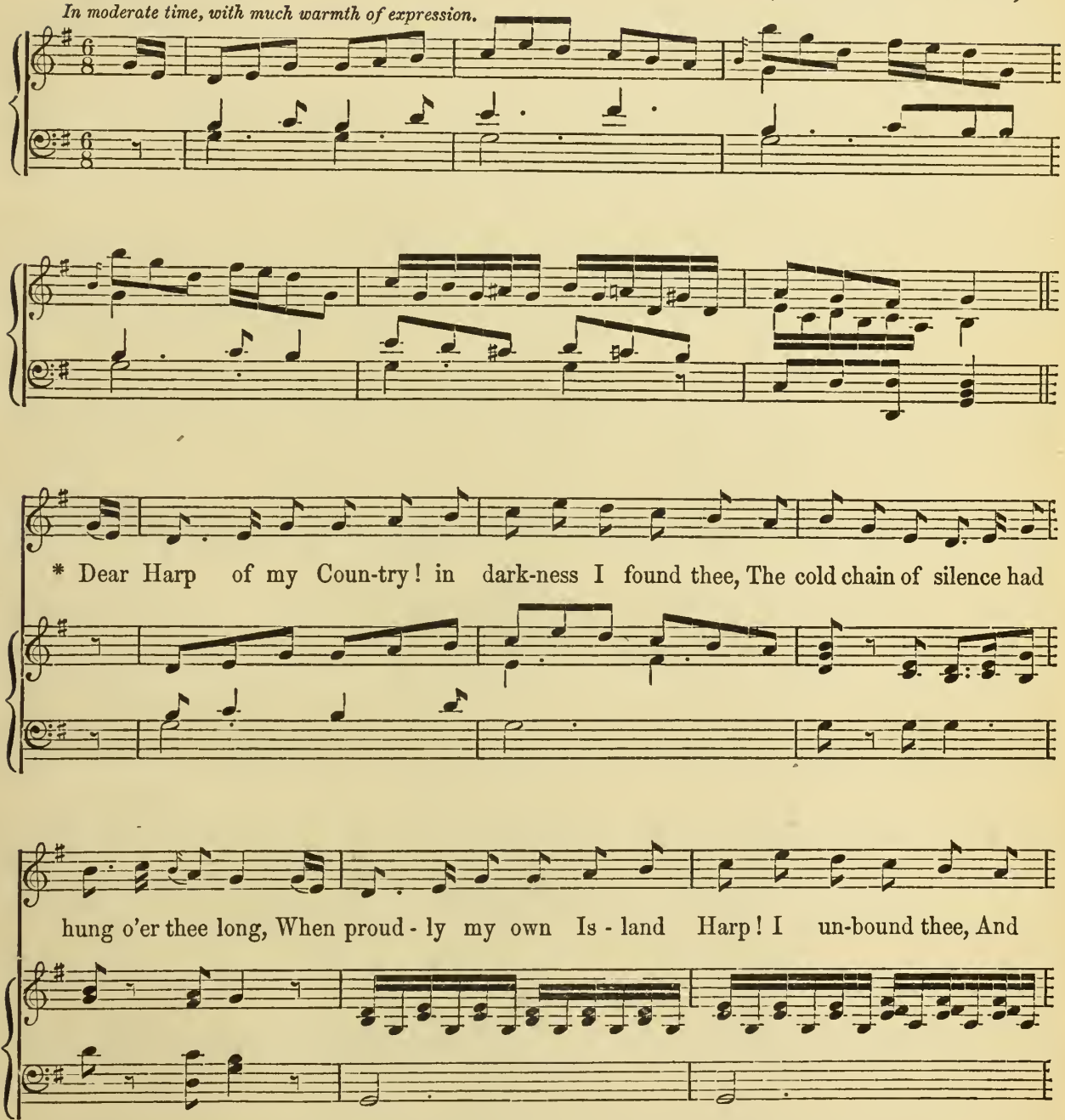

Mix'd their burn-ing trea - sure, Hence the gob-let's show'r Hath such spells to win us;


Hence its migh - ty pow - er O'er the flame with- in us. Fill the bum-per fair!
Ev' - ry drop we sprin-kle O'er the brow of care, Smooths a - way a wrin - kle.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

(Air—New Langolee.) (The Farewell to my Harp.)

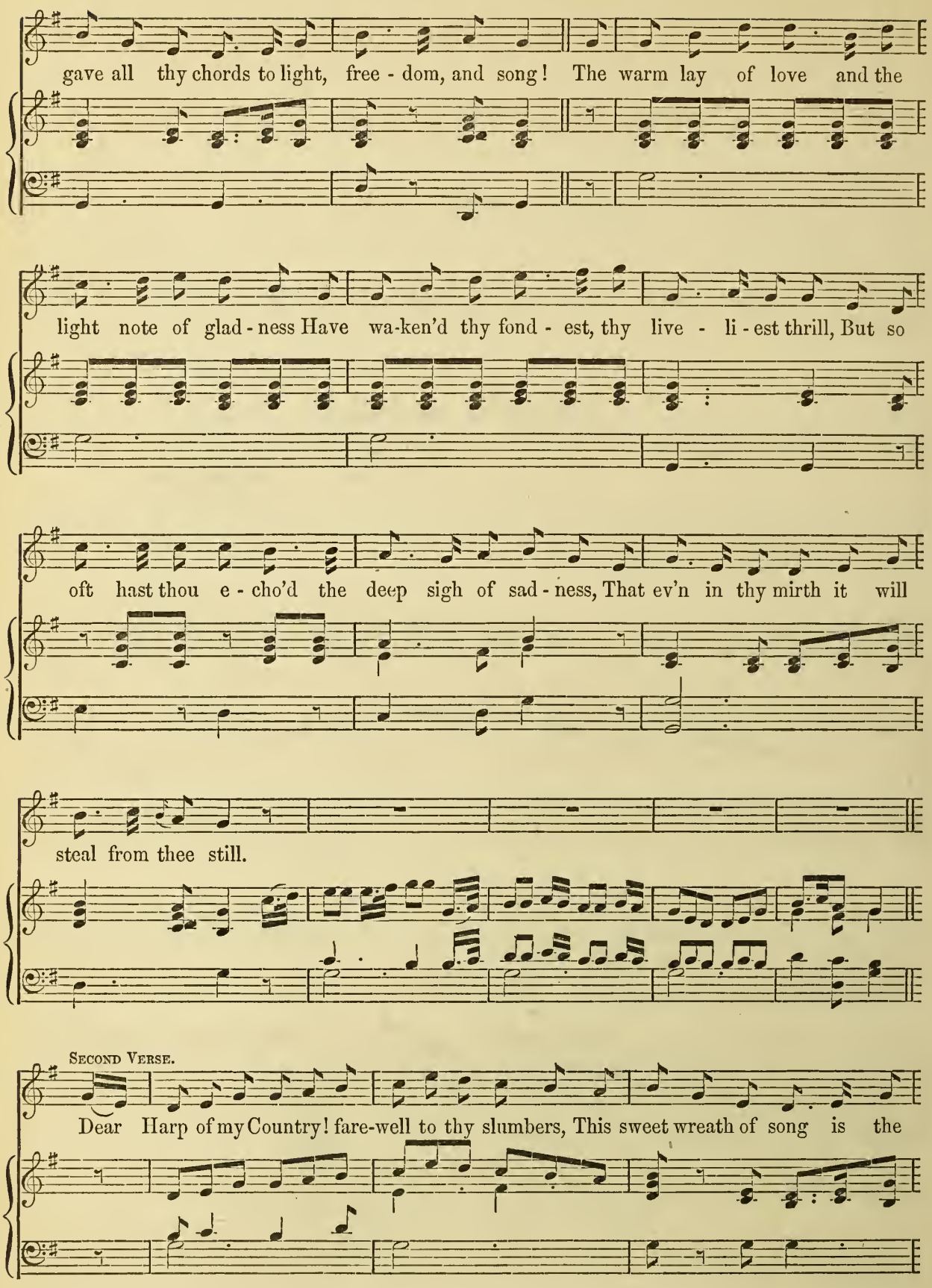
In moderate time, with much warmth of expression.

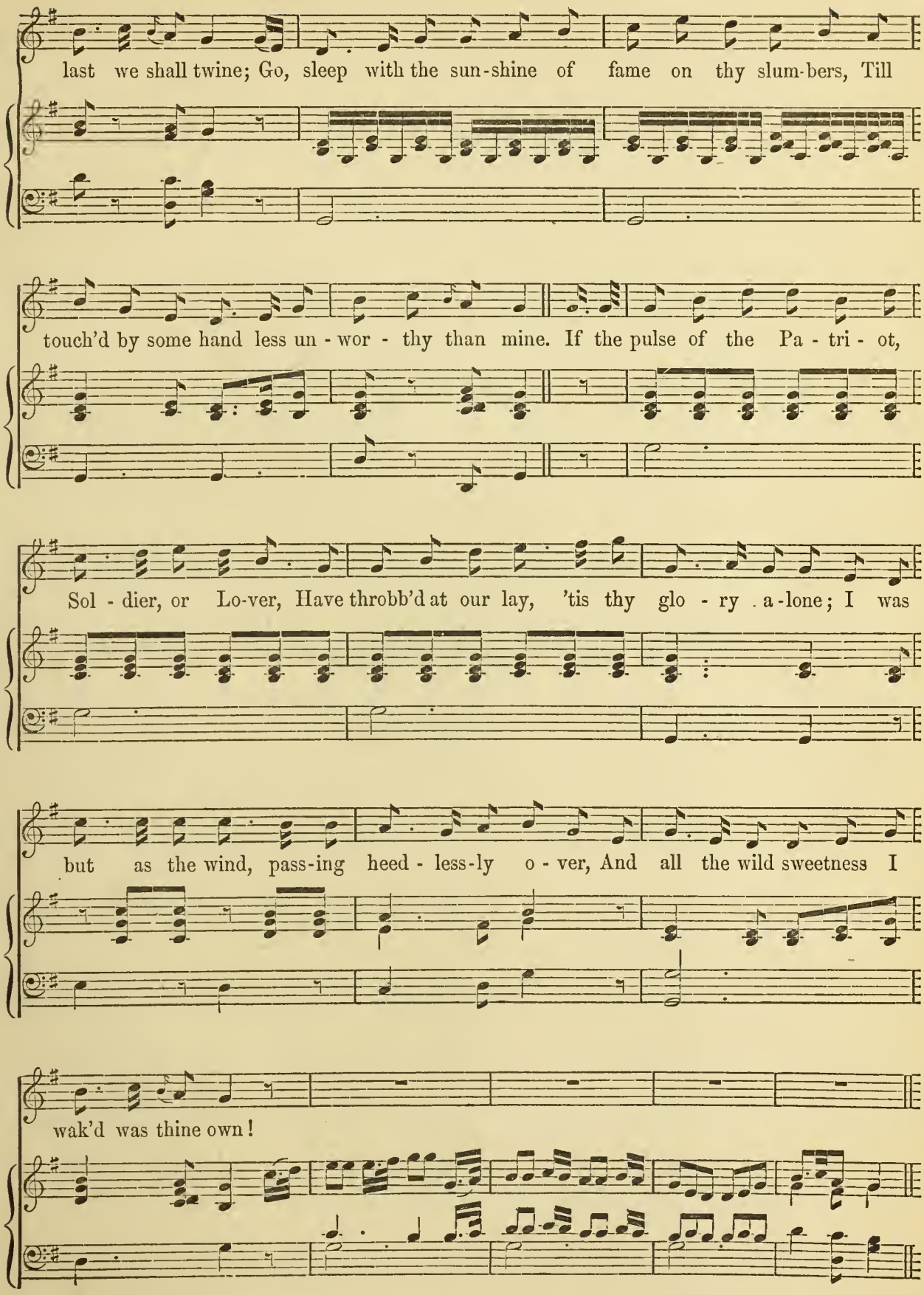


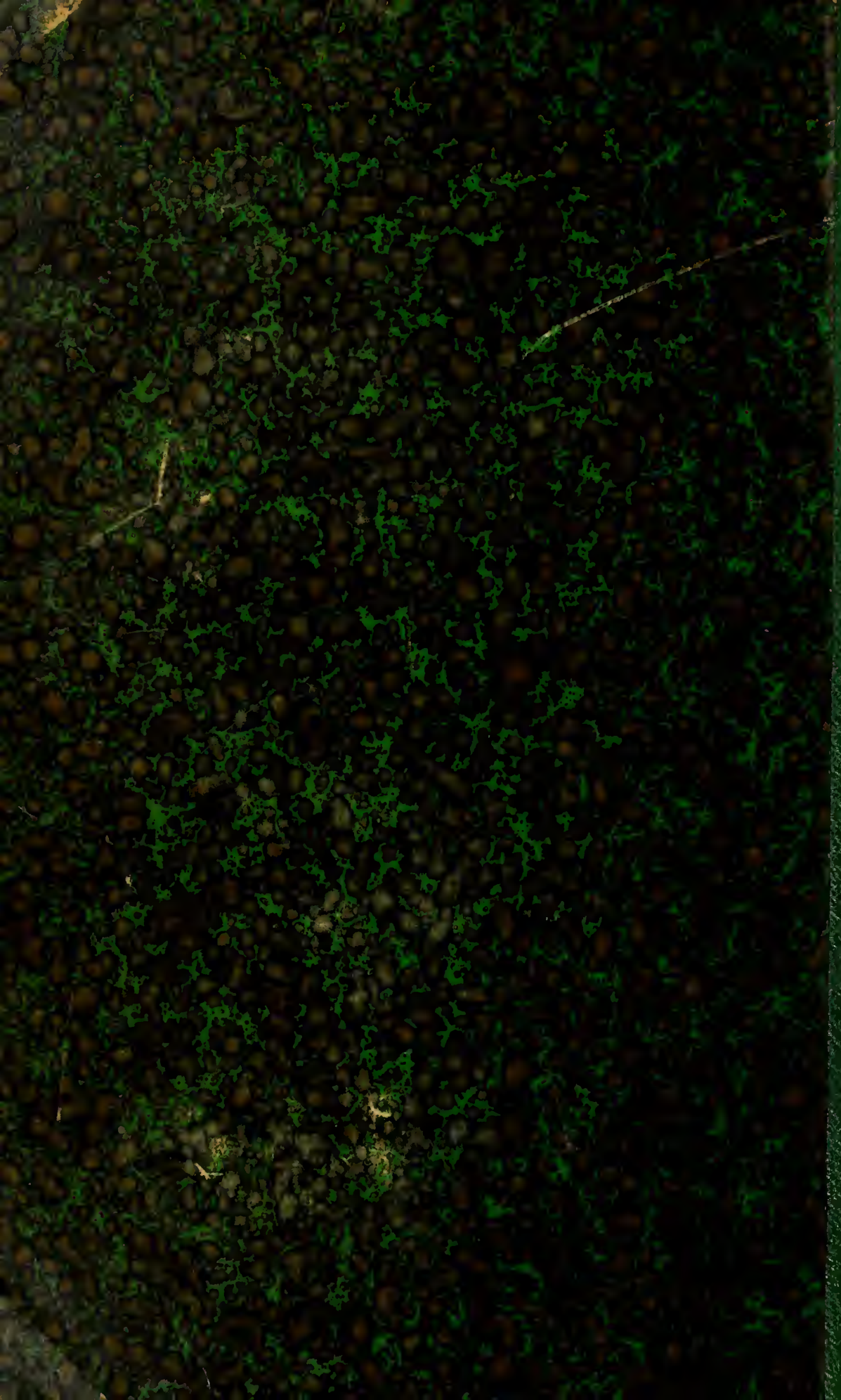
* In that rebellious but beautiful song, "When Erin first arose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line :—

"The dark chain of Silence was thrown o'er the deep."

The chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace, at Almhaim, where the attending Bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks." See also the *Ode to Gaul, the Son of Morni*, in Miss Brooke's *Relics of Irish Poetry*.


gave all thy chords to light, free - dom, and song! The warm lay of love and the
light note of glad - ness Have wa-ken'd thy fond - est, thy live - li - est thrill, But so
oft hast thou e - cho'd the deep sigh of sad - ness, That ev'n in thy mirth it will
steal from thee still.
SECOND VERSE.
Dear Harp of my Country! fare-well to thy slumbers, This sweet wreath of song is the


last we shall twine; Go, sleep with the sun-shine of fame on thy slum-bers, Till
touch'd by some hand less un - wor - thy than mine. If the pulse of the Pa - tri - ot,
Sol - dier, or Lo-ver, Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glo - ry . a-lone; I was
but as the wind, pass-ing heed - less-ly o - ver, And all the wild sweetness I
wak'd was thine own!

LONDON:

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